

PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1979 \$2.00



**AN OUTRAGEOUS
INTERVIEW WITH
BILLY CARTER**

HOW TV ENCOURAGES LUST

**FUTURE WEAPONS:
DEATH IN 2000 A.D.**

THE PERFECT APHRODISIAC

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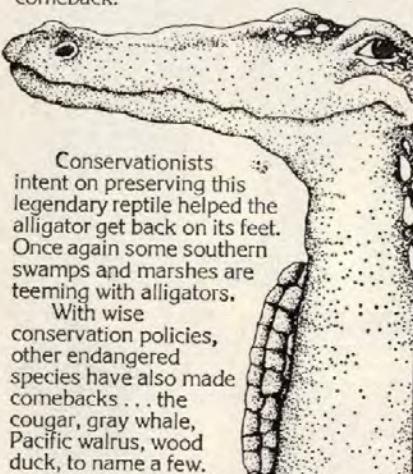
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Just a few years ago, illegal hunting and encroaching civilization had all but destroyed the alligator population in the south. They were added to the official list of endangered species in the United States.

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Conservationists intent on preserving this legendary reptile helped the alligator get back on its feet. Once again some southern swamps and marshes are teeming with alligators.

With wise conservation policies, other endangered species have also made comebacks... the cougar, gray whale, Pacific walrus, wood duck, to name a few.

If you want to help save our endangered species, join the National Wildlife Federation, Department 106, 1412 16th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036.



PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/February 1979

Worldwide sale: 5,350,000*



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PENTHOUSE, 1979, U.S. Volume 10, Number 6. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Printed in the U.S.A. by Meredith Printing Corp. and distributed in the U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB. Tel. 01-385-6181, and distributed by Comag, Conde Nast & National Magazine Distributors Ltd., Travistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7QE. Entire contents copyrighted © Penthouse International Ltd., 1978. All rights reserved. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Editorial offices as above. All reasonable care taken but no responsibility assumed for unsolicited editorial material. Postage must accompany it if return required. All rights reserved in material accepted for publication unless initially specified otherwise. All letters addressed to Penthouse or its editors assumed intended for publication. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semi-fiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., AFO—\$20.00 one year; Canada—\$28.00 one year; and elsewhere—\$26.00 one year. Single copies \$2.00 in U.S. and AFO (\$2.50 December and January issues). \$2.25 in Canada (\$2.75 December and January issues.) Address changes, etc., to: Penthouse, 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Farmingdale address.

Advertising Offices: New York: Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, Tel. (212) 593-3301; Midwest: Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601; Tel. (312) 565-0466; West Coast: Penthouse International Ltd., 1900 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 830, Los Angeles, California 90067. U.K.: Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley St., London W1H 7DH. Tel. 01-262-0331—Telex 919865. Penthouse and the Penthouse key are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., New York.

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THE ONLY THING IT HAS IN COMMON WITH OTHER 7-INCH TAPE DECKS IS THE SIZE OF ITS REELS.

Pioneer's new RT-707 has a lot more in common with today's most sophisticated 10-inch tape decks than it does with most 7-inch tape decks.

Because unlike other 7-inch tape decks, the RT-707 isn't filled with 15 year old ideas.

Take the drive system of the RT-707.

Instead of the old fashioned belt-drive system, the RT-707 is driven by a far more accurate and efficient AC Servo direct-drive motor. This motor generates its own frequency to help correct even the slightest variation in tape speed. Which all but eliminates wow and flutter. And because it doesn't generate heat like the belt-driven "dinosaurs" it doesn't need a fan. So all you'll hear is music with a clarity and crispness not possible on any 7-inch, or many 10-inch tape decks.

Our direct-drive system also makes pitch control possible. To help you regulate the speed of the tape and give you greater control over your recordings.

With technology like this it shouldn't surprise you that our super-sensitive heads will deliver

frequencies from 20 to 28,000 Hertz. And our pre-amp section is built to handle 30 decibels more than any other 7-inch tape deck without distorting.

But great sound isn't everything.

As you can see, the RT-707 is smaller and more compact than other tape decks. It's also rack-mountable. And unlike any other tape deck, it's stackable. So it'll fit right in with the rest of your components.

But frankly, all the revolutionary thinking that went into the RT-707 wouldn't mean much if it weren't also built to fit comfortably into your budget. It is.

See your Pioneer dealer for a closer look at this extraordinary 7-inch tape deck.

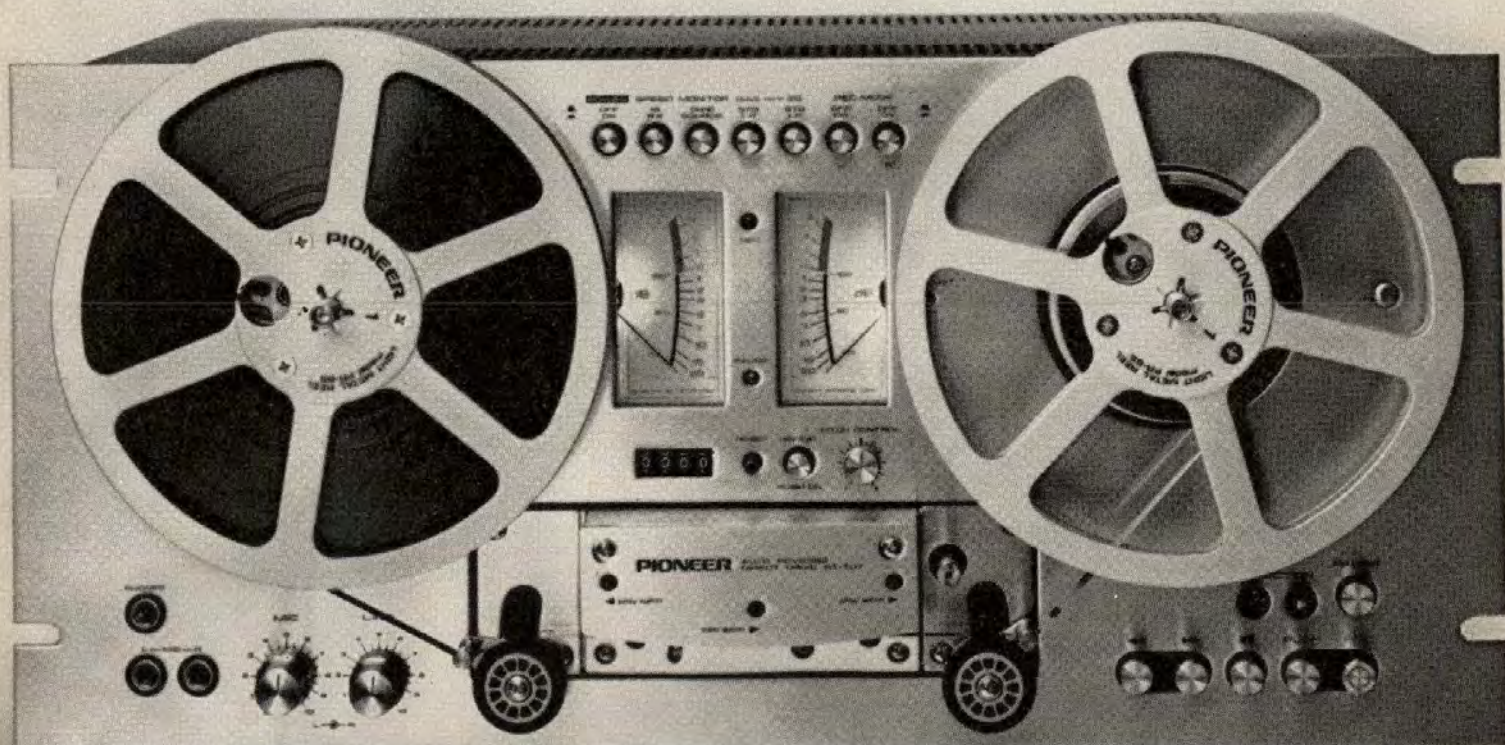
We think you'll find the only things that the RT-707 has in common with other 7-inch tape decks is the size of the reels.

And the size of the price.

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It's more *than* a nameplate. It's a whole new kind of motorcycle. And the hottest selling line of street bikes in America.

The low stepped seat blends with the narrow tapered tank for more comfortable seating on the road, better balance at the stoplights.

YAMAHA
1200cc Special

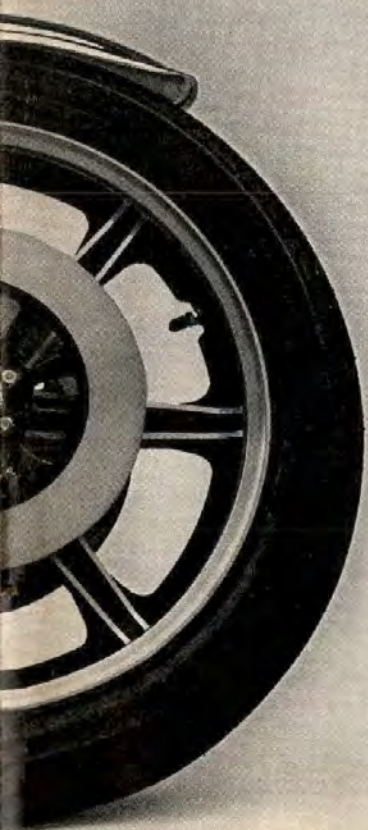
You can't have a lean bike with a fat engine. That's why our powerful four-stroke engines are built narrow. And never with more cylinders than you need.



THEM SPECIAL

The graceful, pullback handlebars are perfectly proportioned for the lower, more relaxed riding style. And the instruments are angled back, for easier reading as well as easier riding.

Our suspension, front and rear, is adjustable for any rider, any road.



Yamaha has built a lot of motorcycles over the past 23 years. Machines that have revolutionized motorcycle design and technology all over the world. And won more races than any motorcycle in history.

So when we call a bike "Special," it's not just a name. It's a fact.

In fact, the 1979 Yamaha Specials you see here are a whole new generation of motorcycle. Each one engineered from the ground up to look special. And feel special.

It starts the moment you sit on one. You sit in a natural, relaxed position. The seat cradles you. The handlebars reach back for you. Very nice.

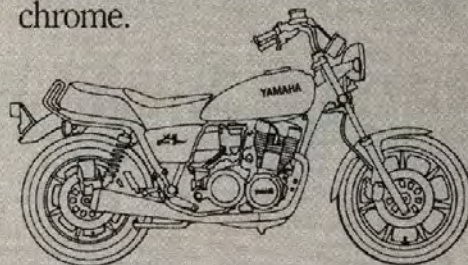
That sleek teardrop tank blends with our comfortable stepped seat to give you a lean, low look. As well as a welcome way to get both feet on the ground at a stoplight.

And each Yamaha Special—from the scrappy mid-size twin to our most powerful production four—has the narrowest engine of any bike in its class.

That's not only a considerable engineering feat, it's also a considerable advantage on a winding road. And just one reason why *Motorcyclist* magazine called our Specials "an almost perfect balance of image and performance."

We couldn't have said it better.

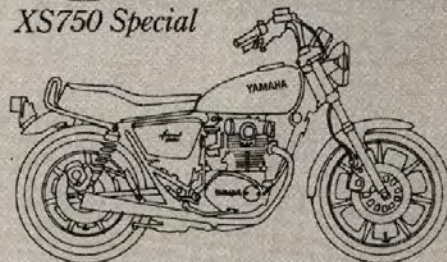
So why not drop by one of our dealers and see a Yamaha Special for yourself? Check out the sumptuous seat, the big beautiful handlebars, the cast alloy wheels, those sexy chopped megaphone pipes. And all that chrome.



XS Eleven Special



XS750 Special



XS650 Special



XS400

You'll probably end up saying to yourself what most of our customers do.

That motorcycle is missing only one thing.

Me.

YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.



KARL HESS



NICK TOSCHES



JOSEPH B. TREASTER WITH BILLY CARTER



ROBERT SHERRILL



WILLIAM HJORTSBERG

HOUSECALL

The startling success of Proposition 13 in California symbolizes the emergence of a fundamental new element in American politics called the new populism—a bloodless revolution in which voters vote directly on issues, rather than on politicians. In "The New Populism" (page 52) West Virginia journalist **Karl Hess**, a political activist, welder, and author of the forthcoming book *Community Technology* (Harper and Row), explains that the term is really another word for pure democracy: it doesn't seek to use the power of government but to replace it. Already, according to Hess, twenty-two states permit direct legislation by voters, and a Gallup poll taken last May showed that a 57 to 21 percent majority favors the idea of direct democracy. For those inept bureaucrats presently entrenched in power, the success of the new populism may be the ultimate nightmare; for the rest of us, it may well be the American dream come true.

Such "purist" democracy sharply contrasts with the kind of dictatorial, oppressive régimes that our government appears so willing to support when special economic interests are at stake. In "The Shah of Iran" (page 76), prize-winning investigative reporter **Robert Sherrill**, author of *The Accidental President*, *The Drugstore Liberal*, and *The Saturday Night Special*, exposes the most glaring current example of our duplicitous double standard. The CIA, along with several major American oil companies greedy for more oil and higher profits, overthrew the legitimate government of Iran and installed in its place the father of the present shah, Mohammad-Reza Pahlavi.

Now Pahlavi rules Iran with an incompetent and brutal hand, and the United States has helped him by supplying him with its most expensive and sophisticated weapons. Sherrill believes that the shah of Iran is as big a threat to us, not to mention the rest of the world, as he is to his own country, that he is "perfectly situated geographically, and perfectly equipped temperamentally, to take the U.S. to war in the Middle East." In fact, as this issue of *Penthouse* goes to press, Sherrill's dark prophecy seems all too accurate. The shah, in panicked response to the strikes, violent demonstrations, and furious public demands for his ouster, instituted military rule in Iran on November 6 of last year. The *New York Times* headline that day verified Sherrill's assumptions: "SHAH PUTS MILITARY IN CONTROL OF IRAN; U.S. ENDORSES MOVE."

It is ironic that while President Carter's ineptness contributes to our national stress, his younger brother, Billy, seems to be the only public personage around who is bringing us any human relief. Regular *Penthouse* contributor **Joseph Treaster** spent two days on this interview (page 80) with Billy in Nashville and found him to be a beguiling, if exasperating, mixture of candor, clumsiness, craftiness, and naiveté—a man who, for all his protestations of ignorance, manages to make more money by smiling and

telling the truth than his big brother does by grinning and dissembling. Unlike his big brother, Billy is a man eager to voice strong, personal opinions: he considers George Wallace a "great man" while he regards Hamilton Jordon, special assistant to the president, as an "asshole." Billy also claims that he's more popular than his brother and that he works a lot harder with far fewer fringe benefits. It's easy to see why Gerald R. Ford, not Billy Carter, was hired to bolster Carter's public image by the election year 1980.

By the year 2000, war, like peace, will be nearly unrecognizable. According to the grim and factual predictions of **Michael Ledeen**, in "Future Weapons" (page 116), the arsenals of the future will be as different from those used in World War II as "the Concorde is from the horse and buggy." Some of the more fantastical *Star Wars*-style weapons will include beam "ray" guns, humanoid robot-warriors, and charged particle beams for defense against supermissiles. There may even be something called a "Dial-a-Bomb," which will allow the aggressor to kill selectively with pure heat, pure radiation, or pure blast. Worst of all, biological germ warfare will have been perfected to the point that man-made viruses can demolish the enemy while the aggressor's people are protected by specially formulated antidotes taken in advance.

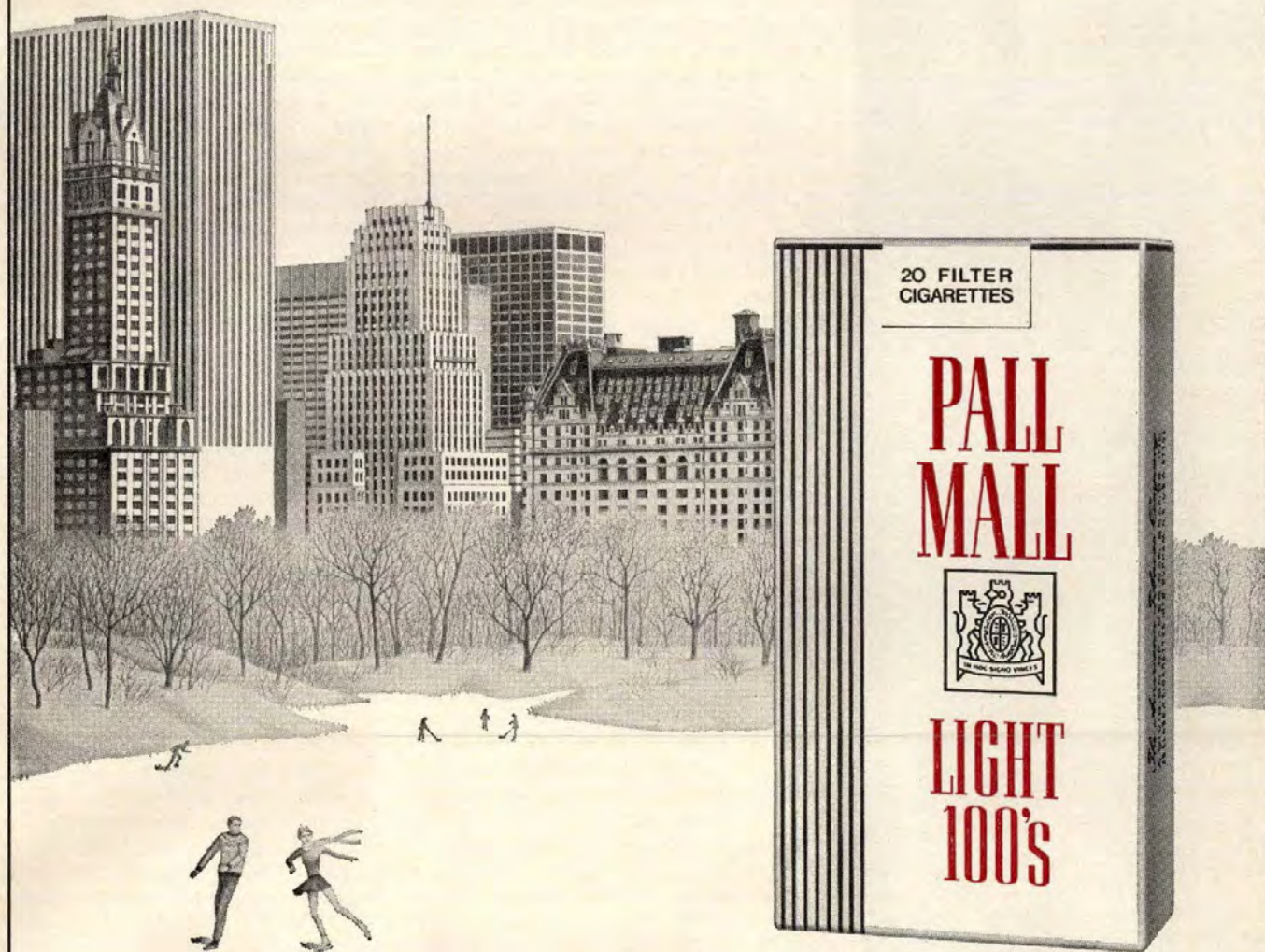
On a far more cheerful note, humorist **Nick Tosches**, a regular *Penthouse* contributor and book reviewer, explains how and why television has become an integral part of our daily sex life and whether we do it because of—or despite—the images on the screen.

"Lust among the Reruns" (page 72) is an outrageously hilarious *TV misGuided*. Tosches envisions indulging in necrophiliac interludes with Morticia of "The Addams Family," getting off on the teacher's thighs on "Ding Dong School," or creaming over the incessantly jiggling breasts on "Charlie's Angels." With so much coy nudity on supposedly family-fare television, no wonder it is called the boob tube.

An even more enthralling fantasy this month is provided by our fiction offering, "The Dreamer," by novelist-screenwriter **William Hjortsberg**, who is the author of the recently published best-seller *Falling Angel* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), soon to be a Robert Evans/Paramount film. This futuristic, science-fiction tale of artistic creativity, commercialism, and greed is adapted from the novella "Symbiography" (Sumac Press.) It concerns a writer, 105-year-old Par Sondak, who has amassed a fortune by selling his dreams. But in time his vision has gone stale, his ratings have slipped, and suddenly he needs a new dream source. When Sondak tries to go commercial by plugging into the violently exciting life of a brutal young nomad named Buick, his dreams of fame and fortune become a nightmare.

Your own dreams of glory—especially those involving the opposite sex—may be fulfilled merely by feasting those world-weary eyes on the relevant talent hereinafter depicted... lovely ladies to whom any romantic rascal would like to present his valentine—in person! O—

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PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

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editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

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FEBRUARY

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School of hard knocks

Three years ago, while my wife and I were in graduate school, I had the opportunity to become very close to my wife's girl friend, Jennifer. We had known Jennifer during our first year of studies and had become good friends with her and her fiancé. Jennifer was very petite (five feet tall), always proper in a southern sort of way, and appeared conservative in her political and social views. She had a beautiful face, clear blue eyes, and brown-blond hair cut in a short style. Her clothing left no doubt regarding the wealth of her family; however, she often looked as if she were a little girl who wore adult clothing and was capable of playing grownup games. Jennifer's behavior had always been extremely proper, although I could tell that she enjoyed any complimentary remarks I made concerning her beauty or good taste in clothing.

At the beginning of our second school year, Jennifer moved to our apartment complex, and I determined that I would make a concerted effort to seduce her. Her fiancé lived in a large city two hours away and would visit her on weekends; thus, during the week Jennifer was free and saw a great deal of us. One Monday evening I took a Sunday newspaper supplement down to show her an article on interior decorating—her hobby. We both sat on the sofa, discussing the different interiors and were by necessity close to each other. She was dressed in cutoffs and a blouse. I wore tennis shorts and a shirt. My six-foot-four-inch frame did not seem to overwhelm her. Looking at her beautifully sculpted face and feeling the attraction of her little girliness, I became bold and allowed my bare leg to touch hers. The warmth was tremendously exciting. When she started to shift her position, I moved my leg away and tried to speak about the interiors. She had a smile on her face as if she were enjoying my embarrassment, and, to my surprise, she reshifted her position so that we were again close. Beneath the supplement spread across our laps I could feel the warmth of her thigh, although we did not quite touch. When I regained my courage and again gently pressed my thigh against hers, there was no movement away, only the slightest return of pressure. A charge of excitement seemed to rush from each of us to the other.

Jennifer continued to talk as I ventured to permit my fingertips to trace their way down her back. She wore no bra. My right hand caressed her shoulders and massaged her spine. Her speech became more forced and finally stopped.

Taking her chin in my left hand, I turned her head toward me, and looking her squarely in those beautiful blue eyes, I leaned forward and kissed her lips. She said nothing when I moved back from her mouth a few inches. When I leaned forward again, so did she. Our kisses quickly disclosed what we wanted as our tongues caressed and probed.

My right hand rubbed her buttocks, and my left hand massaged her breasts, which suggested a girl thirteen years old rather than a woman of twenty-three. But when I unbuttoned her blouse and exposed those tiny breasts, her hard, brown-pink nipples told me that this was no inexperienced girl. My mouth moved eagerly to Jennifer's breasts, and my tongue moved lightly over them while my teeth nipped her buds. My left hand continued down that shapely body until I reached the already damp crotch of her cutoffs. With the heel of my hand on her pubic bone, my fingers squeezed her pussy. Jennifer's heavy breathing turned to a low moan when I applied pressure between her spread legs.

My cock had swollen so that it protruded from my shorts. Jennifer's hand found it and moved up and down it as if she were measuring its size. She then proceeded to excite me further by running her long fingernails up and down my penis and around the head.

My mouth moved from her breasts down to the top of her cutoffs. I unbuttoned them and kissed my way to the top of her dark pubic hair and down to the wet crotch of her shorts. I pulled the crotch of her loose-fitting shorts to one side and ran my tongue along the left lip of her cunt. Jennifer moaned and arched her crotch toward me. As she parted her legs further, in order to accommodate my face, I ran my tongue between her lips, tasting her delicious, juicy cunt. I continued to probe and stroke it with my tongue, parting her inner lips. Then my tongue met her clitoris. It was amazing, the size of a pencil eraser and as hard. As I rolled her clit between my lips and licked her cunt, she placed her hands on the back of my head, pulling it to her pussy. Breathing heavily, she repeated over and over, "Eat my pussy, Jim. Suck my cunt." The sound of this child-woman's voice urging me on spurred me to greater efforts. I felt her legs stretch and tighten. Her back arched. And then she moaned, "I'm coming. I'm blowing off on your face." As Jennifer's cunt pulsed madly, I licked her juices hungrily.

I leaned back, pulled her shorts the rest

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Café 7 will impress the most sophisticated tastes. Just add 1½ oz. of Seagram's 7 to a cup of your favorite coffee. Add sugar to taste and top with whipped cream. Now that's classy coffee. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

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of the way off, and stood staring at her beautiful crotch. Then I dropped my shorts. I bent forward and kissed her mouth. I pressed my hips forward until the head of my cock slid against her swollen lips. To my surprise, she said, "No, I can't. You're my best friend's husband." I started to protest, but she grabbed my cock and turned me around, placing me seated on the sofa. Then, taking my cock in both of her hands, she proceeded to lick and suck on the rest of it. She removed one hand and swallowed that much more of my cock. The sight of Jennifer eagerly and expertly blowing me was too much. I felt my load rush toward my glans. Jennifer then backed her head away six inches and let my cock hose down her face with come.

We kissed and licked the come from each other's face. Then I began to suck and caress those small breasts again. Jennifer then drew me to my feet and stood on the sofa, so that we were approximately at eye level. We kissed and felt each other's bodies for what seemed a long time. Jennifer was rubbing her cunt against my stomach, and I could tell that she wanted another climax. She stepped from the sofa and led me to her bedroom. After positioning me on my back on the water bed, she knelt and straddled my face so that her cunt hairs were brushing my face. Stretching my tongue forth, I slowly and gently explored that beautiful cunt, examining every fold and crevice. Jennifer raised and

lowered herself to permit me access and to ensure the right pressure. She continuously uttered soft moans and told me how good I was making her feel. I grabbed her buttocks and rocked her forward so that my tongue was licking her behind and my nose was penetrating her cunt. I kept it up until her clit rested on the bridge of my nose. This was a new one for Jennifer. That was evident from the one huge and long orgasm her body had become.

That was the beginning of a beautiful and long affair. Jennifer and I managed to get together almost every weekday and even on some weekends while her fiancé was visiting her. The next day, when I confronted her with the idea that sucking my cock was not much different from fucking it (as far as my wife was concerned), Jennifer told me that it was the size of my cock that prohibited my entering her pussy. True, my cock is eight inches long and thick when I'm aroused, but I had not considered that abnormally large. However, considering Jennifer's size and the delight I derived from eating her pussy, and the fact that she was the greatest cocksucker I had ever run into, I decided that the relationship we had going was satisfactory—for the time being.

I began to learn a great deal about Jennifer—not only about the proper way to bring her off but also about what made her tick. She really enjoyed being in control of men. She evidently had her fiancé wrapped around her finger and could force

him to submit to whatever she desired. Some weekends that poor guy would get in her pussy only once, while she and I would sneak off for several quick trysts. She had me hooked, too. Some days I would go to her apartment, and she would be waiting for me naked, seated on a chair, with her pussy all swollen. Other days I would have to work to get her, actually begging at times to taste that pussy. For my obedient behavior I was soon given the job of trimming her cunt hair, a task that I relished.

I also learned that Jennifer was far more sexually active than her demure demeanor had hitherto suggested. Gradually, she told me about the two guys whom she fucked on a regular basis, averaging at least twice a week, and of the way she would pick up boys and men for one-time fucks—usually once a week. I wondered when she studied, and I found out that she was putting out for her adviser at school. Often, while I was eating her, she would tell me about one of the cocks that had been in her. It excited me to know that my tongue was in the same place someone else's cock had recently been. When my tongue brought her close to her peak, I withdrew it and kept it away until she promised to let me watch her getting fucked.

I soon got my wish. Peering through the louvered doors of her bedroom closet, I saw her bring in a young boy of eighteen. He was only several inches taller than she. Jennifer had him undress her without permitting him to kiss or touch that lovely body. Then, after putting on a record, she lounged back on her pillowed bed and had him undress to the music. When he hurried, she made him slow down or put his clothes back on. Finally, he stood nude before her—his body young and lean with an erect penis that seemed not much more than half the size of what I held in my hand. Laying him on his back, Jennifer straddled him, her cunt hovering above his cock for seconds and then engulfing it. Within half a dozen strokes he was shooting her full of his come, but she did not stop. By means of the magic motion of her hips, she kept that young cock hard, and when he came the second time, so did I—all over Jennifer's best dress. She did not dismount her stud until his third climax, which occurred about an hour after they had begun. Jennifer dispatched him quickly with the excuse that she had to study. Once he was gone, I left the closet and found her seated on her dining-room table. I hurriedly buried my face in her pussy and ate her wet, wet cunt, gobbling up his loads. While I ate, she told me how she had climaxed six times from the excitement of having me watch. She had another good one left, and we spent the rest of the afternoon in bed.

For five months we continued in this way, adding variations to our encounters and refining our oral skills, but never fucking. Then one day Jennifer chewed out a mild-mannered friend. I decided that I would tell her off for abusing a gentleman. Well, Jennifer disagreed with me, and I ended up telling her that she was a spoiled bitch who





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needed her ass spanked. With that, I grabbed her and pulled her across my lap and started spanking her with my open hand. She squirmed and struggled but had no chance of escape from someone of my size. After a dozen or so strokes, I noticed that she was thrusting her crotch against my leg. Quickly, I stood her up and pulled off her jeans. I really laid into her bare flesh. My hand was sore, and she was genuinely crying, tears streaming down that perfect face. But her hips were still churning her pubic bone up against my leg.

I decided that the time was right and picked her up, carried her to the bedroom, and threw her on the bed. Hastily, I stepped out of my Wranglers and climbed between her legs. My cock was swollen to the bursting point. I lifted her hips in my hands, poised the head of my penis against her wet, warm vagina, and thrust. My cock drove into her sweet, hot pussy until my balls bounced against the cheeks of her ass. Three strokes and my balls pumped until my cock felt as if it were having the dry heaves. I looked at her face and saw that, through the tears, she was smiling. She said, "I've really been wanting that thing in me." Then she rolled me over on my back and proceeded to fuck me. With her talented cunt she brought us off together and then lay alongside me, kissing me gently. The next day we skipped classes and research in order to spend all day in bed together.

As I had suspected, Jennifer's reluctance in fucking me had been merely a ploy enabling her to control me. (Her cunt had accommodated me easily, although it was a snug fit.) After that day our relationship proceeded more smoothly. We continued our oral sex as before with a new ingredient added: sometimes Jennifer dominated; sometimes I did.

At the end of a year of this ideal friendship, Jennifer took her degree. She married and went to work for a large multinational corporation halfway across the country. We fucked and sucked up to the last moment, but we have not seen each other since her wedding. That woman in a childlike body was the best I have ever had, but we knew that we would go our separate ways. I also know that Jennifer is getting her share of hard ones and hope that she once in a while finds a man who stands up to her (because that is what she loves). Jennifer knows that I am wearing out more pussies than hands and that I will always keep a special place for her on the tip of my tongue. —*Name and address withheld*

Animal house

I am a twenty-one-year-old male attending a small college in southern Ohio and would like to relate an experience that I had three years ago, when I was in high school.

When I was a senior, I had a job working at a nearby apartment complex, and I had access to the vacant apartments. On oc-

casional, I would bring my girl friend, Holly, over to one of the apartments for some "old fashioned" sex. On one particular evening, we had made plans to go out with another couple, John and Pam. We visited one of the local bars, and after a few beers, John and I decided that we should all go to one of the vacant apartments.

Upon entering the apartment, we found that it had only one bedroom. Being in an inebriated state, we decided that we would take separate corners in the room. Holly and I wasted no time; we immediately began to undress each other and proceeded to get into a sixty-nine position. I came up for air, quickly looked over to the other corner, and saw John mounting Pam—who was still wearing her blouse—from the rear. This caught my attention; so I watched John slowly slide his cock up Pam's wet pussy. Pam moaned as he went deeper and deeper inside her. Pam was loving every minute of it, and I soon realized that I wished I were in John's place. John grabbed onto Pam's tits and moved his cock faster and faster inside her. By now, Pam was just about screaming from the pleasure. I was so excited that I turned around and spread Holly's thighs and slid my cock into her as far as possible. Holly reached for my ass, pulling me into her. We quickly came to climax and rested for a while.

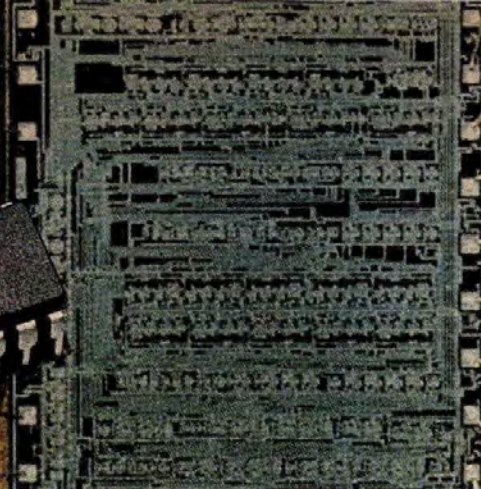
By now Pam and John had finished, and we began to talk about the possibility of swapping. At first it was just a joke, but then John and I explained to the girls that swapping was something that we had always wanted to do. After much debating, the girls agreed on one condition—that Pam and I go to the living room. John and I agreed, and off I went with Pam.

When we got into the living room, Pam removed her blouse, revealing a gorgeous set of tits. They were big and hung on her chest perfectly. Her nipples were rock-hard and pointing upward. Pam immediately dropped to her knees and gave me the best sucking I have ever had. Just before I was ready to come, she told me to lie down on the floor. I was about to explode. Pam took my balls in her hands, gently massaged them, and licked the head of my cock. Moving her head up and down, faster and faster, I could feel my cock ready to let loose. With one last dive, Pam put her mouth completely over my cock and swallowed every bit of my come.

After a short rest, we started in again. Pam had me lie down on my back on the floor. She stood above me spread-eagled and eased her wetness down on my face. While I ate her, she was saying, "Lick me; eat my cunt. I want to feel your tongue inside me." When she was close to orgasm, she got on her hands and knees, put her ass high in the air, and said, "Fuck me. I want to feel your cock inside me." I mounted her from behind. I rubbed my cock up and down her slit while she moaned for me to fuck her. Finally, I knew it was time. So I slowly slid my hard cock into her waiting pussy. She moaned louder and



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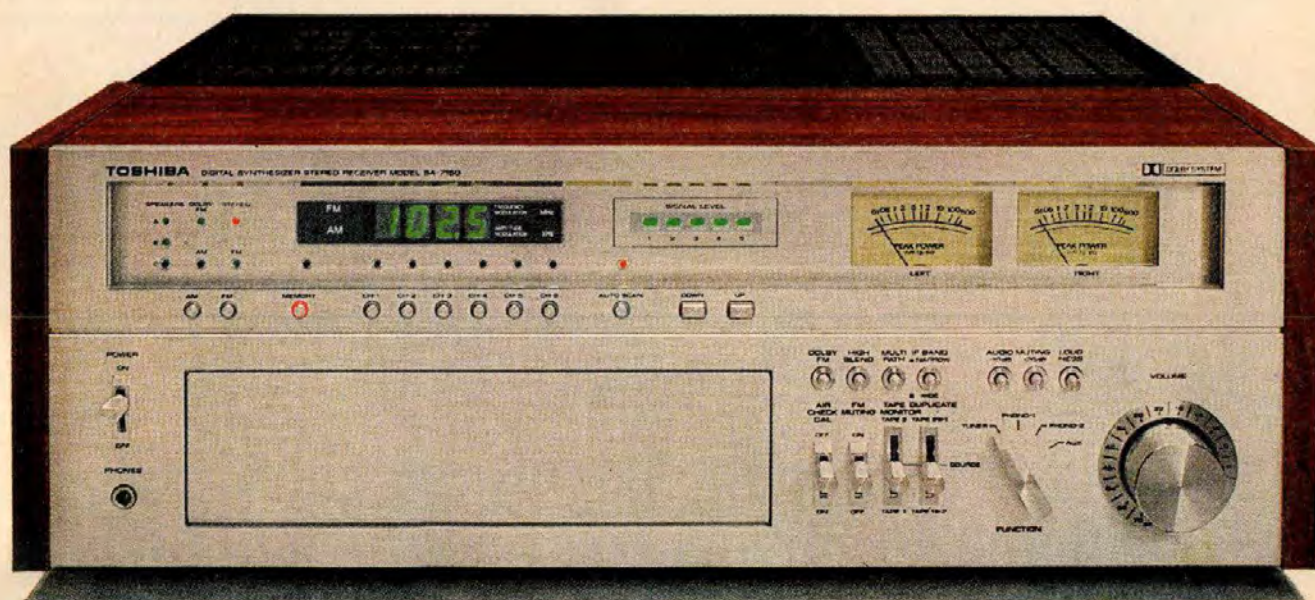
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louder as my cock went deep inside her pussy. After a few strokes, Pam said, "I want to feel your warm cock come inside me. Come on, give it to me really hard!"

That is exactly what I did. I reached around and fondled her tits. Pam was screaming with pleasure. I was sure that the neighbors would call the police. I felt her pussy tighten up, and I knew that she was ready to come. I grabbed her hips tightly and thrust my cock into her pussy as hard as I could. When I came, Pam was moaning and screaming, "I can feel your come way inside of me!" With that I collapsed on the floor. She had satisfied me as no other woman ever has.

Unfortunately, we all graduated and went to different colleges. Some day we will get together for a reunion.—*Name and address withheld*

Force-feeding

As a married man grown a little bit bored with married sex life, I began having an affair about two years ago. This led to a fulfillment of my sexual fantasies that exceeded my wildest dreams—and my wife's as well.

My lover, Marcie, happened also to be my wife's tennis partner and best friend. Marcie, unlike my wife, Alice, is a highly sexed woman. She's five feet six inches tall, a leggy black woman with bronze-colored skin, full and firm tits, and a versatile, loving cunt. My wife is also a physical knockout:

five feet four inches tall, long blonde hair, a fantastic body, and a coolly seductive manner that seems to broadcast a sort of look-but-don't-touch attitude. I love her dearly but was frustrated by her hang-ups in the sack: no oral sex, lights out for lovemaking, quick showers after each missionary-style encounter. It got tiresome. It was dignified but boring!

Since Marcie's husband wasn't keeping her satisfied and both of us wanted to save our marriages, we decided to let our mates into our newfound world of fantasy fulfillment. We weren't sure how to approach Marcie's husband. Since Marcie had always fantasized (but never dared attempt) a three-way with Alice and me, we decided to move in on her first.

The four of us owned a beach house together, so we arranged for the three of us to take a long weekend there while Marcie's husband was away on business. This wasn't usual, of course. But this particular weekend was to have a slightly different twist.

Friday afternoon, when my wife came in from some swimming and sunbathing, I hid myself upstairs on the loft, from which I had a clear view of the living room below. Marcie had stretched out her gorgeous body on the sofa and was leafing through a copy of *Penthouse* and sipping a margarita. When my wife came in, her firm tits straining against her bikini and her body glowing with a fresh suntan, Marcie told her there

were drinks in the fridge. When Alice went to get one, Marcie slipped her hand under her beach robe and onto her bushy snatch. Licking her fingers, she looked up and gave me a lewd, conspiratorial wink.

After Alice had returned with her drink and settled down on the edge of the sofa, Marcie lit a joint and handed it to her. Alice took a few hits and asked what Marcie was reading, and when Marcie showed her, she wrinkled her nose and said, "Oh yeah, one of my husband's *Penthouses*. Aren't they awful?" Marcie said, "Not really. In fact, they're kind of a turn-on." They leafed through the magazine together, and Marcie read a few choice letters from "Forum" and then gradually moved closer to my wife. Soon they were both getting excited, and when Marcie got her nerve up, she started stroking my wife's thigh. Alice's breathing became heavy. After a while, Marcie leaned over and kissed Alice's soft, blonde hair. Alice unconsciously put her hand on Marcie's, which was still resting on her thigh.

Up in the loft I was getting pretty excited. It looked as if this was going to be easier than we'd expected. But when Marcie's hand moved up to Alice's crotch, Alice pulled away. Marcie took a handful of my wife's hair in her other hand and, looking passionately into her eyes, said, "Alice, we've been friends for a long time. Now just relax and let this happen, because it's going to happen either way."

Alice, needless to say, was shocked. She pulled away again, but Marcie was stronger and pinned her down on the sofa and planted her mouth on my wife's in a long, deep soul kiss. I could see her tongue and lips moving just as they had last weekend—on my cock. Marcie pressed her pelvis against my wife's crotch and began kissing and biting her ears and neck, holding her arms pinned all the while. Soon Alice began struggling less and less and was visibly responding to Marcie's kisses and caresses, even sighing and moaning as Marcie removed her bikini top and started tweaking Alice's swollen breasts and nipples.

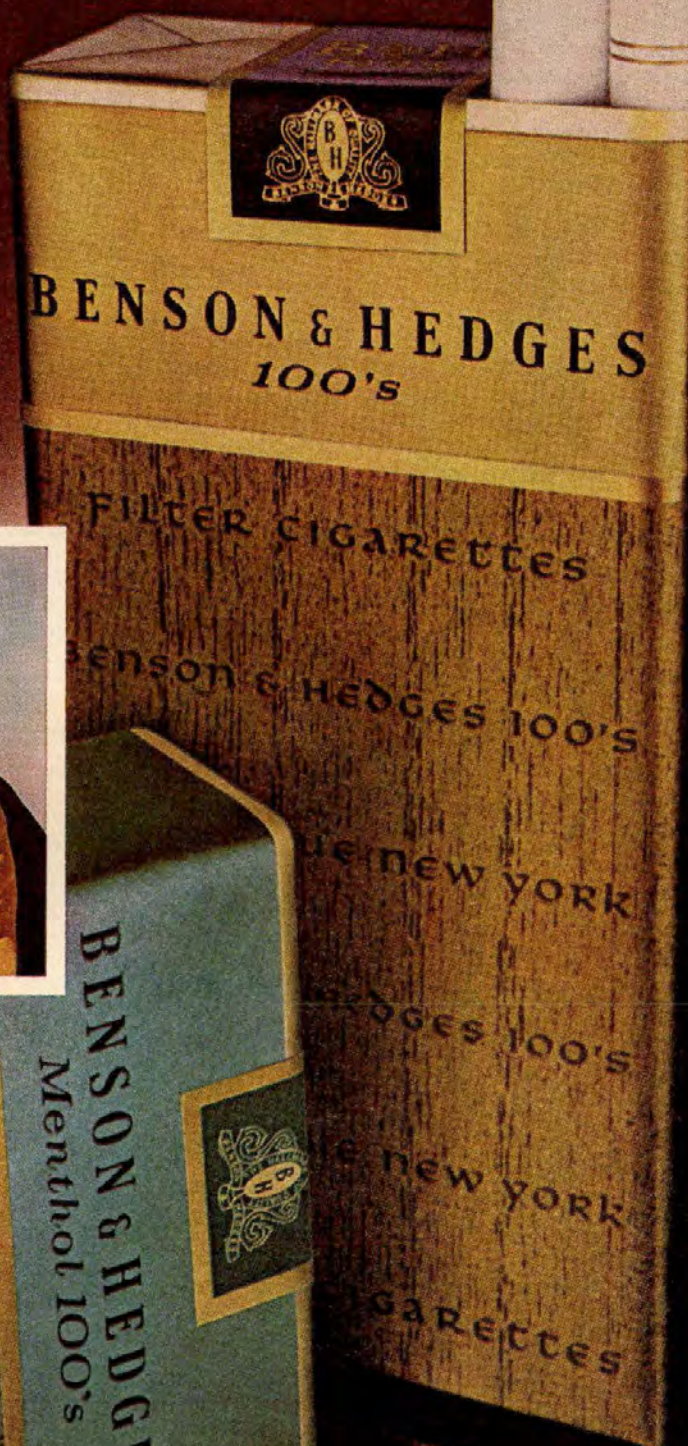
As Marcie moved down Alice's body, over her smooth, flat stomach, close to her snatch, Alice started to struggle again. Marcie looked up, her eyes flashing, and said, "Okay, Alice, we'll do it the hard way. You're going to have your cunt licked, whether you like it or not!" With that, she reached under the sofa and produced a handful of silk scarves, one of which she used to blindfold Alice and the others to tie her spread-eagled on the sofa. I leaned out in plain view, and Marcie stood at the foot of the bed, panting, smiling, and looking with half-closed eyes at her magnificent work. She looked up at me in the loft, where I stood with my prick in my hands, and silently beckoned. My wife was straining at the scarves and whining, "Please, Marcie, my husband will come home. Please don't!" As I came down the stairs, Marcie ripped off Alice's bikini bottoms and took off her own beach robe. Two gorgeous



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bodies were exposed to my voracious eyes. My prick was oozing and throbbing. I moved toward the bed, but Marcie stopped me by putting a finger to her lips so that I wouldn't betray my presence. Then she shoved a couple of pillows under Alice's tight little ass, giving us both a better view, and smoothed Alice's hair and whispered in her ear, soothing and stroking her.

Slowly, Marcie went down on Alice and soon had her grinding and thrusting. Alice started shouting, "Oh yes, please eat me. Oh, oh, oh, yeeesssss!" I couldn't believe my ears. I had never seen my wife—or anyone else for that matter—so thoroughly aroused. "Oh my God, fuck! Let me come, please, please bring me off! Fuck me! Suck!" All this, and just two hours ago she was deeply offended by profanity!

I was getting awful hot, too, and had to stop stroking myself. I had better plans for the load of come I was about to spurt. Marcie got up and lowered her ass over Alice's face, about six inches from contact, and said, "Okay, Alice, I'll get you off, but first you're going to earn it! Now, start licking!" Then she lowered her cunt down onto Alice's face and closed her eyes as my wife's long tongue reached out and got a first taste of sweet cunt juice. Marcie was facing me, at the foot of the sofa, and squeezing her own beautiful tits as she gently rolled her hips over my wife's slurping mouth. "That's it, honey, that's right. Just lap it up. That's right, Alice. Ooh, that's

good! Mmmm!"

Then, Marcie's body tensed, and collapsing down on my wife's body, she came with a loud moan, drenching my wife's lovely face with a salty ocean of come. After a minute or two, Marcie got up and said, "Alice, that was pretty good." Then she went to kiss Alice's wet face and pressed her clit against my wife's quivering snatch. Alice began to grind furiously, and when they were both nearing an orgasm—bucking, moaning, and sweating—Marcie silently motioned to me.

I went over and positioned myself behind them to look at their two asses—one brown, one creamy white—and at their gorgeous, dripping cunts. The smell was sensational. Then, ever so slowly and silently, I carefully aimed my tool at my wife's silky-blond snatch and plunged it in to the hilt. Alice immediately responded by pushing up to meet my thrust and screaming, "Fuck me, Marcie. Fuck my cunt!" She was half-delirious and had no idea what was happening. I reached down, wet my fingers in Marcie's cunt, and shoved a finger up each of their behinds. Almost immediately, I could feel their sphincters gripping faster and faster until we all collapsed in a thunderous, gushing mutual orgasm. Then Marcie removed the blindfold from Alice's eyes. When she realized that I'd been there all along, she seemed happy.

Over the next year that Alice and I lived on the East Coast, we enjoyed a three-way,

real-life fantasy of incredible sex. We tried every imaginable combination, exploring every orifice, savoring every secretion. It brought us closer together than anyone could. We've shared our pleasures openly, and we can now share anything with each other. It's so good that we no longer think about getting Marcie's husband to join us.—Name and address withheld

Meter-made!

One morning about a month ago, I was on my way home after working the graveyard shift. I sped down a shortcut down a three-mile deserted section of road, not far from my home. I rounded a long curve, and there sat a police cruiser. By the time I saw it, there wasn't enough time to slow down. After I had passed the cruiser, it came after me with lights flashing. When I pulled over, I looked back and realized that it was a policewoman behind the wheel.

As she walked back to my car, I couldn't help noticing her beautiful body. She asked for my license and registration. While I was digging through the glove compartment, a battery-operated vibrator rolled out into view. Quickly, I pushed it out of sight. Handing her my papers, I could see by the blush on her face that she had seen it.

Not wanting another ticket, I pleaded with the policewoman, whose first name was Joyce. I begged her not to write me up and said that I would do anything if she would agree not to. Suddenly, a smile came over her face. She took my license and headed toward the cruiser, saying, "All right. You follow me in your car." We proceeded about 500 yards down the street and turned off on a little road. We stopped and got out of our cars. Then Joyce came up to me, saying, "Okay, up against the car." Quickly, she started to frisk me, from my shoulders down. But when she got to my waist, she grabbed my jeans. Before I had a chance to move, they were down around my ankles. I wore no underwear. I objected to what was happening, and she said, "Well, you told me that you would do anything; so I thought this would be a chance to fulfill one of my greatest fantasies. I wanted to see if you were circumcised. And I see that you certainly are. If you want to go, you're free to do so." I could see that she meant me no harm, and I told her that I'd be a model prisoner.

My pants were at my ankles, and she spun me around and ordered me to put my hands at the top of my head, and quickly handcuffed them. "Okay," she said, "hit the deck!" Once I was on the ground, she continued the search using her tongue instead of her hand. She checked out every part of my body thoroughly. As Joyce reached my cock, it sprang to life. "I'm really into pricks," she said, "especially circumcised ones." She ever so slowly traced her flickering tongue up and down my hard shaft, caressing my balls. She was careful to lick every stray drop of fluid from the exposed head. The sensation was fantastic. Gradually, Joyce took it in her mouth, all the way, and in no time I had the first in a series of



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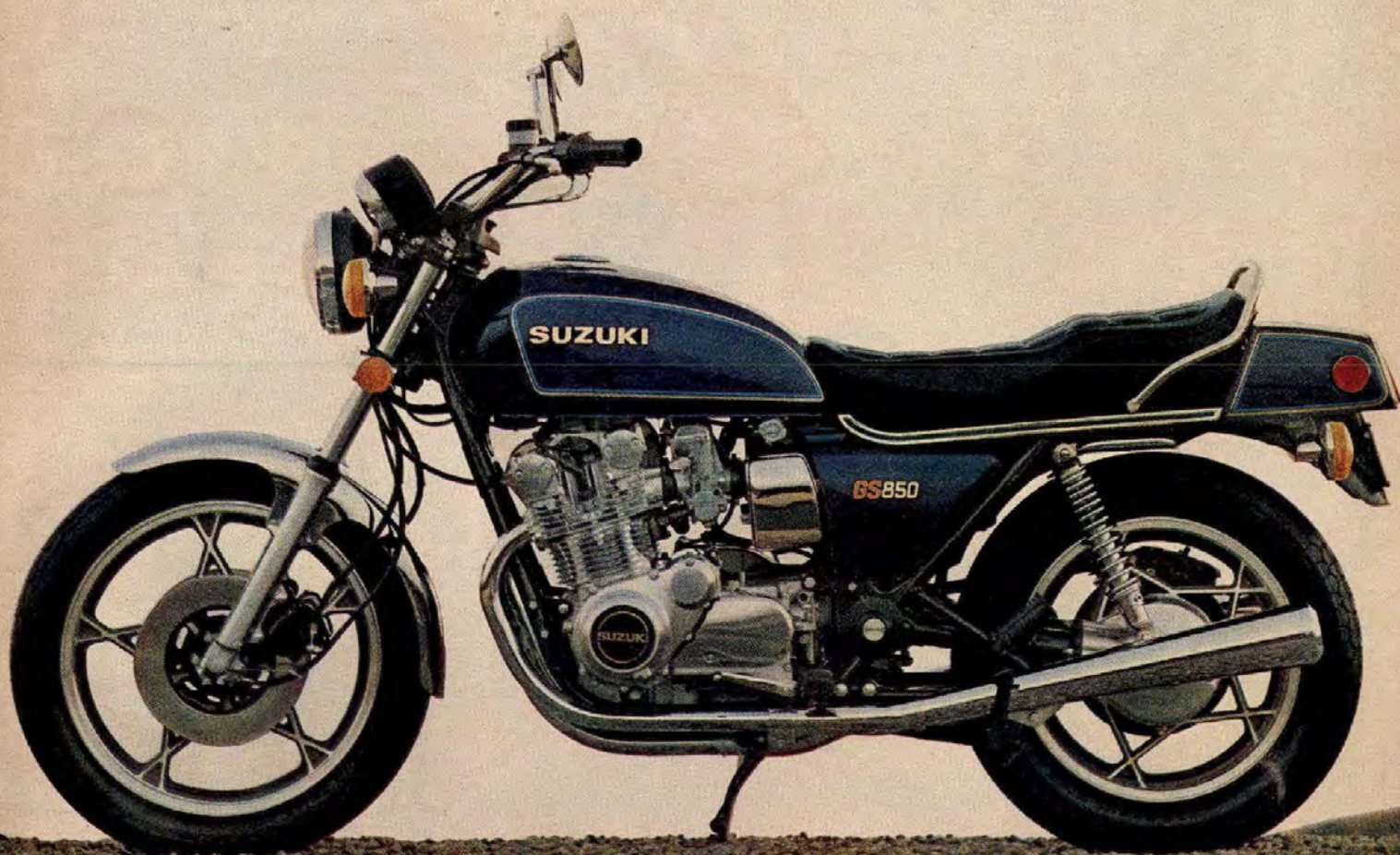
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earth-shattering orgasms.

She stood up and quickly undressed. Hidden under that outfit was a sleek, well-proportioned body, two not-so-large but firm breasts, shapely hips, and a juicy twat, which was soon to be shoved against my face. I buried my tongue deep within her hole, driving her to an uncontrollable frenzy.

As soon as Joyce caught her breath, she ran to my car, only to return with the vibrator. Instantly, she began tingling my pecker and balls, until I was as hard as her billy club. Then she moved in a squatting position directly over the head of my dick. Slowly, she lowered herself onto the full length, without touching any other part of my body. She started to move, just using her leg muscles to propel her athletic body on top of my schlong, from tip to balls. Her moans of delight broke the silence of our secluded spot, but this could not stop the desire burning deep within her throbbing cunt. I tried to free my hands, but my efforts were useless. Sensing that Joyce was ready to come, I started to match her rhythmic action. Suddenly, her moans turned into screams. "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!" she cried. She began to quiver, and as I shot a load of hot sperm into that fabulous milking machine, my orgasm triggered yet another orgasm in her. For several minutes we just lay there exhausted.

Joyce released my hands, and we both got dressed. She went to the cruiser and

started to drive away without saying a word. I yelled, "What about my license?" She stopped, backed up, and handed me the papers, saying, "Oh, yes, and I almost forgot—here's your ticket." Smiling, she drove away.

Would you believe that I never enjoyed getting a ticket more?—E.B., Holden, Mass.

Pretty baby

Recently, I saw the movie *Pretty Baby*. Much to my surprise, I found myself fascinated with the idea of having sex with a very young, teenage girl. Despite the innocence of Brooke Shields's nude scenes, they gave me hard-on after hard-on, which I tried to hide from my girl friend lest she think me perverted.

This strong desire for a budding woman stayed in the back of my mind, however, and just a few hours ago my dream came true. I attended a party last night and fell in with a girl named Elaine. She's a student at the college I attend. We'd met before, but both of us had other romantic commitments; so nothing had gotten started.

Last night was different, however. We both got very drunk, and our flirting soon gave way to some heavy necking. Both of us had come to the party alone, and this—along with the alcohol—broke down our inhibitions.

Elaine asked me to drive her home, because she was too drunk to drive herself. I,

too, was really too drunk to drive, but I took her home in spite of my condition. She asked me up to her apartment, and being too drunk to have any reservations about being unfaithful, we wasted no time in moving to the bedroom. Before we fell asleep, we fucked—both times in pitch darkness. I was too zonked out to feel very much, and I managed to raise a second hard-on only because I thought I'd never get the chance to fuck Elaine again once we were sober.

I awoke first the next morning and cleaned up in the bathroom. My cock was caked with dried sex juices, and my mouth was dry and sticky from the booze. I slipped under the covers again, and Elaine awoke shortly after that.

She told me that she had to use the bathroom. When she got out of bed, what I saw aroused me to a full erection. Elaine is short, about five feet two inches, and slightly built. To be more precise, she is downright skinny. She is also flat-chested—her tits are no more than tiny swells on her chest, but her nipples are long. In fact, they stick out as far as the tiny areolas are wide. Her butt (I find it hard to think of it as an ass) looked like a young boy's. As a matter of fact, in the nude Elaine's body is indistinguishable from a boy's, except for her pussy which is something else again. The hair is sparse and grows only on her mound, not on her vaginal lips. She doesn't shave, she told me; hair just never grew there.

After Elaine washed up, her transformation from a twenty-year-old to a pubescent nymphette became complete. I saw her for the first time with no makeup and her hair undone. The color of her skin was very even and very pale, and I could feel my stiff cock growing another inch. To complete the effect, I noticed for the first time that Elaine wore her eyebrows unplucked. I bluntly told this Brooke Shields clone that she was the sexiest girl I had ever seen and that I had to have her again.

To my delight, she was as randy as I was, and soon we were kissing and fondling one another. I was ecstatic as I kissed and sucked on her tiny tits with their stiff, pink nipples. She purred while I stroked her smooth and boyish butt cheeks, kissed them, and stroked her hairless little behind with my tongue. Her pussy was the sweetest I'd ever tasted and such a delight to eat, without any hair tickling my cheeks and nose. The inner lips were small, pink, and very fresh looking. As she came, I lapped up the copious flow of warm juices with a passion.

When Elaine took my cock in her mouth, I thought that I would come in a second. She positioned herself so that I could see her face while my cock slipped back and forth between her lips. Her fascinated expression as she studied my cock between licks and sucks drove me wild.

Before she could make me come, I rolled her over on her back and positioned myself between her legs. I rubbed the twitching head of my cock up and down over her slippery cunt lips, and she began to wrig-





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gle and moan. Slowly, I pushed my hard-on into Elaine's pussy, which was much tighter than any I had fucked before. It even felt tighter than it had the night before, as I was sober now and at full erection.

Inch by inch, I fucked her, and she was having a thrashing orgasm by the time I had my full length in her. I could not resist the heat and tight slipperiness of her cunt, and after only a few long strokes I exploded inside her.

To my disbelief, I managed two more hard-ons that morning. I'm basically a once-a-day man. Elaine and I agreed to continue our relationship, even though it will take some planning to get away from our steady lovers. We recognize that even though we are friends, the main attraction is sexual. I told her about my fascination with her childlike appearance, and she's agreed to let me photograph her in the nude, as Keith Carradine did with Brooke Shields in *Pretty Baby*. As we see it, as long as we satisfy one another's desires so well, we will continue to have the most exciting sex we have ever known.—*Name and address withheld*

Do-it-yourselfer

I am an abject masturbationist. I just love it. Even though I get screwed by my lover's miraculous prick as often as I can, the feel of my fingers in my hot, horny cunt is out of this world.

I can safely say that I have converted two

of my girl friends to onanism. Sandy, who lived downstairs in my apartment building, once dropped in on me unexpectedly one rainy Sunday when I was lying on my living-room rug, ramming my giant dildo hard into my cunt. She took one look, slammed the door, and took off down the hall, running as fast as she could. But one week later she was crying with joy as she plunged my black, ten-inch rubber cock faster and faster into her wide-open, wet pussy. We regularly have phone-in sessions when we call each other and masturbate like crazy over the phone.

Pat, my roommate, did not know of my pleasures, but she certainly found out in a hurry! The day after she moved in, she burst into my room, and there I was, one rubber cock all the way up my ass and another between my two red cunt lips, making me moan and groan with delight.

For the next week I got the cold shoulder, but as I pointed out to her, I hurt no one, I satisfy myself, and I have no intention of stopping it, so she had better accept the idea. Gradually, she did.

Soon thereafter, after a long beer session in our living room, she stood up, a little drunk, and said, "What the fuck!" She dropped her jeans and pulled down her blue bikini panties, revealing her auburn bush and her pretty, slender little legs. Then she got on top of the coffee table, spread her legs, and easily slipped three fingers deep in her honey pot, smiling at me dar-

ingly and libidiously the whole time.

She wasn't alone for long, because I joined her. For a while, there was no other sound in the room except our heavy moaning and the squishing sound of our fingers frantically working our own cunts and, occasionally—I'll have to admit—each other's. Now we often walk around naked in the apartment, sometimes with a dildo (or, on one occasion, a banana) stuck up our cunts, which we immediately put to good use when we sit down on the sofa or on the floor.—*M.K., Toronto, Canada*

Black-and-white setup

My husband, Bill, is in graduate school, and we live in a campus village. I work and support my husband so that he can get an education. We don't have much money for recreation. All we can afford is just smoking grass, drinking beer and wine, and partying at home.

A beautiful black couple, Willie and Dot, live next door and we visit each other quite a bit. One day my husband noted that Dot had a beautiful body, and he said he wondered what sex was like with a black lady. I started to notice that husband Willie had a very large bulge in his pants, and I suggested to Bill that I was excited about the idea of swinging with our neighbors.

One weekend during the summer, when Bill was at the library studying, I got high with Willie's wife and we talked about sex. I told her my Bill was turned on by her, and she admitted that her Willie wanted me. We compared notes. She was excited to hear about my husband's skill with oral sex, and I confessed to an interest in Willie's cock. We decided right then to throw a party and have an orgy.

We pooled our money and got some dope and wine. Next we tried to get sexy, and we decided to wear ultrashort cutoffs without panties and braless T-shirts. Finally, we planned to tell our husbands of our desire to swing.

Well, Dot and Willie came over about eleven, but Bill wasn't home yet. The party started without him, and when I started dancing with Willie, my heart was pounding with excitement and my pussy wet with love juice. During a slow number I felt a huge, hard black dick between my legs, and I got hornier when Willie felt my ass, tits, and pussy. His dick felt like steel. I was almost going out of my mind wondering what it looked like.

Suddenly, Bill walked in, and I felt guilty being so close to another man, but I couldn't stop the images of black penises dancing in my brain. Dot asked Bill to dance, and she began to dance with such sensuality that Bill dropped his books to the floor. Soon I saw Bill's hand on Dot's ass, rubbing her. Next Bill put his hand under her T-shirt, and started sucking her tits right in front of me. That got me very excited and made me feel much less guilty.

I began to grope Willie's big dick with my hands, and he unzipped his pants. Out jumped the largest cock I've ever seen! I led Willie into my bedroom and looked



back at Bill, who was already eating Dot on our sofa. Dot's legs were in the air, and Bill's lips were smacking.

Willie lay on his back and told me to ride his big black bamboo. I got on top of him and began to melt with excitement and joy as his eleven-inch cock rode in and out my pussy. The sight of that gleaming, uncircumcised black rod stretching my white cunt was too much to bear. When Willie was ready to come, he pulled me down and put his big dick in my mouth and then shot a huge load off as I sucked him like a mad woman.

Come was all over my face. On the way to the bathroom, I saw Bill and Dot still getting it on. Bill was still eating her out, and she was singing with sexual joy. I rushed back and sucked Willie again until his cock got hard, put my legs up, and shoved his dick into me as far as it would go. It hurt this time and I recall crying, "It's too big, too big, baby," but I finally relaxed and got high from being pounded like that, losing all control and just letting him do what he wanted with me.

Dot enjoyed her first experience with oral sex (my husband's tongue is as effective as Willie's cock.); so we both seemed to be content with the way the evening went. In later orgies together Bill watched Willie give me a good fucking, and I watched Bill eat out Dot's pink pussy lips.

Are there any other couples out there who enjoy swinging across racial lines? I think that miscegenation adds a whole extra dimension to sex, making it seem truly exotic when it's black against white—not in hate but in love.—*Name and address withheld*

Feelin's believin'

I have been an avid reader of *Penthouse* for quite a while, and I'll admit that I never really believed most of these letters until recently, when something similar happened to me.

I attend a medium-sized university in northern New Jersey. Over the past three years here my sex life has been more than adequate. One morning I went down to the commuter cafeteria for breakfast. I was standing in line when a chick turned around and started talking to me. She was alone, and since none of my friends were around, I had breakfast with her. She was a very pretty girl with long, brown hair, a tight ass, and small but firm breasts.

We rapped for a while, and she explained to me that she had to wait two hours for a friend to drive her home because her car was in the shop. Since I had nothing to do, I offered to give her a lift and she accepted. When we arrived at her house, she asked me to come in and I immediately accepted. No one was home, and we sat in the living room, listened to some music, and smoked a few joints. We started making out, and all of a sudden, before I knew what was happening to me, she unzipped my pants, took out my cock, and put it into her mouth. She deep-throated me as if my cock were made of candy. She ran her

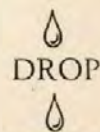


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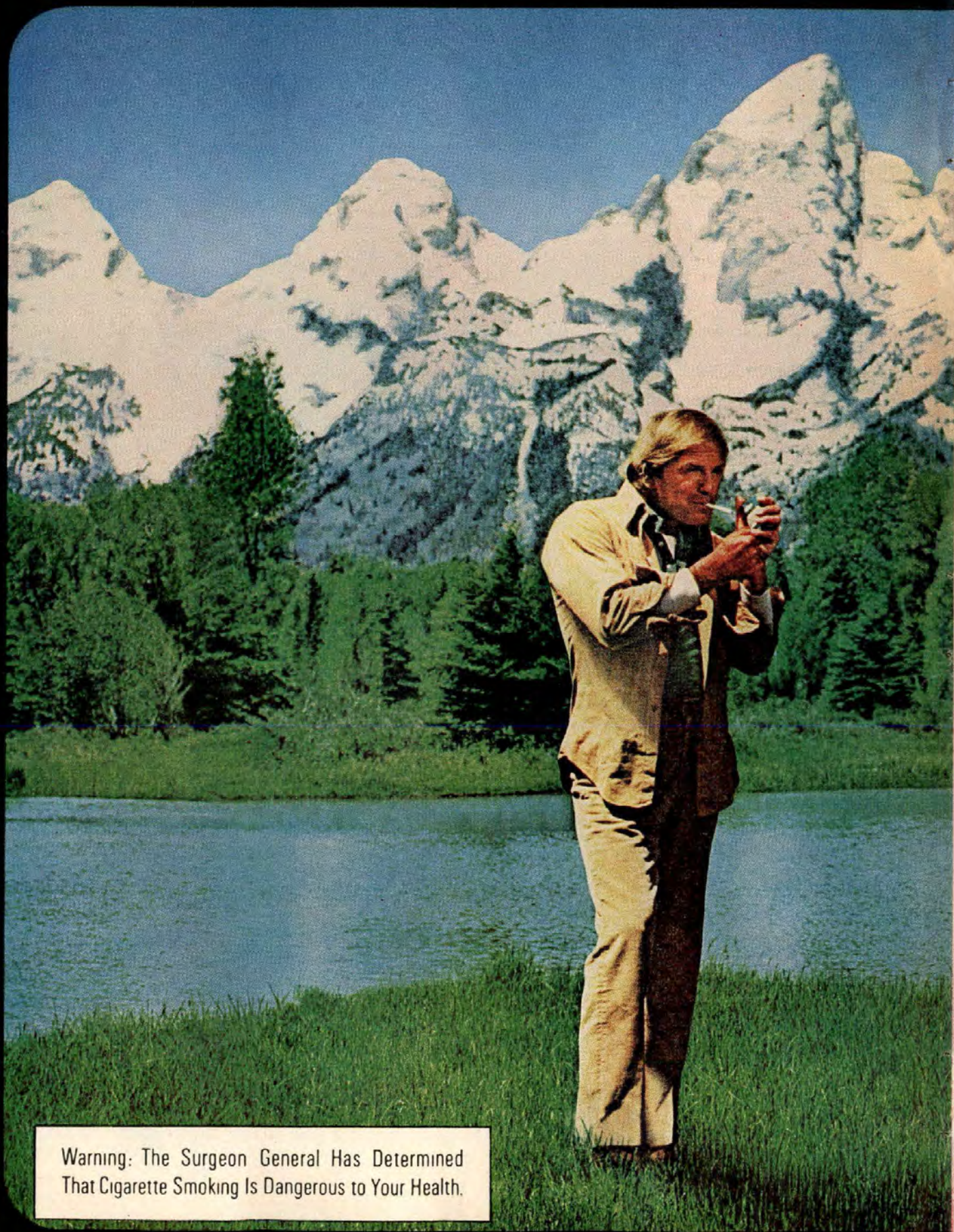


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tongue up and down the shaft and then started sucking on my balls. I was in ecstasy, and as soon as she sensed that I was ready to come, she again deep-throated me and I shot my hot jism down her throat.

After that unbelievable blowjob, I laid her on her back and slid off her pants. I found a beautiful, sopping-wet pussy. I nuzzled my face into her garden of love, and as my tongue probed, I uncovered the largest clit I had ever seen. I licked and sucked as I slid one finger up her crack and one up her anal opening. She moaned and groaned while experiencing one orgasm after another. Finally, with her last breath she screamed for me to fuck her. In less than a second I mounted her and plunged into her. I pumped fiercely as she moved and wiggled her hips in rhythm with strokes. I sensed that she was about to come; so I pumped harder, and shortly we had the most exciting simultaneous climax.

We played together for most of the morning, but since that day I have been unable to locate her at school again. I guess I'll just keep a *hard* vigil in the cafeteria until she shows up again.—*Name and address withheld*

Bound and determined

My girl friend, Nancy, and I have found that a variation now and then can serve as a spark to keep our sexual relationship at a feverish pitch. One such device that we

employ is bondage. We're not into S&M, but we do get a kick out of the sheer theatrics of tying each other up. The only problem that we have encountered is Nancy's inexperience at, of all things, knot tying. Occasionally, some of her knots would come undone, detracting from the rest of the scene and forcing me to do some faking. Let me tell you, though, about the time we solved our problem.

Having agreed to be Nancy's love slave for the evening, I was kneeling naked at her feet, kissing her nylon-encased ankles, feet, and toes, my hands clasped behind my back ready to be tied. As she bent over me to bind my wrists with a two-foot hank of clothesline, my cock sprang to full attention. Only when she finished and ordered me to lie on the bed on my back with my legs spread did I realize that something was different—the knots that held me captive were tight and secure. Sensing my surprise, Nancy said, "My slave, I've been reading your old boy-scout handbook, and I can promise you there will be no further escapes." Well, she must also have been perusing Houdini, because after lashing each of my ankles to a corner of the bed, she tied my crossed wrists to my waist and then ran a line from one end of the bed to the other, between my bound arms and my shoulders. Believe me, I was not about to go anywhere!

Nancy left the room for about five minutes, and the tension—both physical and

sexual—was unbearable. When she returned, she stripped off all her clothes, except for her panties. Then, while sitting on the edge of the bed to refasten her high-heeled, open-toed sandals, she slowly ran her hands first up one of her legs, then up the other. Standing, she rubbed her nipples, which by this time were as attentive as my cock, and then traced the outline of her labia, visible through the thin material of her panties. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, she announced, "And now, slave, I am ready."

Straddling my chest (at five feet one inch and 100 pounds, she's hardly a strain), she rubbed her cotton-covered pussy against my rib cage as she held my cock behind her back. It was incredibly exciting as she massaged my throbbing member. Sensing that I was about to come, Nancy released my rod and plunged her tongue into my mouth. After some heavy-duty French kissing, she had me suck each of her succulent tits. Finally, she shifted upward on my chest and ordered me to "exercise my tongue"—which was ironic, because I'm a health nut—by licking her through her pants. This I did with some abandon, until she had an orgasm that nearly broke my nose.

Pausing momentarily, Nancy removed her panties and shoes, which had left some interesting indentations on my thighs. She then sat back on my face. Another orgasm followed, as her pussy percolated with love juices. After regaining some composure, Nancy then moved to take me out of my misery. She grabbed her panties, which were lying beside me, and quickly shoved them into my mouth. At the same time, she put my aching cock in her mouth. Circling its head with her tongue, running her lips up its shaft, and gently squeezing my balls, she soon produced the desired results—a mind-blowing orgasm that was punctuated by my muffled moans. Ungagging me, she kissed me deeply and then untied me. Later that evening we made love more conventionally, humping each other's brains out.

Needless to say, we heartily endorse bondage as an additional stimulus to lovemaking.—*Name and address withheld*

Groupie grope

A couple of months ago you published a letter from a woman who had a delightful experience while she was attending a public function. Well, I had a similar adventure at an outdoor rock concert here in Denver two days ago.

The concert was one of those "Sun Days" concerts that Barry Fey has promoted so successfully here, and it featured a number of leading name bands. By late afternoon the crowd had grown to 60,000. My buddy, Bill, and I had seats right in front of the stage, on the grass.

Since we had had lots of beer and other highs by the time the sun had gone down and the Beach Boys came on, we were feeling pretty wild. It was also getting dark,

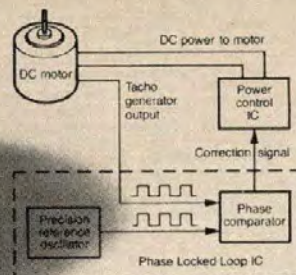
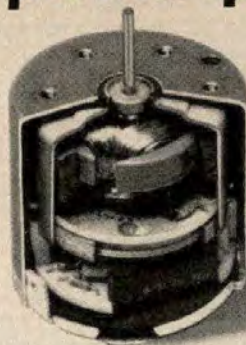


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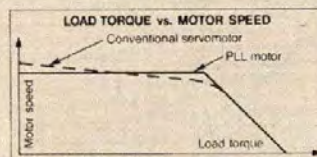


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and many people were crowding closer to the stage and losing all of their inhibitions. As the crowd continued to surge forward, we were all being pushed right into one another.

Earlier I had noticed a really far-out girl, about eighteen or nineteen. Suddenly, she was back, standing right in front of me. She had long, dark-brown hair, which I'd admired all afternoon. It was silky and cascaded down to her round buttocks, which were clothed in very, very sheer material.

As we continued to sway with the music, I leaned forward just enough to kiss her fabulous hair lightly, thinking that she wouldn't notice. But at just that moment someone behind me pushed me slightly, and instead of kissing just her hair, I planted a kiss right on her shoulder. She turned her head enough to see me, smiled as I blushed, and then, to my utter amazement, pushed her buttocks right back against my crotch, making a kind of circular motion for a minute or two. My prick immediately leaped to attention, and before I knew what was happening, the head was peeking out from my cutoffs and being further stimulated by the night air.

Since we were all pressed so close together and I knew no one would see, I quickly unzipped my fly and pulled my hard six inches out. About that time, the brown-haired beauty in front of me pushed back again, this time against my very stiff prick. I think she must have known instantly

what she felt, because she again turned her head and looked me right in the eye, grinned, and then glanced down. She probably couldn't see anything, because it was dark and the crowd was so tightly packed together, but her hand soon found what her eyes couldn't see. She fumbled only a minute and then grasped my cock tightly with her hand, moved her buttocks back against me again, and deliberately rubbed my hardness against her bottom.

At that point, I threw caution to the winds and began lifting that flimsy skirt until it was up over her buttocks. To my astonishment and pleasure, she had no panties on at all, and I moved forward so that my cock, which was still wrapped in her tight hand, pressed against her crack. She rubbed my prick all over her; then, standing on her tiptoes, she tried to fit it into her cunt. I had to bend my legs and stoop down slightly to get it in, and she had to push back in my direction. All this time, we were still moving to the music like the rest of the frenzied crowd. Her cunt was quite wet by now, and we finally made the right connection; I slipped into her without any trouble.

Grasping her at the waist, I began moving her forward and back, and together we managed to fuck right there in the middle of thousands of people, in front of the Beach Boys. It wasn't what I would call a perfect fuck, since my cock slipped out a lot. But that didn't seem to worry either of us, for we were getting off in a very unusual way.

The sensations were so great that I came in about five minutes, spurting all over her cunt, inside and out. But the turn-on was so fantastic that my dick didn't soften at all. It just stayed hard as a rock, and we kept on moving for about three or four minutes until the end of the number, when everyone relaxed for an instant. I was beginning to wonder how to get my cock back into my pants when another number began. Instead of worrying, I just continued to "dance" with this chick still riding my pole.

The next number seemed to go on forever, and everyone was shouting and screaming and moving so much that our motions and groans and shouts seemed to go unnoticed. I don't know if she had orgasms or not, but, from the way she was jumping around, I'd bet my last concert ticket she had several. I finally had another spurting climax and nearly collapsed from the effort of keeping myself moving with my knees bent in that awkward angle.

As I tried to get my cock back in my pants, Bill, who had been watching, nudged me and said, "I've got to try some of that. Move over." But he was too late, because the girl had moved back to stand on the other side of me. I hadn't realized that Bill was watching, and he had a giant erection. I just shrugged and said, "I guess not today, buddy." Meanwhile, my beauty with the long hair had her arm around my waist and was whispering in my ear, "Let's go somewhere where I can suck you off. Your cock is habit forming." With that, needless to say, we began to make our way out of the crowd.

Since then we've become pretty steady. We go to a lot of concerts and have fucked at some really great ones, pretty much in the same style of our first meeting. But we have devised some interesting variations. At one concert we balled missionary style on a blanket after dark. Needless to say, after fucking we try to move on somewhere else in the crowd so that the police don't hassle us.

Wouldn't it be great to see a lot of people fucking at a concert? We all do it to the recorded music, but not many of us are lucky enough to fuck to the real live thing, with mellow people all around.—J. R. C., Golden, Colo.

Great-grudge fuck

I'm a twenty-six-year-old female singer. A few weeks ago my band got a job in a local Irish bar. From the beginning the job was a disaster. The customers wanted to hear Irish folk songs, and we offered them Beatles music. But the worst part of it was the bartender, Mike. He and I hated each other from the moment we met.

Mike, who is in his early thirties, is six foot two and has a powerful build. He has huge arms and hands, red hair, and freckles. Normally, I'm attracted to that type, but it was a different story with Mike. He was born in Ireland, and he still has old-fashioned ideas about a woman's place. I'm famous for my outspokenness.

Mike and I had several arguments during

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184





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is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Politicians in reverse

As long as you keep publishing the incredible insights of individuals such as Karl Hess, Nicholas von Hoffman, and, most recently, Jeff Greenfield, with his "Advise and Dissent" essay "Voting in Reverse" (November 1978), there is indeed some hope for the republic staving off what is sure to be a monumental confrontation in the very near future.

Greenfield's dictum may or may not be original historically, but it certainly applies today. Woodrow Wilson, the pacifist war-monger, worked openly for peace while he actually brought about our entry into what was just another European trade rivalry. The result was a massively vindictive war and an aftermath of repressions that gave us a Hitler and all of that.

Wilson's student outdid his mentor. FDR tried all known gambits—from bellicose language through economic boycott to diplomatic skullduggery—in order to tempt the Nazis into striking at us first. We even blew to limbo a pair of German weather stations in the far north, but Hitler wanted naught of native industrial might against him. It took the dastardly exposure of the fleet at Pearl Harbor to do the trick. When the warlords of Nippon took over from a mild socialist government and we had broken the Japanese code (telling of a pending air strike), World War II was assured—even though FDR had vowed that no American son would ever fight on foreign soil.

Need I go into the first American combat and subsequent deaths under John F. Kennedy in Vietnam? Of course. LBJ escalated the horror to its zenith, all under the same wonderful folks who gave us inflation, seat belts, and other unmitigated plans for our own good.

Greenfield, who is actually one of the enemy (the press), may or may not be a good-guy maverick. He is right in saying that a vote for Teddy in 1980 will mean the civil war that Hubert Humphrey missed by a hair. Even though the loquacious idiot bore his death rather well, he was so weak-kneed that a black friend from Chicago who saw the entire 1968 National Democratic Convention mess of the so-called dissidents versus Daly predicted there would have been blood in all American streets if the party of war, treason, and inflation had won. Actually, both major groups are so similar that they should be stuffed for the Smithsonian.

There is a magnificent undercurrent of icy, cold anger now filling most of us. It stems from our impotence in not being able to strike back at our tormentors. If Teddy

tries to bring off his domestic-disarmament scheme (consult the Congressional Record, February 17, 1971), wherein he advocates total native gun grabbing, you will see a citizen-versus-government reaction unparalleled since several hundred years ago.

Americans are just not going to have their most cherished private property taken without a scintilla of empirical evidence that it causes crime. Indeed, it works in a negative corollary manner, i.e., more guns in private hands indicates less violence. Our Albuquerque police strike in 1975 established beyond doubt that it takes cops to play cops and robbers. The storekeeper and homeowner do not read thug-rapist rights but simply blow him away, and nothing more is done about it (that is, in most of the South and Southwest).

So Greenfield is correct: Teddy's ascension to the Imperial Presidency will signal an all-out war on quasi-religious-belief commitment, and there won't be enough federal agents to staff this area.

But the formula holds—it will further unite us, get us more contributions (more and more true civil libertarians are awakening to the ultimate political right), sell more guns, and in general make the New American Revolution far more cleansing. Of course, we'll get our populist demagogue, an amalgam of Reagan and Wallace, but anything beats Camelot. The tragedy is that people like Jeff Greenfield are so insulated that they need a good nose rubbing in some good old everyday living. Maybe someone will do that for him; I certainly hope so. In the interim, he'll escape to his high-rise elitism.—M.D., Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Jastrow falls short

In his October 1978 interview, Robert Jastrow gave some interesting insights about the cosmos and the prospects for artificial intelligence. However, when he ventured beyond those subjects, his opinions tended to be hastily conceived and less persuasive. I have noted three examples of his scientifically trained mind falling short in assessing issues concerning man and his nature.

His value judgment of the culture of Tahiti as "a society dominated by promiscuity, infanticide, ritual cannibalism, and drugs" smacks of ethnocentrism. Christian missionaries were not known for their tolerance of native practices deviating from European norms. This same intolerance led to the near annihilation of the American Indian and other genocides carried out during the



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centuries of European colonialism.

The surmise that if a nuclear war wiped out the human race, "the baboons and raccoons would inherit our niche within 20 million years" is dubious. The apes are collateral, not linear, relatives of man. The two lines parted from each other at least 30 million years ago. Such survivors would hardly succeed man. Nothing in evolutionary theory predicts such an outcome. The prospects for raccoons are even more remote.

Jastrow's biggest blunder, however, is believing that any human survivors of a nuclear war "would remember that holocaust for a long time" and "would never make the mistake of unleashing nuclear energy in that fashion again." This notion, as logical as it sounds, is, unfortunately, in direct contradiction to such recent, highly traumatic experiences as Hiroshima and the Nazi holocaust. Jastrow is apparently oblivious of the classic psychological reaction to trauma: repression and reenactment. Behavior consistent with this thesis has been observed in the survivors of these traumatic World War II events and in their children.

The persistence of this behavior from generation to generation is not to be dismissed lightly. The precise mechanism for the transmission of the repression is not known. But if real, it could lead to the eventual reenactment of the traumatic experiences repressed in the collective unconscious. The reenactments could occur

either directly or through displacement, if no nuclear weapons were available. The collective unconscious, postulated by Carl Jung and applied to the collective repression of traumatic events by Immanuel Velikovsky in *Worlds in Collision*, is a viable working hypothesis. Scientists should be more circumspect when speculating in areas beyond their expertise.—C. Leroy Ellenberger, *Staten Island, N.Y.*

Critics and criticism

As a person having experience in art and in the media and exposure to most of the faces there, I feel it's a dire necessity to reply to Robert S. Wieder's editorial "Choice Critics" (November 1978).

Wieder simplistically lumps together a variety of approaches to media and art. The system he rails against has snared him also. A bit cooler approach would have revealed more about the relationships between the people and the concepts at issue.

I agree with his initial observation that "art" in some cases (if not all) has metamorphosed into "media" and has therefore become a commodity. However, his observations on critics in general, their effect on the artist and audience, and the critic as artist reveal the same glibness that he attacks.

An examination of Wieder's vocabulary is a good place to start. Within society there is no longer a monolithic, homogeneous

group of people labeled critics. Those who have the profile that Wieder attacks are reviewers, commentators, and, at best, hack journalists who fancy themselves as educators of the masses.

Critics, for the most part, are academics or polemicists who are out of the limelight. They write for a limited audience of colleagues and those immediately connected to the art form. Their materials appear basically in esoteric journals, sparse seminars, and low-profile books. Reviewers and commentators rise to their profile because their general and glib approach to art and media is what the mass media cannot help using. Economics (which is perhaps even more abstract than philosophy) dictates the use of gross generality on any topic.

Mr. Wieder is not really talking about critics but about media personalities. He doesn't mention any valid critics or theorists whatsoever in his shotgun attack.

However heavy-handed Wieder's attack is, he makes sense when he charges misuse of the artist and audience by personalities. Even though he's not really sure of the target, he's describing it pretty well, regardless of his lack of subtlety.

Today, shallowness in media is dangerous and abundant—especially when one considers how many people take the mass media as a whole to be a source of vital information. In one fell swoop Wieder reduces the critic (and criticism as a whole) to one who "calls the shots" on art and media events. Again, he has defined the glib reviewer and media bimbo so dear to the heart of television, radio, and mass print.

Critics work, for the most part, on hindsight. They are historians, working in a field with their own particular point of view. They gather materials, think, dream, sweat blood, weep, and try to formulate a system and a vocabulary that try to explain why things are seen as they are or how they should be seen.

Wieder gives the critic too much credit in terms of power over the public. The effect of criticism is felt, not overnight, but over years and even decades. The list of essays, monographs, journal excerpts, and like sources is endless. Criticism filters through a given arts and media community and, finally, drastically altered, to the public. The impact of criticism is great but diffuse. The impact of daily opinions is actually slight but focused and intense. Discussing criticism is not quite so streamlined a matter as Wieder presents it. There is a spectrum of responses made to art. Lumping in critics and the idea of criticism per se with bandwagon Cassandras is just bad journalism.

The most overtly dangerous part of the editorial is its chain saw attack on the "critic as artist" and, by implication, on the artist as critic. Would Wieder disapprove of novelist John Gardner's *On Moral Fiction* or Ursula LeGuin's essays on science fiction? The themes that these writers explore in their literature may also be approached in a topical manner. Should Truffaut and Godard have remained just writers and not



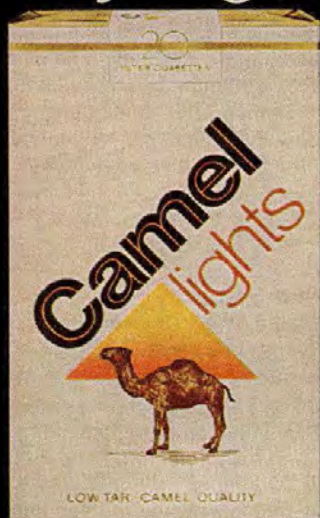
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attempted to make the films they did?

The most worrisome dichotomy faced by people in a given field is that of the conceptualizer versus the technician. The technicians can often see no further than the buttons, the machines, the production values, and the obsessiveness of marketing concerns. In turn, the critic-theorist can often see no further than the ivory tower, the words, the ideas, the language, and the obsessiveness of the hermetic intellect. Both approaches logically lead to simplistic attitudes. No side holds the keys, just a variety of possibilities to be tested.

* I hope that coming generations of workers and creators in the area of art and that thing called media can be sensitive to both sides of the issue. This view obviously excludes those who are out for fame and megabucks. By criticizing this dual function, Wieder supports the status quo that he claims distresses him so. It is not simply production values versus theory. It's a complex and rich mix of the two.

I am not offering a blanket defense for all critics and those who pose as critics. I believe that making a distinction between the two will be very useful indeed.—*Nicholas Gorski, Syracuse, N.Y.*

Making noises

I must take strong exception to music reviewer Robert Palmer's statement comparing Peter Gabriel with Bruce Springsteen in the "Sounds" section of the November

1978 "View from the Top."

Palmer says that Gabriel has been heavily influenced by Springsteen. This statement is absurd in view of the fact that Springsteen's first album wasn't released until 1973, and Gabriel had been recording albums with Genesis since 1970.

While Springsteen seems to concentrate his lyrics on the ups and downs of street life, Gabriel writes about many different things, ranging from the real to the surreal. Springsteen tries to evoke a personal nostalgia in the listener, while Gabriel is far more classical in that he is not restricted to any one time frame.

Springsteen's concerts are among the best I've ever seen, but it is a gross misjudgment to compare him with Peter Gabriel and to say that Gabriel has been influenced by Springsteen.—*W.B.L., Blacksburg, Va.*

Stoned solid

I'm a college student attending a very conservative school. I have been reading your magazine for about five years and have found the pictorials to be excellent and, at times, paralyzing!

But your greatest achievement has always been your articles. I have never missed one. The most recent article I've read, "The Stoning of America," by Ed Rasen (November 1978), has prompted me to write this letter.

The article itself left me speechless, and

the research is worthy of a Nobel prize! I hope that all Americans, especially those idiots on Capitol Hill, will read it.

I have been waiting for about two years to read about what really takes place in the drug world. Thanks for a great article.—*J.M., Lafayette, Ind.*

Praise for Schneider

"Robot Lib" (October 1978), by Bob Schneider, is the most comprehensive, perceptive, factual article that I have seen published in any mass-circulation magazine. There has been a great deal of misinformation about robots in the press in recent years. Schneider did his research well and kept an objective viewpoint.—*G.B., Arcadia, Calif.*

The Wiz

I am writing in reference to the November 1978 interview with Robert Shelton, Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan.

Shelton says that "Negroes are never satisfied. They didn't want to be referred to as 'boy,' and they didn't want to be referred to as 'nigger.'" Shelton is forty-nine years old. How would he like it if I called him "boy" or "son"? And the term "nigger" is just plain derogatory, as much so as the words "slut" or "faggot."

As a Klansman, he believes in white supremacy, but does he know that mankind was originally black? In the equatorial areas, where man first evolved, it was essential to have dark skin if one were to withstand the sun's hottest rays. As man migrated to northern latitudes, his skin lightened in response to the less direct rays of the sun.

Regarding the use of the cross by the Klan, Shelton says, "We add fire to show that Christ is lighting the world." Nonsense. The destruction of the cross reveals him to be a Satanist, which he also expresses in his anti-Semitism. The Jews are God's chosen people, and hatred for them is hatred for the Lord.

There is no room for racism in the military. Any member of the military who is a member of the Klan should, I feel, be given an immediate Dishonorable Discharge.

At another point, Shelton defends the jailing of a Klan member for making whiskey by saying, "At least he was trying to make a living to feed his family. He wasn't going on welfare and making the government and taxpayers pay for it." What would Shelton do if he was refused every job he tried to get either as a direct result of being black or as a result of not getting the education and skills that one needs to make it in today's society?

The Klan sees only what it wants to see. Blacks are every bit as capable as whites. Jesse Owens in the 1936 Olympics made Hitler eat his words, and Shelton will one day eat them, too.—*A. D'Aura, Lowry A.F.B., Colo.*

I have read many amusing articles in *Penthouse*, but the interview with the Wiz, Robert Shelton, was the icing on the cake.



It was a very well done interview, as usual, and no matter what my feelings about Mr. Shelton's comments are, I must admit that he has every right to be a racist.

The tune he sings is a familiar one. The only comment he makes that I find unsettling is that linking Martin Luther King with "scum" or "militants." Mr. King's work on race relations speaks for itself.

The black race was delivered involuntarily into an institution commonly known as slavery, which died, rightfully, many years ago. As for the shallow judgment that blacks are "inferior," I have no recollection whatsoever of reading any facts that would support this self-serving, petty contention. A narrow mind is like a narrow road—it is one way and a dead end.

All I can say is that Shelton's view leaves me with no light at the end of the tunnel. All I have to look forward to is being told that I don't belong because blacks are inferior. Well, Wiz, I consider myself a Christian. I want to be who I am, protect my family, and have the freedom of choice. And, yes, I am proud to be black!—Name and address withheld

I don't believe Robert Shelton's prediction of a conflict or a war between blacks and whites. I don't think that the government would allow such action on the part of the Klan.

I personally have many black friends and feel that black people have worked very hard for what they have, just as white people have. Black people are true-blooded Americans and should be treated as such. My skin is white, but my heart is all colors. I've been halfway around the world and back, and I'll always say that freedom is for all races, not for a favored few.—R.A.B., U.S. Navy

This is just a short note written in haste and anger regarding Robert Shelton and his concepts of Christianity. Christ was born in the Middle East, and one can safely assume that he was dark-skinned like everyone else in Palestine. It is strange that an organization that is "anti-Semitic" also claims to follow a religion that is deeply rooted in Judaism and was founded by Jesus Christ, a Jew who kept the laws of the Jewish faith.

As one who is studying for the priesthood, I am both shocked and hurt to see Shelton justify his philosophy and actions through Christianity and the Bible. The Church has always been involved in the fight for racial equality and will continue to be.—S.C., Ontario, Canada

Thanks for your chat with the "Imperial Stupid." I have this observation to make: Fear not, Americans! We are dealing with a few functional illiterates who believe that minorities might steal their houses and the corner store. No wonder that these narrow-minded bigots use sheets to hide the shallow expressions on their shallow faces. What a display of insecurity!—Name and address withheld

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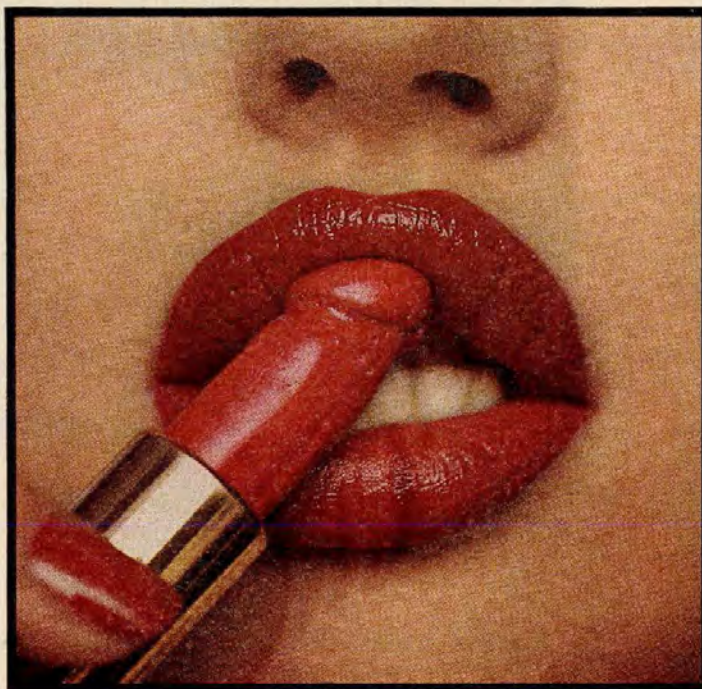
LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm a free-lance photographer, and in the course of my job I meet quite a few women and have managed to keep my sex life quite active. However, in most cases I've been with women younger than my thirty-one years.

About a week ago I was covering a fund-raising event at a plush disco in Boston, and I met a very interesting older woman named Diana. She was fifty-three years old. I found Diana to be very stimulating, both in appearance and talents. She writes plays and music and also does some acting in a local theater. I found myself totally under her spell. We ended up leaving together and having a brilliant conversation, which lasted well into the morning hours. The following weekend we spent a fantastic day together, and I ended up at her home, making love to her.

Many times I've heard that some women can "shoot their love juices" in much the same manner as a man ejaculates. I've been with quite a few women, and though I have brought all of them to orgasm, using various techniques, none has actually "shot" any juices—except Diana.

I really couldn't get over it. Every time she had an orgasm—and that was almost every other minute—she literally poured out love juices. We made love for four hours, and when we stopped for a break, the bed was thoroughly soaked. The sheets were so wet they squished when we moved, and we had to change them. It was an experience I don't think I'll ever forget. I've known women half her age and younger who couldn't come near the intensity with which she made love. She had orgasms from being kissed passionately, and all this time she flowed like a river. Do you, or any women you know, have this ability to come so easily and flow so freely when making love?



By the way, I do intend to keep seeing Diana. She is so talented and so uninhibited that I don't give a damn about the difference in our ages. In all ways she is one of those women who have no age. She is just a timeless beauty. —T.R.

I have come across women who literally gushed a stream of juices down my face when they reached an orgasm, but indeed it is very seldom that one comes across this phenomenon. Every woman upon climaxing releases a certain amount of fluid. In the case of your lady friend, the quantity is just larger and the strength with which it comes out of her vagina stronger than with the average woman. Consider yourself lucky that you have an older woman who is both passionate and eager.

ALISON DOESN'T LUST HERE ANYMORE

I've always had a very active sex life and have loved every minute of it. My wife, Alison, and I have been married for ten years, but unless I get some advice, my marriage may be over. I was introduced to pussy at a very young age by an inventive babysitter. Since that time, I've found that variety is truly the spice, if not the total essence, of life, especially where sex is concerned. However, I've also learned that for any kind of sexual activity to be really great, it must be both mutually gratifying and agreeable to both parties. It's for this reason that I've never tried to force anything on Alison until she was totally ready for it. Like they say, you can bring a horse to water, but . . .

When we were first married, Alison wouldn't suck my cock or do anything other than the standard old missionary position. I waited patiently and very slowly introduced her to having her pussy eaten. Eventually, I even succeeded in getting her to enjoy performing oral sex. We spent many fantastic hours going sixty-nine and then

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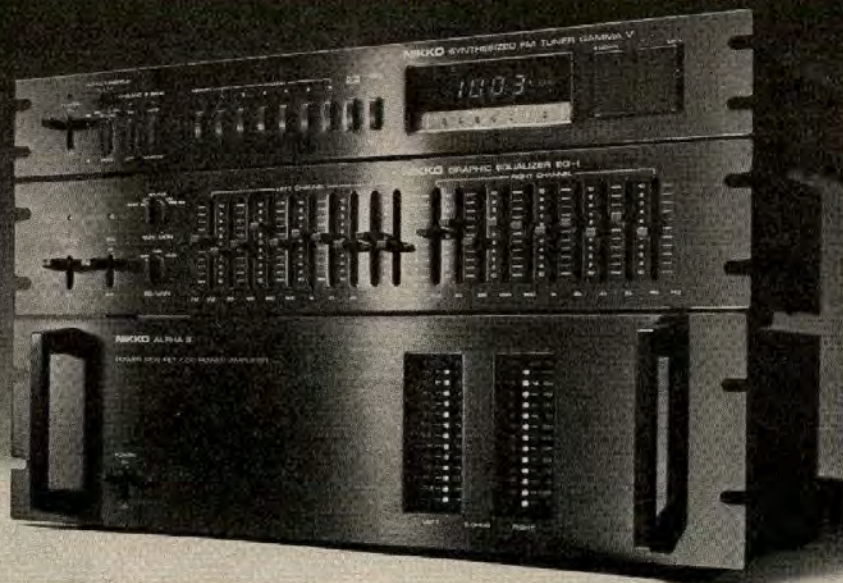
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fucking until we fell asleep in each other's arms. All of this required about two years' worth of coaxing on my part. Now Alison gives the best head I've ever had.

Over the next five years, I started getting Alison to do other things, such as masturbate, so that she could enjoy herself while I was at work and also so that she could wake herself up (sexually speaking). Alison soon found that she enjoyed this very much and would sometimes masturbate while sucking me, bringing herself to a really great climax. I also got her to enjoy different locales—one night we made it in a swimming pool. We also began to enjoy making love on our patio, and on several occasions we screwed in front of our window with the drapes wide open. Sometimes Alison would stand there naked and play with herself, saying how great it would be if someone were actually watching her. Once she even got completely undressed as we drove home from some friends' house and masturbated as we sped down the freeway. She talked about some poor trucker pulling up alongside and what he would have to go through watching her performance. Alison really turned into a sex kitten, exactly the kind of woman I had wanted. We would fantasize about even better things we would do for and with each other.

But then trouble started. One night at a party, while dancing with one of Alison's friends, I found out that I was the main topic of conversation at Alison's office. All of the

women had heard about my sexual prowess and perversions. As we danced, Suellen kept asking me about all of my "kinky" habits, and she kept pressing against me and grinding her pussy into my leg. About two months later we wound up in a motel, where I answered all of her questions and then some. My wife never found out, because we moved across the country two weeks after it happened. That was two years ago.

The problem is that Alison has totally stopped being sexy. She won't have anything to do with oral sex unless I beg, and then only rarely. She's stopped masturbating or playing around at all and now constantly tells me I'm perverted for wanting this kind of thing all the time. She gets very angry when I bring home Penthouse or any other "trashy magazine," as she calls them. I don't really want to turn to other women, but all of the excitement has gone out of sex at home. The thing with Suellen that I mentioned above is the only time I was ever unfaithful to Alison. I'm starting to believe that maybe she's right—maybe I should seek psychiatric help for my "perversions."—Sam.

I don't think either of you is to blame for the sudden change in your wife's attitude. We all go through different phases in life, and our sexual desires and fantasies can change and in some cases stop. As early as age ten, I used to fantasize about all

kinds of S&M acts. They were good fuel for masturbation. But then, at a riper age, when I had actually acted some of them out, I found no need to continue them and created other imaginary scenes. Maybe the same is true for your wife. She has apparently *had it*, as we say. The change of environment has probably made her change her entire attitude toward you. You both ought to see a marriage counselor, but I don't guarantee that he or she will be totally on your side, since Alison's desires are quite normal. And as long as she doesn't refuse to have normal sex with you and occasionally still sucks your cock, the counselor might not find any major problems to solve.

NEVER ON SUNDAY

I've been married for nine years. Sal is thirty-two, and I'm twenty-nine. Our sex life has always been good, and we both will try anything once. I was a virgin when I married Sal, and everything I know about sex I learned from him. He says I'm terrific in bed, and I think he is, too.

The problem is that Sal wants to screw only every seven to eleven days; he's strictly a once-a-week man. I certainly could fuck more than that with no strain at all. In fact, Sal taught me that I should initiate things, and I agree wholeheartedly! I feel women should take an active part, but this once-a-week bit has been going on for about five years now. Try as I may, I can't get him to screw when I want to, since he is always giving some lame excuse about a headache or being too tired. I get headaches, too, but I'm always ready when he's in the mood.

If he thought for one moment that I was seeking counseling, he'd go through the roof. I've suggested it several times, and, frankly, I don't know how much more rejection I can take. Every time I bring the subject up, he calls me a nympho and says it's "not our problem—it's yours."

I have been propositioned by other men, but I remained totally true to Sal until one time two years ago, when he was out of town. I was hornier than you could imagine before he left, but he didn't come near me. After he left, one of our friends, Joseph, called and suggested that we get together one evening. I finally decided to go. I was so excited by the time we got together that I was dizzy. That was a "one-time affair." I was very uptight and nervous, I guess, because I felt so guilty. I did all I could to satisfy my friend, and he said it was the best sex he'd had in years. Before this episode, I was really down on myself and was beginning to believe that there was something wrong with me. However, I confided in my closest friend, and I now realize that I'm very normal.

I haven't encouraged it, but Joseph has called me constantly, and now he's becoming insistent that we get together again. I try really hard not to think about it, because I'm so tempted. Joseph has the same problem with his wife that I have, and he can really lay an ego trip on me, making me feel more

wanted, needed, and desired than I've felt in a long, long time. If we were together more, we'd probably spend most of the time between the sheets. As you may have realized, I'm seriously considering his proposition, with the intention of relaxing and enjoying myself. Never in my wildest dreams would I have believed that I'd have this problem with my husband or that I would be seriously considering screwing around!

As for Sal, when he does consent to have sex, it all seems so mechanical—like an obligation he has to me. I'll take any advice you can offer. I find myself teary and emotional most of the time, and Sal's only answer is, "Grow up and stop acting like a teenager." Well, that's not much of an answer. I have grown up, and I do feel very sorry for the both of us. Should I accept Joe's offer, or should I stay close to Sal and stop expecting so much from him?—L.V.

Well, I think you've given your husband enough forewarning that you need more sex or else... There's a French saying, "*Un homme averti en vaut deux*," which means, "Forewarned is forearmed" or, more literally, "A warned man is worth two." So, let it be. Stop being frustrated. If an outside affair or two means that you can rid yourself of your frustrations as a normal, healthy, sexy woman, go ahead and do it. However, you must remember that if you want to keep your marriage intact, it is up to you not to get emotionally involved with another man and to continue loving your husband the way you always have.

For the time being, don't rub it under his nose. Since he doesn't seem to understand your need for sex, it's no use trying to persuade him once more that sex is beautiful and healthy and an absolute must for you... both. I hope things can change enough so that you will eventually get back with your husband, both in spirit and in body, so that you won't need to have any extramarital affairs. You simply have an undersexed hubby, and perhaps you should consider taking a long, relaxing vacation with him to a warm, romantic island before taking any really desperate measures.

LETTING GO

I'm a twenty-year-old woman, married to a twenty-two-year-old man named Paul. We have one child, and I'm expecting another baby in the fall. My problem is that Paul keeps thinking about this one girl he was seeing before we met. I knew Lisa, because we went to the same school, but we never got along, maybe because she's two years younger than I am. Anyway, Paul says he misses having sex with her because he really enjoyed the way she sucked his cock.

Apparently, when they had sex, Lisa would do whatever Paul wanted. He told me the other night that he wanted to screw her and wanted my permission. I just can't seem to let go when we make love. Paul says he loves me, but he still wants to have sex with Lisa. He told me he likes the way

she walks, that it's a big turn-on.

As you might expect, it really hurts me when he talks about her, especially since I'm getting bigger each day. I want him to be happy, but I just don't know what to do, and frankly it's making me a nervous wreck. Do you think I should talk to someone, like a doctor, about this? I have a feeling that if I learned to let myself go more, I might make him forget Lisa.—J.J.

I don't know exactly what you mean by "letting go," but Paul might be more appreciative if you simply sucked his cock. Outside of a sexy walk, cocksucking seems to be the only thing Lisa has over you in lovemaking ability.

I doubt that a doctor could do much about your walk. But a marriage counselor might be able to straighten Paul out. In my

opinion, it's awfully insensitive of a husband to tell his expectant wife that some other woman's walk is sexy. Right now you really need Paul's support, not his criticism of your looks and sexual techniques. Perhaps you should tell him that you want to screw with other men—some men, you know, actually prefer sex with a pregnant woman. He might think differently of his request once you hit him with yours, however fabricated it may be.

But why put yourself on his level? Talk to him about how you can improve your sexual performance. A marriage counselor would also be able to help you with your sex life. I doubt that anything can make Paul forget Lisa. As time passes by, people tend to embellish past affairs with all kinds of passionate significance that the relationships never really had when they were ac-

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tually being experienced. If Paul did have sex again with Lisa, his attraction for her would probably fade immediately. But then, maybe not. Check with a marriage counselor.

FOOT IN THE DOOR

About two months ago, I was in Albany, N.Y., for a weekend. My friend and I decided to go to one of the local discos and check out the action. Gary and I had a couple of drinks and mingled with the crowd. There, in the center of a cluster of females, was one of the most gorgeous women I've ever seen. She was Oriental, with long, straight black hair that went all the way down to her ass. She was wearing a long dress that had a slit up the side, revealing a pair of beautiful legs. She also had on a pair of brown leather boots that came up to her knees.

After staring at her for a while, I knew I wanted to spend the night with her. I asked her—her name was Tina—to dance, and to my surprise she said yes. We danced a couple of fast numbers, and then a slow song came on. As we were dancing, I could feel her beautiful, light-brown body press up against my cock. By the end of that song, I was rock hard and had to fuck her. I asked if she wanted to spend the night with me at my hotel—and she gladly accepted!

After we arrived, it was just unbelievable. I removed Tina's dress and bra and began sucking her small, round tits. Finally, I began to kiss her stomach and her thighs.

She was wearing panty hose, which I quickly pulled down past her boots so that I could bury my face in her sweet-smelling pussy. I must have eaten and sucked her for a good half hour before I stopped. Then I kissed her tanned legs to her knees and began to remove her boots. As I pulled each boot off her tiny feet, I kissed each foot and licked her small, delicate ankles. As I was doing this, I noticed that Tina was moaning and groaning, just as if I were actually fucking her. I took her panty hose completely off and began sucking and kissing her toes and licking the soles of her feet. I just couldn't believe she was enjoying this so much. I licked every inch of her feet for about twenty minutes, until I finally couldn't wait to stick my cock into her.

Tina and I made love twice that night, but it still puzzles me that she enjoyed having her feet kissed. Is this normal in some girls? I'm not a foot or shoe fetishist myself, but I have to admit I did enjoy doing this, and I will continue to use the technique on my lovers in the future.—T.L.

It's quite normal. And if you don't believe in the erotic power of kissing or tickling another's feet, why don't you ask your Oriental woman to try kissing your feet? This is one sexual turn-on that works both ways. Most of them do.

ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL

A few months ago, I broke up with my

steady girl friend, Elaine, and so one night I very innocently took her cousin Linda out for dinner and to a movie. After I realized that Linda liked to drink and get high, I parked the car along a creek on a country road. We were really high after a couple of hours, smoking and drinking. Finally, Linda passed out. I just sat in the car, listening to the radio and drinking, except that every once in a while I'd steal a glance at her to see if she was waking up. After about an hour of this, I started getting very horny.

I was so high I didn't care what happened. So I stripped off all my clothes except for my underwear. Then I started to call her name several times, to see if she would respond to anything—she didn't. She was dead to the world but very alive to me. First, I took her dress off, and then her slip. I almost came in my underpants when I saw her in only a bra, panties, and panty hose. I was very careful when I started to feel and suck her tits, but she still slept on. Then I laid her out on the seat of the car and rolled her stockings and panties down to her ankles. I spread her legs and fingered her for awhile, and then she began to moan. It scared me, until I realized that Linda was moaning from pleasure, not fear. When I mounted her and began pumping, she began moaning louder and wrapped her legs around my back. She began to meet my every thrust. I swear she had an orgasm—and she was wrapped around me so tightly that I couldn't have gotten away from her even if I had tried. After I came, I got her dressed, dressed myself, and drove to a drive-in food place. She was still asleep when I got out to order the food, but she woke up when she smelled the sandwiches and fries.

It was getting pretty late, and Linda said that she'd better get home. On the way to her house, she told me that while asleep she had dreamed that she'd had sex with a guy and that her panties were actually wet. I told her we'd fucked while she was out. She didn't believe me, but she's made it clear that she won't go out with me again. How can I be sure that she was really asleep when we were screwing? I'd like to go out with her again. She was a really great lay, but I want to prove to her that I did fuck her. What can I do?—B.B.B.

You can forget her; that's what! No woman has sex with a man and doesn't realize afterward what's happened—unless, of course, she is extremely well drugged (more than grass and booze) or the sex is really that bad. It seems to me that Linda knew you were screwing her and just wasn't all that impressed. Hence, no more dates. More probable yet is the likelihood that you, and not she, dreamed the whole episode.

THE NIGHT SHIFT

Last year I worked for a data-processing firm. We had a large IBM computer system, and our department supplied the personnel for running the computer. But if something went wrong with the machinery, it was IBM that made the repairs. I worked the



"No, sir, the aircraft has not been damaged. Those are the toilet facilities for our No-Frills charter group!"

night shift with two other guys, but on this particular night Lon had called in sick, and Tommy was on vacation. So I was alone.

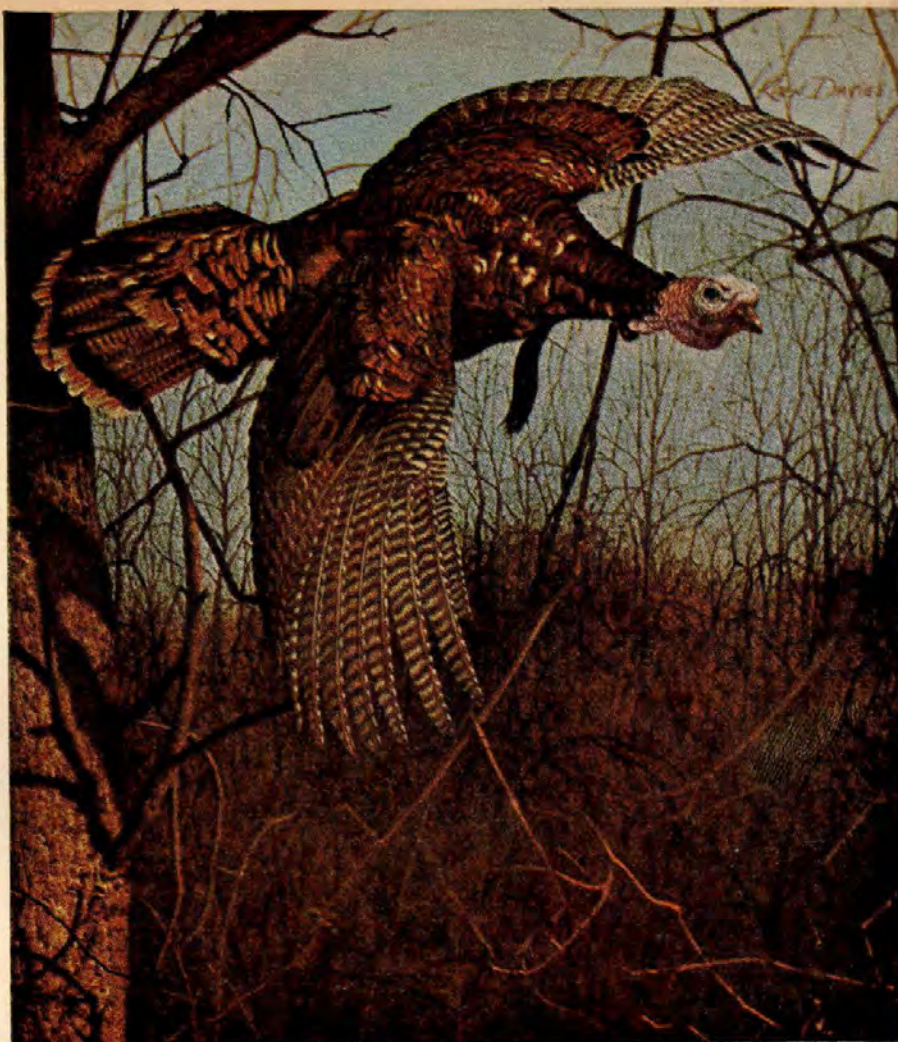
Things were going smoothly until halfway through my shift, when the printer broke down. I called IBM and was told a serviceman would be right over. When he arrived, I thought he looked a little weird until I realized "he" was a servicewoman, sort of middle-aged. You couldn't tell by looking at her face—she was a real dog—but from the way her shirt stuck out in front, there was little doubt.

We both said casual hellos and went about our jobs. At this time my girl friend was angry with me and had been holding out for the last five days. So I was horny as a three-balled cat, and the more I thought about that servicewoman, the hornier I got. I could feel my cock starting to throb and could see that the bulge in my pants was becoming quite noticeable. More than once I caught her staring at my crotch. She had to be at least ten or fifteen years my senior and wasn't really my type, but what the hell—you know how it is when you're desperate. I walked up to her and asked if she needed any help. She said no, and I just kind of stood there, trying to think of something to say. Then she reached for something in front of me and "accidentally" brushed her arm against my now rock-hard cock. Her eyes seemed to grow larger as she got an inkling of how large I was—my organ earned me the nickname "Baby Sequoia" in college! Then she stepped forward and kissed me.

For what I would consider a homely woman, she seemed to be a very experienced make-out artist. When I took her shirt and bra off, I got a very pleasant surprise. I had never seen such an inviting pair of tits. They were much softer and fleshier than my girl friend's and also much larger, with extremely nice nipples. We undressed each other, and I can still see the expression on her face as she gawked at my fully erect cock. I'm very proud of it and enjoy the long stares it always gets when a chick sees it for the first time. From the way she was grabbing it, it was clear she wanted to fuck that instant. The floor was too cold. So we hopped up onto the computer power unit, which was about the size of a kitchen counter.

It was nice and warm, and the vibration of the electric motors was enough to bring almost anyone to orgasm. What this lady was missing in looks she more than made up for in experience. Although I came sooner than I would have liked, she went down on me right after I pulled out, sucking and licking, trying to keep my cock from going limp. So I got into her a second time, this time giving the performance of a lifetime. She squealed and wriggled so violently that I had to hang on to the sides of the power unit to keep from being bucked off. When I had gotten my rocks off a second time, my worn-out cock went limp (and it didn't stand up again for two days). She was by far the wildest lay I have ever come across, giving me a whole new respect for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170



For color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21" send \$2 to Box 929-P, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

Wild Turkey Lore:

The Wild Turkey is one of the heaviest birds capable of flight. Yet it is unusually fast. The male bird has been clocked at speeds as high as 55 miles per hour.

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WILD TURKEY/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.

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'Vantage. I just won't compromise on taste.'

"I'm willing to make some concessions, but taste isn't one of them. Even though I've heard the tar stories, I still want a cigarette with good taste.

"That's why I'm glad I switched to Vantage.

"With Vantage, I get the taste I smoked for in the first place. And that wasn't easy to find in a low tar.

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Jack G. Bacon

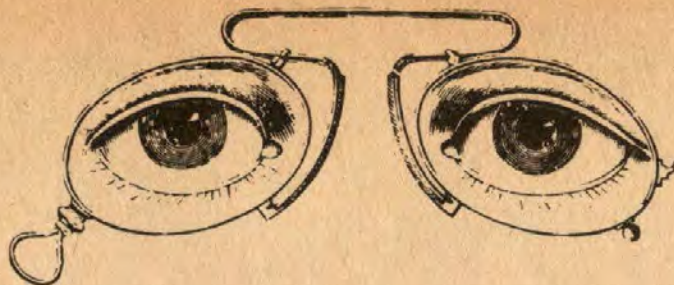
Jack G. Bacon
Memphis, Tennessee



Regular, Menthol,
and Vantage 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL:
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

TWICE IS NOT ENOUGH

BY NICK TOSCHES

The *London Observer's* "Sayings of the Week," which has for many years chronicled the musings and sallies of that race whose grand contributions to Western civilization are Lent and mashed carrots, once quoted the writer C. E. M. Joad as saying, "I've not had a new idea for the last twenty years." I have not read the venerable Joad, nor would I ever desire to read anyone with such a loathsome, stubby name; but I am sure he told the truth that week. Ideas are rare things. I myself have not had one since the spring of 1972, when the inspiration came upon me to create a chain of Grab-a-Crab franchises in the Tampa-Clearwater area. (This idea bore no fruit, however, and I have since known bitterness.) And although my circle of friends includes some of the most brilliant and most powerful people of our time (one has established communication with Paracelsus and Gig Young; another has Grace Jones's home number on his Rolodex), no one I know has had any ideas of his own.

Lesser men steal the ideas of others. But great men steal from themselves, milking for all its worth every idea that trickles from the stretch-marked muse's tit. Originality, like history and God's own drunk, repeats itself. After Michelangelo sold *La Pietà*, to Rome, he sold another *Pietà* to Milan. If he had not died soon after finishing the Milanese *Pietà*, he probably would have gone on to plaster all of Italy with *Piete*, like so much High Holy lawn sculpture. (Indeed, I have been told by reliable sources that when Laszlo Toth, the Hungarian artist who seven years ago deftly laid into the original *Pietà* with an iconoclast's two-pound hammer, was apprehended by Vatican guards, he swore in his native tongue, "Next I get that guy who did those little colored jockeys with the lanterns.")

We have heard much of Connie Francis in connection with Michelangelo and the lessons she learned from him. It is true that La Francis followed *Italian Favorites*, her first hit album, with *More Italian Favorites*. But when she exhausted her catalogue of Italian favorites, she panicked and hastily came up with *Jewish Favorites*. In light of this, and in light of the fact that *Where the Boys Are* is too weak a plinth for immortality to rest upon, I do not place Connie Francis in the class of Michelangelo. I believe that right-thinking men will someday agree with me, and there shall be an end to this foolish comparison of the two artists. Carl Perkins tried to perpetuate the success of "Blue Suede Shoes" with further songs of a sartorial nature—"Pink Pedal Pushers," "Pointed Toe Shoes," "Levi Jacket." Yet no one in his right mind would

dare compare this common, toupeed guitarist with the Man from Caprese. But enough. This talk of mere popular music taxes me greatly.

Ever since John Milton, for want of a new idea, wrote *Paradise Regained* for a follow-up to his big hit, *Paradise Lost*, writers have been stealing their own ideas. Some of our smartest authors have parlayed single, passable ideas into careers of great stature and longevity. Until 1959 James Michener seemed capable of little else than writing crummy books about the Orient, which were transformed into even crummier movies, such as *South Pacific* and *Sayonara*. Then, not long after his fiftieth birthday, came an idea. He wrote *Hawaii*, a book that begins millions of years in the past and culminates in the present. *Hawaii* was a hit, and Michener has since been spewing forth ungodly thick novels—*The Source*, *Centennial*, *Chesapeake*—which plod from the dawn of creation (which Mr. Michener depicts with copious use of words like "awesome," "infinite," and "bright orange") to modern times and have a love-story plot that might interest those of us who have eaten cottage cheese for lunch over a long—indeed, infinite—period of time.

Less successful but more highly respected a repeater is Philip Roth, who has been stealing the idea of *Portnoy's Complaint* from himself for these last ten years, recycling into *My Life as a Man* and *The Professor of Desire* the notion that Jews are not prepared to deal with penises and would be much happier if they had never been dealt them. While I feel that Mr. Roth is a very gifted writer and deserves whatever success he achieves in the recycling of his idea, I sense that he is beyond the help of either psychiatry or Irish girls. A lesser writer who has parlayed the eructing zits of her sexuality into a literary career of sorts is Erica Jong,

who recycled *Fear of Flying* into *How to Save Your Own Life*. Book jackets bear Henry Miller's praise for the prosaic exploits of Isadora Wing, but the man is old beyond dignity.

Occasionally, a man not known for his powers of literary recycling surprises us. Thus Gore Vidal, who transformed his out-of-print 1954 novel *Messiah* into the recent *Kalki*. And thus John Fowles, who obtained a contract in 1978 to rewrite his 1966 book, *The Magus*. Well done, gentlemen.

Our foremost recycler in the cosmic field is Carlos Castaneda, whose made-up wetback sorcerer, Don Juan, has carried him through book after book and well into the dark realm of six-figure mysticism. It is with the hunger of the pilgrim that I await *Don Juan Goes Hawaiian*.

Movie directors are no less skillful at milking it than are writers, as anyone who has seen both Fellini's *Vitel-*





Newley as Hieronymus Merkin.

loni and his *Amarcord*, of twenty years later, well knows. Hitchcock, who has been plagiarized perhaps more than any other director, is the master reaver of his own ideas. In recent years his films have become, more and more, collages of scenes from his earlier work; and with *Frenzy* and *Family Plot*, suspicions arose as to whether the

movies themselves had come to be directed by the Wrong Man.

Then there is Antonioni. Even his name is repetitious. How did he arrive at recycling *The Passenger* from *L'Avventura*? Very slowly.

There are unfortunate cases of terminal recycling. We currently have Sylvester Stallone, of whom there shall not likely be much more than a memory remaining after he is through with himself in *Paradise Alley* and *Rocky II*. It is dangerous business to recycle oneself so audaciously, especially when what one is recycling is essentially an inflated ego—and among inflated egos Mr. Stallone's is a blimp. The situation is remindful of *Can Hieronymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humpe and Find True Happiness?*, the 1969 humiliation that was produced, directed, written, composed, and starred in by the egomaniacal insect Anthony Newley. Such people are better off staying at home and reading Joad. But then again, they'd probably end up buying rights.

Perhaps the true mark of genius, that most vulgar of art's temptations, is the ability to recycle with supreme stealth. Perhaps it is not. I have tried to reach Connie Francis for comment but have not been successful. I'm young; I'll get over it.



Sylvester Stallone in *Paradise Alley*: terminal recycling.

SCENES



DARTS AND FLOWERS

We all know what to send the one we love on Valentine's Day: hearts, flowers, *billets doux*, Selectavision. But what about the people we don't love so much anymore—that adulterous boyfriend or that grasping common-law wife? Used to be, the hateful were excluded from Love Day festivities. People were discouraged from celebrating the lackluster love affairs and the vicious S&M relationships that are so much a part of Cupid's little failures. But not anymore!

Yes, it's the selfish seventies! Constancy is out, mate murder is in, and Valentine has lost his sainthood. This year why not express your resentment and anger with any one of these *gifts-guaranteed-to-precipitate-a-breakup-unless-of-course-you-like-to-hurt-each-other*.

The gift ideas listed below are guaranteed to end your affair and end it badly. No fear of messy reconciliations or second chances. Across the board pricing: for richer, for poorer, and certainly in sickness!

By special order at Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman-Marcus, and I. Magnin, it's Fendi's **Thin-Skinned, Multi-colored Squirrel Pullover**. For any woman who ever longed for fur, what better insult than this lightweight, patchwork rodent wrapper? It's this year's best bet for a prolonged separation (and if you include divorce papers with the card, she won't wait to consult a lawyer). One word of cau-

tion: if the woman you're bored with is into nature, think twice before you give her this. Squirrel pullovers affect naturalists like angel dust. Be warned.

There's an old saying that goes, "The way to a man's gall is through his pets." More particularly, it's through abusing his pets, and most particularly through torturing his dog. To get back at both him and his mutt, side two of **Music to Their Ears: The First Phonograph Record for Dogs and Cats** (Metra Corp., \$3) is just the thing. Go for the throat by making a loop of cut 4, "Obscenities," in which a man screams threats at a dog, causing the pooch to whine piteously. Two rounds of this at high volume and hands that touch pooper-scoopers will never touch thine ever again.

From Kron Chocolatiers, a sure-fire sour tooth for any small-breasted feminist who hates country music, it's a **Life-size Chocolate Mold of Dolly Parton's Torso** (\$40)! Should this initiate a vendetta, she can return the flavor by giving you a **Chocolate Dear-John Postcard** (\$17.50 small, \$35 large) or a blunt message in big **Chocolate Alphabet Letters** (\$5 apiece). And just for your information, Kron rates a seven-letter package at upwards of 12,000 calories. So be smart, and instead of gorging yourself, spread the chocolate around. Give it to your nephews Frederick, Ulrich, Cecil, Kenny, Yuri, Owen, and of course to your niece Ursula.

No Mr. Valentine's Day is complete without a floral tribute, and none could be nastier than a bunch of freeze-dried frog ophrys, which, in **The Language of Flowers** (\$2.95 at your local artsy bookstore), signifies disgust. Or how about a plastic ice plant ("Your looks freeze me"), some wild tansy ("I declare war"), or a sprinkling of sweet-scented tussilago ("Justice will be done you"). All available on request at your florist. Just this once, in your dreadful home life, go ahead. Be old-fashioned. Spit it out with flowers!

Children will be delighted—for

Nose Masks: a good snub.



Hospital Booze: more juice.

about five minutes—with **Nose Masks** (Workman \$2.95), by Rick Meyerowitz. These are nasal disguises that will turn your proboscis into something resembling a garbage can or a Muppet reject. If your lover has just gotten a new nose-tuck, this is the ideal snub.

The Boob Calendar (Paradyme at 55 Lewis Street, Greenwich, Conn. 16830; \$9.95 postpaid) is sure to insult any silicone implantee, or reformed transvestite. This rigid, wipe-clean designer calendar is made of Thermo formed plastic in matte white. Or, if you really want to get extravagant, there's a special, limited edition of metallic chrome silver (at 100 percent extra), which is perfect if your

parents happen to be celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. They can rub it for luck.

A must for the stuck-up prude who cooks badly, a gross-out for movie buff and china collector alike, it's **Knutz of London's Three-Tiered Casserole in the Shape of the Naked Torsos of Your Choice of Elvis Presley, Charlie Chaplin, or Bing Crosby**. So she'll be sure who it is she's stuffing, get her a head to crown her torso. Bing comes with his golfing hat, Charlie with mustache, Elvis with pout: \$290.00 each. If the gift itself doesn't turn her stomach, the knowledge that she could have gone to London on what you paid for it will. Available from Knutz, 1 Russell St., WC 2, London, England.

Also from London—a waking nightmare for insomniacs, lighting designers, or any male with a grain of taste—it's **The White Plastic Michelin Man Lamp** (Gavin Ely, \$75). Eighteen inches high when it's sitting, God knows how tall when standing, and, since it's plastic, not a hope in hell of breaking it. In fact, our statistics show, the unlucky donee can sneak it out with the trash, and it will still be there in the morning. It could be there forever—a grisly reminder of a love affair long dead. For slow deaths only. At Dilemma, 22 Thackeray St. W 8, London.

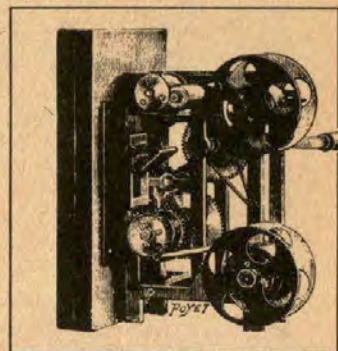
As if that weren't enough, Dilemma also sells **Solar-Powered Chickens**. They advise, "Leave them on a table in the sun, and they develop a life of their own." No price quoted on this marvel. There'll always be an England.

Hospital Booze (Neo-Art, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409; \$12.50) is a blow to the nuts for any newly chartered AA member. This lovely decanter comes in the shape of a hospital intravenous feeding device, complete with bottle tubing and four opaque-plastic shot glasses. Encourage the one you've driven to drink to juice more and juice harder. Wood alcohol extra.

How about **A Pound of 14K Gold Nails** (by order at any hardware store, \$120)? Add to this four pieces of wood precut to a coffin shape and a white Easter lily, and only the most jaded punk rocker would stick around for the outcome. If he/she does, then you've got yourself a dyed-in-the-wool masochist; and being the sadist that you'd have to be to give this gift, you'll be in for a wheat bin of fun. Together, you can reenact scenes from *The Bride Wore Black*, *Dracula*, or *The Last Man on Earth*. And when you're tired of that, you can knock the leftover nails through the wood and make a homemade iron maiden. Let your masochist try it out and see if it works. Of course, it's bound to. And after that, well, no mess, no fuss, no bother. Just bury coffin and all in potter's field. Don't feel guilty. Think of it this way: it'll be the only one there that is studded in gold.

And last but not least, a budget special for those with champagne taste, beer pocketbooks, and a real ax to grind! This **Chain Letter of Gifts**: a case of syphilis. Yours for the entry fee and a shared root beer at The Innuendo Lounge, Route 4, Green Gills, Pennsylvania. Ask for Rita.—Emily Prager

FILMS



THE MOVIE VERSIONS

Any critic setting out to pan a film like Sidney Lumet's musical *The Wiz* ought to establish his credentials. There is so much history, there are simply so many versions, behind this project that you have a right to know just what in the past makes the present seem such a boring mess. Therefore: I never saw the Broadway show on which *The Wiz* is based. I do recall the old Victor Fleming *Wizard of Oz*, though not with the reverence other people have, and Judy Garland singing "Somewhere, over the Rainbow" has never set my pulse racing the way Judy Garland's singing often does. But I read the L. Frank Baum "Oz" books all right, and Baum's stories, as well as the W. W. Denslow illustrations for them, filled some of the days and haunted many of the nights of my childhood.

A look at the book (written in 1900 and still very much in print), and especially at the pictures in it, gives some clues as to how the film goes wrong. *The Wiz* is extravagant—ponderously and predictably extravagant. But the original *Wizard of Oz* story is simple and intimate—a small child's vision—though imaginatively rather daring and rich. Any one of Denslow's drawings for the book evokes more than half a dozen of the Tony Walton-Sidney Lumet production numbers do. Not that Denslow's illustrations are so great, but he does connect with some kind of fantasy life—while Walton and Lumet have to keep on coming up





Diana Ross in *Oz*: what is she doing there?

with costumes, settings, and gimmicks that, it is hoped, you'll think "fantastic." It doesn't work. The "fantastic" is always the mundane. And there is nothing so deadly as a cast of hundreds thumping around in a big circle because that's all the space the sound stage they're on allows them.

An all-black *Wizard of Oz* may not be such a bad idea—an idea for getting audiences, not for reinterpreting the material. And the film's notion of turning Manhattan into the Emerald City could have been a positively good idea—though such details as finding a place for the Scarecrow (in a cornfield growing, unaccountably, in a vacant lot) or for the Cowardly Lion (one of the stone sculptures guarding the entrance to the main branch of the public library) or for the sleep-inducing poppies (transformed into drug-dealing whores on Eighth Avenue) suggest a fairly desperate ingenuity. But the drama accompanying all this promotes a mushy innocence that makes Baum's children's story seem a model of tough sophistication. And the neat little moral attached to the ending—something like "Believe in yourself"—must have less con-

nection with the realities of inner-city experience than would the bleak Kansas prairie life that the book took its start from almost eighty years ago. Beyond "Believe in yourself," *The Wiz* really isn't about anything at all, and you can't make up stories, or even songs and dances, so utterly without content.

If there were a content, I suspect the movie would have fallen apart from sheer incongruity. It would have fallen into some odd pieces. Diana Ross, who plays Dorothy, is supposed to be twenty-four (she looks more a handsome thirty-four), though the part would call for somebody under fourteen. She is a schoolteacher, living with her aunt and uncle in Harlem, and is well educated but so timid that she's afraid to go below 125th Street. Ross is of course talented, but she is ridiculously miscast and then burdened with absurdities introduced to explain what she's doing there in the land of Oz. Michael Jackson, the Scarecrow, has an unfortunate singing voice, possibly higher than Diana Ross's. And Richard Pryor, as the false-faced Wiz, merely runs through some bits of a comic routine that, for any purposes more demanding, he

must have retired long ago.

But for me the saddest is Lena Horne, as the good witch Glinda, who has to sing farewell to Dorothy and look regally young and lovely. Now in her sixties, with a face tightened into a blank, staring, inexpressive mask, forced into giant close-ups, she is like a terrifying parody of her own great beauty. Far scarier than the Wicked Witch of the West (Mabel King), she might stand for all the ways in which *The Wiz* goes out of control. As its single most striking image, its one real attempt to celebrate a personality, she becomes not the glamorous dream intended but the potential for a nightmare.

About as far from *The Wiz* as you can get—except in being also an indoor sound-stage movie, also based on a famous old book, also about a heroic journey, also full of music—there is Eric Rohmer's *Perceval*, probably the first, and I'll bet the best, adaptation of a twelfth-century French poem into a twentieth-century movie. *Perceval*, however, is more serious, more fun, much much sexier, and has better songs (also from the Middle Ages) than you'll hear in *The Wiz*. Of course, it isn't mindless pleasure. Seeing it involves a certain amount of mental work. But the work turns out to be tremendously worth the effort.

Chrétien de Troyes's long poem of *Perceval* (composed about 1185) concerns a simple young



Jackson: high-pitched scarecrow.

Welshman who, entranced by the idea of knighthood, goes to King Arthur's court, where the king, not knowing quite why he does so, agrees to make the youth a knight. From then on *Perceval* fights many battles, rescues several damsels (at least one of whom he had gotten into trouble in the first place), and begins an education that seems to lead from a course in good manners to a program of spiritual instruction that will eventually unlock the mysteries of the Holy



Richard Pryor as the Wiz: discarded bits of an old routine.

Grail—with which the Perceval/Par-sifal that we know is associated.

On the whole the movie is faithful to its original, adapting it with an intelligence and taste that you will rarely see in a lifetime of moviegoing. Rohmer has translated the poem into modern French verse. Instead of inventing dialogue, he has his characters simply speak the lines that describe their thoughts and actions. This seems entirely natural, and it creates at once an ease with and a distance from the original—an exactly right approach to something as inviting and as strange as a medieval narrative poem. Whatever isn't so

them. I won't pretend that some of the pleasure I take in the movie doesn't come from at least a minimal prior awareness of its period and the art it deals with. But you don't need such a specific awareness. What you do need is a willingness to accept that a movie can make as much sense out of how it looks and sounds as it does out of the story it tells.

But the story is often very moving—as in the attachment of Perceval for his beautiful lady Blanchfleur, whose lips and rosy cheeks he sees in blood-drop images on the snow, or in the fate of the girl in King Arthur's court who

down the complicated consciousness of the modern man.

Several of Eric Rohmer's movies have up to now suffered from a degree of diffuseness, which is part of the very inaction that all their elegant conversation means to explore. *My Night at Maud's*, *Claire's Knee*, *Chloe in the Afternoon*—naughty titles to the highly moral tales (always about the decision not to have sex) that have been his major projects so far. There isn't any consummated sex in *Perceval* either (he is always too naive or too busy rushing off on some new quest to take advantage of his opportunities), but there is a

WORDS



UNREELING LIVES

There is a legion of Hollywood stars who resort to periodic face-lifts in order to recapture the past; others simply retire to write their memoirs. One route involves forking up small fortunes to avoid wrinkles, while the latter takes the wrinkle out of sagging fortunes. Either way, it requires months for the scars to heal.

This season's hot Hollywood book is a piece of pulp entitled *Mommie Dearest* (Morrow, \$9.95), by Christina Crawford. No one has done so much for mothers since Norman Bates donned a shawl and went off with a butcher knife in search of the showers. The "mommy" is, of course, Joan Crawford, who was purported to have been the model on which Bette Davis's role in *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane* was based. Her daughter, Christina, tells all with unabashed melodrama: the child abuse that the Pepsi-Cola heiress lavished on her four children, the night raids on their bedroom, the instances during which she chained her son to the bed until he behaved, the endless photo sessions that showed the world what a wonderful mother she had become. Christina bares her fangs and bites down on the Crawford myth. The book suffers, however, from the same hereditary illness that plagues most family portraits: Christina is able to forgive her mother's cruelty as misguided love. But why not? The younger Crawford may have been cut out of her mother's will, but



Eric Rohmer's *Perceval*: discovering the mysteries of the Holy Grail.

spoken is sung by a group of singers, with musicians, who literally accompany Perceval so as to recount his adventures. No great hardship for them—the action never leaves a studio decorated with various backdrops painted in the style of manuscript illumination and with a forest landscape, constructed out of artificial grass and stylized, eight-foot-tall, gleaming metallic trees.

A lot of this suggests historical reconstruction (art-historical—Rohmer doesn't try to show you the misery of the Middle Ages), a reconstruction that extends to the costumes and even to the characteristic gestures and physical attitudes of the people who wear

laughs at the appearance of Perceval and is therefore slapped by the ill-tempered Sir Kay. Perceval swears to avenge the insult given her and finally does, after a long time, and then in an instant he turns from her to undertake new adventures. Chrétien passes over this with a mere account of what happens, but Rohmer understands it both as an aspect of Perceval's character and as an emotional crisis for the girl who loses her knight at the very moment of seeming to win him. So the psychology of the twentieth century approaches the narrative bluntness of the twelfth, and the contact is mutually fruitful, enriching the old tale and at the same time paring

more open sexuality, a part of the general physicality that the story offers to match the intelligence the director brings to his material.

Perceval has half a dozen ravishingly beautiful young women (not counting extras and the ladies of the chorus)—better than par, even for an Eric Rohmer film. What they're doing there, as they transform the aggressive impulses of their violent men into a system of values, is in large measure what *Perceval* is all about. For the movie's audience, perhaps, these women can perform a similar service. In any event, they are among the glories of one of the most challenging entertainments you can see this year.—Roger Greenspun



she'll more than make up in royalties what she lost in love. Money has the ability to soften the blows.

You might get the feeling you're reading about a totally different human being in Bob Thomas's **Joan Crawford** (Simon and Schuster, \$10.95). There's nary a word devoted to the actress's mental unbalance, only a hint of her

hard-nosed glimpses into her ravaged career. Her marriage to actor George Peppard reads like a chapter out of the Marquis de Sade's diary. The betrothal was the final part of a deal in which he forbade her to work. "You're not a failure as a human being, and you are not a failure as a woman," he theorized. "You are only a failure as an ac-

ting the painfully personal and emotional account of the actor's sacrifice. What emerges from his intimate reflections on filming *Ben Hur*, *El Cid*, *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, and thirty-three other films is more a triumph of will. Heston's intelligence steered him through the Hollywood collision course without a scar, although in this

gan, is a pathetically boring string of anecdotes pieced together by a man who was no more scintillating as a film director. For more excitement, one could even be induced to turn on a rerun of Lee Marvin in *Paint Your Wagon*.

While John Russell Taylor's authorized biography of Alfred Hitchcock, **Hitch** (Pantheon, \$10.00), is a well-researched, readable account of the Master of Suspense, little more of interest can be added to what the director himself divulged about his work in the published conversation with François Truffaut in 1966. Taylor's book becomes inescapably tedious in its evaluation of the director's films, and from Hitchcock's well-preserved privacy he eked out little color to add to this disappointingly black-and-white account.

Donald Spoto's **Stanley Kramer: Film Maker** (Putnam's, \$12.95) is more succinctly a well-balanced narrative of the director's craft inasmuch as Kramer was a superb technician and a controversial personality. Spoto dissects Kramer's prowess with surgical precision. He analyzes his films through the social conscience of the country, touching on moral conviction (*Inherit the Wind*), retribution (*Judgment at Nuremberg*), and vengeance (*High Noon*). Spoto's book is candid in its approach to Kramer's personal philosophies and does its utmost to portray him as a complex, cantankerous, yet highly compassionate individual.

Unfortunately, the same cannot



Movie biographies: biting down on the myth of Joan Crawford.

maternal incompetence. Journalist Thomas chooses instead to illuminate Crawford's inexhaustible energy as a hardworking movie queen. Tracing her meager beginnings as Lucille LaSueur in Texas, he probes the tragic love affairs, the self-induced anguish, the long fight to the top that she managed to pull off with a heavyweight's punch. We see Joan Crawford the actress in a one-dimensional pose. This book, while an informative document of her career, must be read as a companion piece to her daughter's impassioned exposé.

Elizabeth Ashley's autobiography (written with collaborator Ross Firestone), **Actress: Postcards from the Road** (Evans, \$10.00), forecasts not a glimmer of emotional hope for our screen heroines. The book begins with her mental collapse at the age of twenty-three and charges right along to manic depression at the age of thirty-eight. In between all the pockets of suffering, Ashley offers

ress." Peppard, however, was not the knight in armor he was cracked up to be. His drinking was unbearable, and he humiliated her for no ulterior motive. She ultimately found herself forced to hold him at gunpoint during a dinner party to escape his clutches.

Ashley also details her sordid relationship with writer Tom McGuane and her ill-fated first marriage to James Farentino, with whom she first experienced true love: "Any woman who wouldn't have opted for Farentino's body would have had something the matter with her brain." It is an interesting hypothesis, but one that she disproves in nearly every chapter of the book.

In previous roles, Charlton Heston has parted the Red Sea, delivered the Ten Commandments, and staved off a planet of erudite, English-accented apes. In **The Actor's Life: Journals 1956 - 1976** (Dutton, \$12.95), Heston surpasses his screen miracles by eschew-

ing the painfully personal and emotional account of the actor's sacrifice. What emerges from his intimate reflections on filming *Ben Hur*, *El Cid*, *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, and thirty-three other films is more a triumph of will. Heston's intelligence steered him through the Hollywood collision course without a scar, although in this

journal he occasionally stops to offer a few opinions on others who were unfortunate victims. The most amusing and, perhaps, gratifying part of the book is a self-evaluation of his journalistic hand, which he has included with candid hindsight and verve.

Movie Stars, Real People, and Me (Delacorte, \$9.95), by Josh Lo-



Alfred Hitchcock: private lives.

be said of Edward Dmytryk, who has compiled his own account of what befell Hollywood during the House Un-American Activities Committee witch-hunt in the early 1950s. In *It's a Hell of A Life but Not a Bad Living* (Times, \$9.95), the director of dozens upon dozens of bad 'B' movies reduces his film experience to low-keyed, frayed vignettes about life behind the camera and behind the eight ball. Beginning with an interesting apprenticeship during the early days of Hollywood, Dmytryk moves all too rapidly onto his soapbox for political equity. Given more substance and direction, it would be a worthy pitch, but here he merely diverts the reader's attention long enough to move to the next phase of his lackluster career, without instilling the nuances of frustration and anger. Likewise, Dmytryk seems to feel he is treading on eggshells where other film personalities are concerned and discreetly saves yolk after yolk to



Director Edward Dmytryk.

avoid professional enmity.

A theatrical reviewer once complained that not enough of the filmmaker's soul was evident on the screen. "Too often we are left without the artist's signature on his work. It is not enough for us to have to ask: 'Who is this person? What does he feel? Where does he go? What does he do?'" Too many movie people, of course, wind up becoming autobiographers, vowing to convey a sense of talent through their memoirs. It could be their step toward posterity, but from the available evidence I wouldn't want to make a bet on it.—Robert Stephen Spitz

SOUNDS



VARIABLE WEATHER

Striding purposefully down Fifty-second Street toward Broadway, his jacket collar turned up against the Manhattan wind, peppery hair straggling out from under the hat covering his balding dome, Joe Zawinul, forty-six years young, trim, and full of energy, seems perfectly at home. "It's gone, man," he's saying about the most recent album by **Weather Report**, the group for which he composes, arranges, and plays a battery of electronic keyboards. "Richer, more orchestral, with more different approaches. And now that there's just four of us in the band, it really smokes. We went to Australia and Japan, and it was just incredible...."

A svelte young lady recognizes Joe on the street, and he shifts gears in mid-sentence, gallantly throwing an arm around her waist. "Sure, I remember...." After a brief tête-à-tête she's gone, and Joe is back on the subject.

The sudden shift and the aplomb with which he brings it off are typical of Joe and typical of Weather Report, a band that has undergone at least one personnel change on each of its eight albums but which remains, indisputably, the freshest and most creative of all the jazz-rock or fusion bands. It's typical, too, that Joe should seem so at home on the street in New York, when in fact he was born and grew up in Vienna, Austria, and arrived in America only when he was in his late twenties.

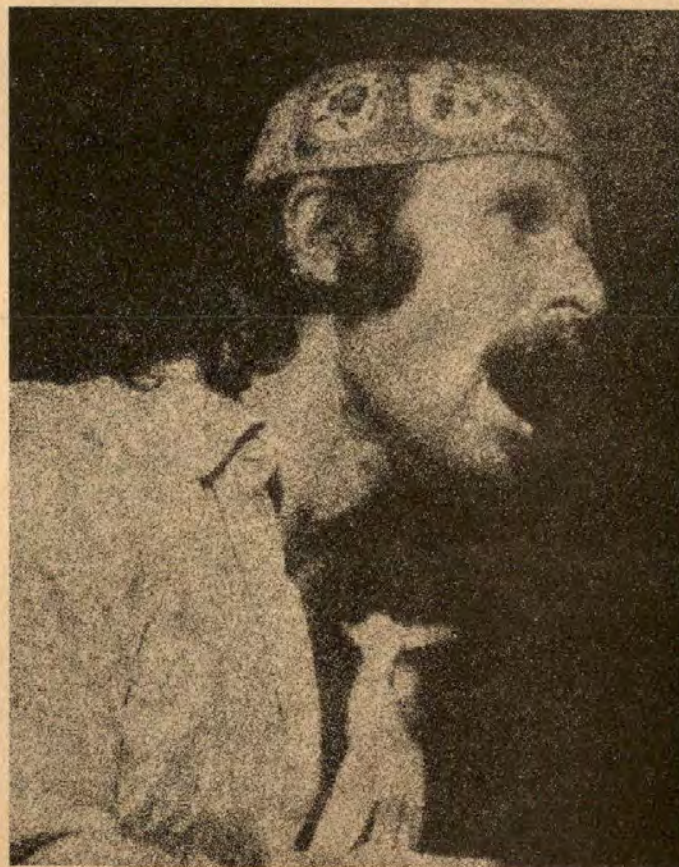
Maybe his casualness has

something to do with his American experiences. Soon after he arrived in the States, he landed a job with Dinah Washington, and then he spent almost a decade, 1961-70, as a member of Cannonball Adderley's band. He was not only the sole European in these groups but also the only white, and often their tours entailed playing for all-black audiences and staying in segregated accommodations. Zawinul's way of talking includes elements of black English, musician's slang, and European formality, all melded in an improbable but cohesive whole. Like Weather Report.

The band actually began as long ago as 1959, when Zawinul, recently arrived from Europe, stopped in for breakfast at a small coffee shop near New York's Birdland nightclub. There he met Wayne Shorter, a saxophonist from Newark. They hit it off and spent a few months playing together in Maynard Ferguson's big band before going their separate ways, Joe

to the Washington and Adderley groups, Wayne to Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and then to the Miles Davis quintet. During the late sixties and early seventies, they were reunited in a series of record dates with Miles. Zawinul, who'd recorded some of the first jazz solos on electric piano while with Cannonball, composed the title tune for Miles's album *In a Silent Way*, a groundbreaking work that fused jazz improvisation with some electronic instrumentation and rhythmic ideas from rock. He subsequently played on Davis's *Bitches Brew*, *Live/Evil*, and *Big Fun* sessions, along with Shorter, and the two musicians found they were still thinking along similar lines.

In 1970 Zawinul and Shorter put together the first edition of Weather Report, joined by the remarkable young Czech bassist Miroslav Vitous, the Brazilian percussionist and fellow Miles alumnus Airto, and drummer Alphonse Mouzon.



Joe Zawinul: elaborate electronic overlays.

Kwame Brathwaite



Columbia Records, which had enjoyed unprecedented success with Miles Davis's ventures into electric music, signed Weather Report with considerable fanfare. Clive Davis, then president of Columbia, even wrote a blurb for the album's back cover, saying in part that "music rarely achieves the stunning originality and expressiveness communicated throughout this album." Zawinul was more direct. "The music," he said, "is a sound track for your imagination and head."

But Weather Report wasn't an overnight sensation. To many listeners the music seemed strange, glassy, forbidding. The second Weather Report album, *I Sing the Body Electric* (1972), was a hit with critics, who noted that Zawinul's complex, multi-part compositions and the group's accomplished blending of electric and acoustic instrumentation were leading the field in contemporary music. Still, Weather Report built its popular success gradually over the course of the next few albums. Although the band was originally seen as something of a cooperative unit, it became evident, as drummers and percussionists came and went and even bassist Vitous left, that Weather Report was basically Joe and Wayne. Then came the addition of another strong creative force: bassist Jaco Pastorius, who joined in time for the 1976 LP *Black Market* and who is now coproducing the band's records with Zawinul. Drummer Peter Erskine completes the present lineup.

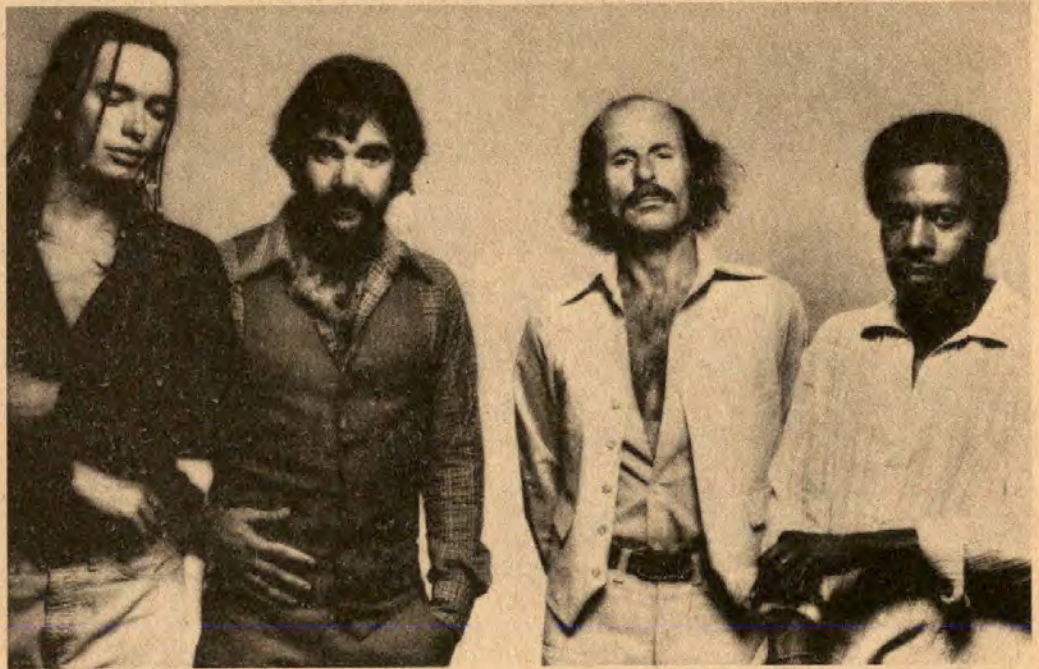
In 1977 Weather Report scored commercially with the release of *Heavy Weather*, a gold album. Its most recent album, *Mr. Gone*, has duplicated *Heavy Weather*'s success, and the group has completed its most extensive and successful world tour. Now the individual musicians are settling down to solo projects before beginning work on a Weather Report album for 1979.

Important as Pastorius's youthful energy has been—he calls his music "punk jazz" and plays the electric bass as aggressively as a lead guitarist—Weather Report is still dominated by the unique symbiosis between Zawinul and Shorter. In many ways they seem

opposites. Joe is verbal, outspoken, a mixer, while Wayne is more introverted. Musically, however, these roles are reversed, with Joe subsuming his solo lines in a mesh of orchestral-sounding keyboard parts, while Wayne's saxophone solos are crisply declarative. As composers, the two couldn't be

though solo improvisations are now a more integral part of the group's presentation, Weather Report still relies on a blend. The musicians' collective explorations could become esoteric, but they are usually anchored by insistently earthy rhythms. "The rhythmic approach Weather Report has used

are especially effective on *Mr. Gone* as foils for Zawinul's elaborate electronic overlays, "side two is straight ahead. That's what we felt. We felt like, Let's not get funny with a whole lot of orchestration, a whole lot of overbearing rhythms, a whole lot of storytelling. We finally got it down to having side one and



Weather Report: "That's what jazz is all about. Motion, emotion, improvisation."

more distinctive or more dissimilar.

But Zawinul has a particular flair for arranging, and it is his layerings of electronic and acoustic sounds that make Weather Report's albums and in-person performances unique. He is the only jazz musician working with electronic gear who can be compared with Duke Ellington or Gil Evans in command of tone colors and taste in blending them. He delights in the unexpected. His backgrounds keep leaping into the foreground, while his lead lines spin off out of reach. Often he presents the listener with the equivalent of a color snapshot in which everything is in focus—burbling synthesizers out front, a wall of organ chords in the mid-range, and mysterious mutterings off in the distance.

During Weather Report's early days, Zawinul used to say, "We always solo, and we never solo." Al-

though solo improvisations are now a more integral part of the group's presentation, Weather Report still relies on a blend. The musicians' collective explorations could become esoteric, but they are usually anchored by insistently earthy rhythms. "The rhythmic approach Weather Report has used

is more driving, more a forward motion than the rhythms I used to play with Cannonball," says Zawinul. "I think the rock age has affected us very positively. We're coming from jazz—there is still a lot of improvisation—but the music is more powerful rhythmically. But actually that's what jazz is all about: motion, emotion, improvisation." For a while, in the mid-seventies, Weather Report seemed intent on becoming a kind of superhip funk band. *Mr. Gone* is the group's most relaxed album yet, as the rhythms indicate. Several tunes on side two have a lilting, straight-ahead swing to them. On the title tune, Zawinul takes some overtly electronic sounds and makes them swing, in a traditional jazz sense, by laying them in right over Pastorius's propulsive walking bass. "Yeah," says Shorter, whose pungent tenor and soprano saxophone punctuations

side two related like your left hand and right hand."

The only thing about Weather Report that seems to bother the jazz critics is that Shorter hasn't assumed a more prominent role. He is one of the most original and devastating saxophone soloists in contemporary jazz—as he proved again last year, when he toured with Herbie Hancock's all-star V.S.O.P. quintet—and on Weather Report albums he just doesn't get that much solo space. But both Shorter and Zawinul see themselves as composers; their improvisations usually take a backseat to the demands of the composition at hand. And how can one really argue with music as rich, balanced, and mature as the music on *Mr. Gone*? You have to agree with Wayne's assessment, delivered in a calm, even tone of voice: "It's bad."—Robert Palmer

100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
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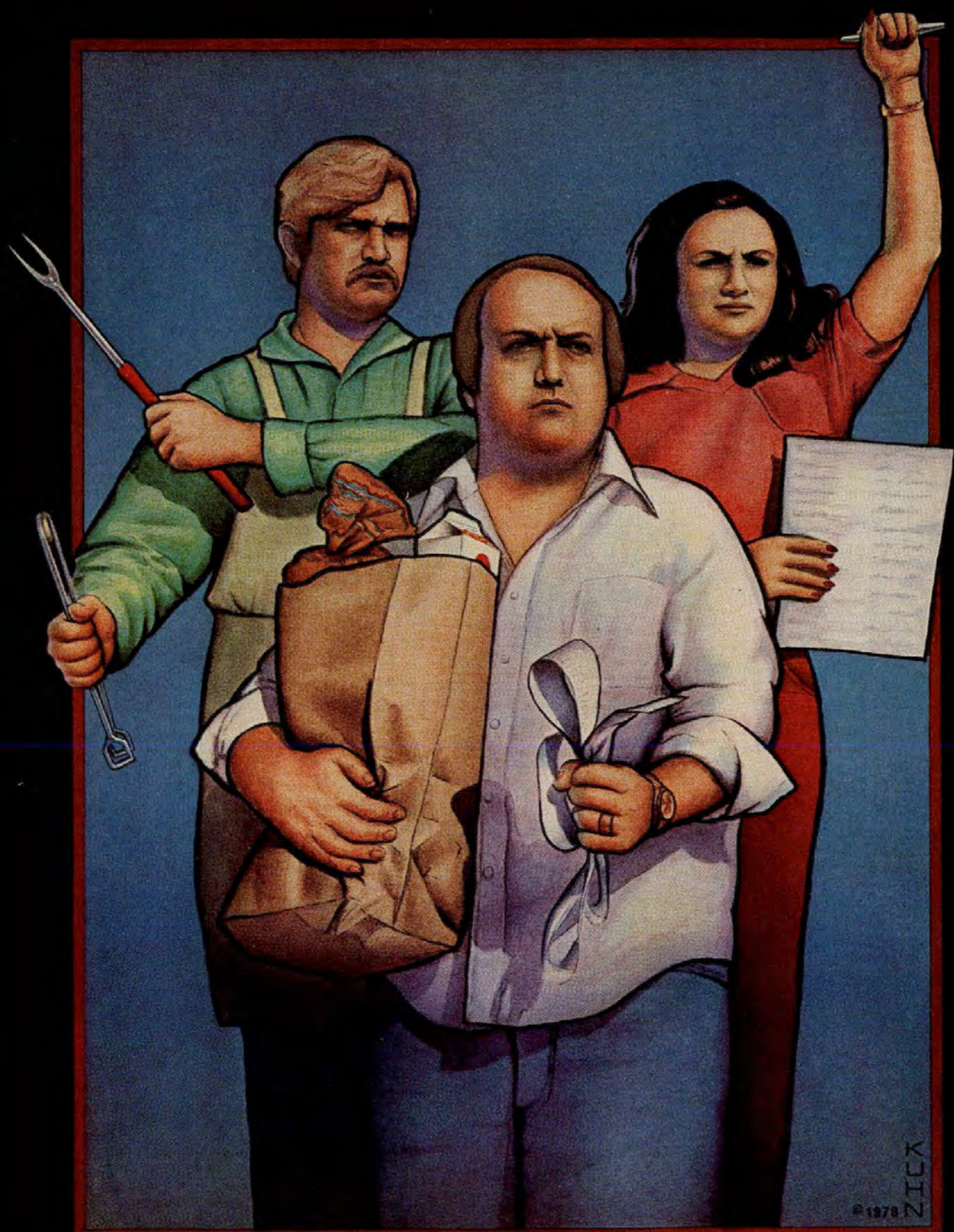
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THE NEW POPULISM MAKING DEMOCRACY WORK

American voters
now insist on deciding the issues at
home—not in Washington.

BY KARL HESS

Something new is happening in American politics—something that has made all the old labels (liberal, conservative, Democrat, Republican) so much rhetorical garbage. There has never been a more crucial moment for American government. Civil War battles were fought to determine whether the states or the federal government would have the final say. But a new battle, a war that is civil in every sense, is being fought to decide whether the American people or authorized officials can make political decisions.

You may not have noticed it, because those bureaucrats and congressmen and the small, powerful groups that benefit from their antidemocratic rule want to keep you ignorant of the spreading revolt. But some journalists *have* noticed, and many of them are scared to death of the possibility of a real working democracy. Here are a few of their complaints:

The problems of governance in the United States today stem from an excess of democracy.—"The Crisis in Democracy," report of The Trilateral Commission, the group, chaired by David Rockefeller, that has provided the intellectual policy and personnel for the Carter administration.

Why this impatience? Why the pressure to dispense with delegated authority and dip into the dubious pleasures of direct, plebiscitary democracy? . . . We have come to esteem ourselves so highly as individuals that we are unwilling to accept anyone as our delegate. . . . The impulse is to brush aside those intermediaries and take power back into our own hands. . . .—Syndicated columnist David Broder, recently voted by his colleagues as the most respected columnist in Washington

But "the people" are not supposed to govern; they are not supposed to decide issues. They are supposed to decide who will decide.—George Will, Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist

In a pure democracy everyone votes on everything, mob rule. Ours was intended to be a republic, where we would elect our most capable men to make decisions in our behalf.—Paul Harvey, syndicated conservative columnist and radio commentator

The world is out of joint, and democracy may not be the thing to set it right It is a happy coincidence that Solzhenitsyn at Harvard and Kissinger in Buenos Aires (only a week apart) told us that men needed authoritarianism to live by as well as freedom. . . .—Holmes Alexander, syndicated columnist

The question being asked is, Who should vote? Not just who should vote for officials—which was the basic question of the so-called civil-rights activism period—but who should vote on *anything*.

The event that symbolizes this fundamental question is the revolt of taxpayers—and particularly those who voted, through Proposition 13, in California, to limit property taxes.

The threat of that victory, which terrifies the entrenched power groups and their friends, is the idea that voters can *directly* decide issues—in short, the whole idea of democracy. The revolt against taxes, for example, started with the circulation of a petition to place a tax-limitation proposition on the ballot. And 1.2 million people signed the petition, 700,000 more than was needed. The proposition went onto the ballot and won, overwhelmingly, by 4.2 million to 2.3 million votes.

The contrast with traditional politics is vivid. Under the system that most professional politicians and professional political observers prefer, the people would have voted for a candidate who had pledged either to seek tax-limitation legislation or to oppose it. Then, in the state legislature, the winning candidates would debate and then vote. The majority of people in the legislature, not the majority of people in the state, would decide that issue and every other issue.

The process by which people vote directly on issues has been termed populism. But historically populism was a political movement in this country that united farmers, industrial workers, and small businessmen to vote for candidates who would use the power of government to represent their interests against the vested interests of Wall Street, the big banks, the big businesses, and even the big unions.

The new populism cuts much deeper. It does not seek to *use* the power of government; it seeks to *replace* the power of government.

Not even the tax revolt itself is so deeply challenging to established power as is the new populism. Tax revolts, no matter how sharply they slice government spending, leave professional bureaucrats and politicians with a heavy weapon: the threat that the order and the services which many have come to regard as the hallmarks of civilized society will wither away. (An inscription on the Internal Revenue Service building in Washington modestly claims that taxes are the price we pay for civilization.) The new populism is another revolt altogether. It does not intend to leave professional politicians and bureaucrats with any weapons at all. Its goal is to make it possible for American citizens directly to propose and to vote on legislation without going through channels or red tape. People want to do more than cut taxes. They want to do more than curtail government itself. They want to *be* the government.

This is not fantasy or wishful thinking. Here are some recent examples of the New Populism in addition to the California tax revolt:

- Twenty-two states and the District of Columbia now permit direct legislation by voters.

- More than 100 cities now permit direct legislation by voters.

- Thirty states permit direct popular votes for repealing existing laws.

- Thirteen states permit direct popular votes for recalling elected officials.

- Five U.S. senators and twenty-five congressmen are cosponsoring legislation that will make possible a *national* initiative in which petitions signed by the equivalent of 3 percent of the people voting in the last election would put national legislation directly before the citizens. Based on the 1976 vote by 79.6 million Americans, that would mean that only 2.4 million of us are needed to put a law on the ballot so that all of us could vote on it.

- A Gallup Poll last May showed that Americans, by a 57-to-21 percent majority, favor the idea of direct democracy—having the right to propose and then vote directly on laws.

- More than 1,200 legislative issues have been decided by direct vote in juris-

“
People want to do
more than curtail
government itself—they
want to *be*
the government.
”

dictions that permit it.

- On the same day that Proposition 13 was passed in California, people in Ohio voted directly on new money for public schools in 139 jurisdictions. They turned down eighty-six of the requests in a not-so-subtle public comment on the function of educational “specialists,” who have for so long considered themselves exempted from public pressure because of professional privilege. Ohio voters are obviously making a case for citizen privilege.

- Twenty-three state legislatures are now considering a call for a national constitutional convention. Technically, the convention would consider an amendment to make the federal government operate on a balanced budget. Actually, because the Constitution itself is so vague about the power of such a convention, it might turn into a wide-open forum for the new populism.

- Outside of the formal political arena, the spirit of the new populism can be seen in such rank-and-file challenges to union bureaucracy as the 6,400-member reform movement inside the Teamsters.

- A growing neighborhood movement in which local people seek to gain control of

just a few square blocks of turf has already provided the base for such national operations as an Alliance of Neighborhood Governments, which is headquartered in Washington, D.C. Commenting on this movement, which also is a clear reflection of the new populism, a *Washington Post* article said: “What the city experiences suggest is that the genie of popular participation, let out of the bottle in the 1960s, when neighborhoods first wrung recognition from reluctant city halls, has now become a strong, national force. Like faith or patriotism, it’s not quantifiable; no one knows its limits. But the evidence is already clear that, in place after place, it is making a difference.”

- Even in the area most removed from popular participation, the law, there is a surge toward democracy that has caused horrified reactions from advocates of central authority. The conservative *U.S. News and World Report*, which strongly advocates “law-and-order” central authority over individual citizens but not over corporations, ran an article about grand juries “getting out of line.” One complaint was that these “citizen” panels, which are “normally made up of twenty-three persons without special skills in the law,” are easily led by eager prosecutors to bring charges willy-nilly. Although grand juries have for years undoubtedly been used to harass the politically unpopular, in many jurisdictions they are now functioning with a dimension of perhaps deeper concern: indictments of corporate activity. But beyond the manipulation of grand juries by prosecutors, there is a populist facet that could give established authorities more trouble than anything else could. Grand juries, literally, are popular investigative bodies. The jurors themselves, *not* just the prosecutor, can launch probes. And people generally, not just the powerful, can bring matters directly to the attention of the grand jury.

In short, the new populism has terrified almost every representative of established power in this country.

For a time it was not taken so seriously. The word *populist* has been used to describe certain political candidates for years, usually referring to an outsider wagging war against the Establishment.

But the candidates characterized as populist prior to Proposition 13 all promised to *use government* in a certain way—usually on behalf of the middle class or consumers and against banks or big business.

With the explosion of Proposition 13 and with a serious attempt to extend popular or direct democracy throughout the nation, a very different point was being made: that populism could mean *replacing* traditional representative government with at least some portion of direct or participatory democracy. What the new populism envisions, and what scares the Establishment, is the bypassing entirely of professional politics. The new populism, unlike ordinary reform movements, does not seek to refine or reform government processes. It seeks

The signposts of success are clearly lettered.



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to replace them with the direct power of the citizens of the United States to debate and determine crucial political issues. This power would be used not to determine political personality, but to determine politics itself; not to determine legislators but to determine legislation.

Actually, although it is certainly revolutionary, it isn't new at all. The New England town meetings that many historians saw as the purest democracy since Athens are examples of the direct democracy that the new populists propose. Throughout our history and throughout European history the struggle between the idea of general political responsibility and of particular political representation has been crucial.

During the formative years of America's revolution, Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine, among others, stood for the notion of local democracy and maximum popular participation in political decisions. But advocates of more central authority, such as Alexander Hamilton, prevailed.

The new populism can also affect the way people want to organize their lives, not just their politics.

Despite the fairly unshakable notion that there are only two basic ways to organize our working lives—capitalist or socialist—the third way of the new populism has been a successful alternative in many places for many years.

Many successful plywood-manufacturing plants in the American Northwest have

been owned and managed by their workers for more than a generation, since workers bought them up rather than have them close during the depression years. Typically, all workers in the plant, from president to sweeper, receive the same pay, and all vote on major expenditures of company money.

Worker-management experiments and experiences are fairly uniform in one respect: production goes up, quality goes up, and worker satisfaction goes up. Nevertheless, many major American tests of the process by large corporations have been discontinued because of one fundamental problem: industrial democracy challenges management prerogatives just as deeply as town-meeting democracy challenges professional political privilege.

For instance, at such outstandingly innovative companies as Texas Instruments and Hewlett-Packard, relatively small, advanced technology work units are given great latitude in what could be called self-government, and it works. On the other hand, at dinosaur-sized corporations like IBM experiments with worker democracy have been swept aside in favor of more traditional management methods. The result is that enterprises like IBM get by these days on sheer weight of accumulated assets and markets while true technological and productive innovation takes place in the smaller companies where work-unit self-government, if not real workplace de-

mocracy, is more the rule.

(A striking example of the contrast between smaller, freewheeling production units and larger, management-heavy businesses is the fact that the most powerful computer in the world today, the Cray 1, is produced by the designer, Seymour Cray, and about fifty of his neighbors in a barn in rural Chippewa Falls, Wis. Cray, one of the world's foremost computer designers, had previously been associated with and helped launch companies, such as Control Data, that today are giants in the field. Yet he frankly says that new machines simply can't be designed for old companies. They have too much of a vested interest in the status quo. He also says that money is the means, but not the reason, for doing the sort of hard, innovative work that he does. The reason is that he enjoys it.)

Just as the most crucial political question for the next few years may be how deeply the new populism changes the social process, the most crucial business question may be how deeply it changes the consciousness of engineers, craftsmen, skilled workers, and others who might question whether professional managers should make all of the decisions affecting their professional lives.

Looking at most professional politicians as just legislative versions of professional managers, the new populists, of course, answer no. People should generally have a direct voice when vital issues are concerned or when the professionals, seeking not to rock the boat, actually miss it. Tax cutting is just an example. It took people everywhere to get that going. Politicians everywhere, by and large, had dodged the issue, proposing reforms here and there (such as Richard Nixon's tax-sharing deals with the fifty states) but not lightening the tax burden a bit. *Popular* action is now shaking it up and off.

Of the new populism's many manifestations, none is sharper or causing more long-range shudders of fear among professional politicians and their friends than the idea of what could be called a nationwide Proposition 13: a national initiative in which voters could put issues to a ballot—not just tax issues but every kind of issue, from land distribution to the protection or rejection of endangered species, from defense policy to energy policy.

In keeping with the spirit of this democratic participation, the very legislation that could enable a national initiative came about through the grass-roots work of ordinary citizens, beginning with an unlikely cause called S.O.S. (Stamp Out Smog), an environmentalist group in Los Angeles. By 1976 members of S.O.S. knew that organized environmentalism was headed nowhere. Problems of pollution, they realized, are intertwined with every part of our life—with jobs, with profits, with housing patterns, with road networks. It came to their attention that two students, one from California Polytechnic, the other from Michigan State, had been roaming the countryside in an old Dodge van, promot-



"Word is he gives great buried head!"

The computer that revolutionized tape decks is now about to revolutionize stereo systems. With Sharp's SC-8000. The world's most complete music center. With computer control of the most dazzling collection of features and functions of any other system on the market.

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100's: 18 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

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you get a lot to like.

ing the idea of voting directly on national issues. This notion fitted the enlarging S.O.S. idea of intertwined problems. So Roger Teleschow, the student from Polytech, and John Forster, from Michigan, were offered small salaries by S.O.S. to roam the nation, drumming up support for a national initiative.

Within a year the van and the organizers had made it all the way to Washington, D.C. There they drafted (on napkins, scrap paper, and old letterheads) an idea of what national-initiative legislation would look like. After a month of knocking on legislative doors, they got to Kevin Murray, an aide to Sen. James Abourezk of South Dakota. Within another month, thanks to Kevin, they saw the senator.

A *Washington Post* story recorded his reaction: "I didn't need any convincing on the issue. . . . I got my start in politics with an initiative campaign in South Dakota."

On July 11, 201 years and seven days after the signing of the American Declaration of Independence, Senator Abourezk, with the cosponsorship of the senior senator from Oregon, Mark Hatfield, introduced Senate Joint Resolution 67, "a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States with respect to the proposal and the enactment of laws by popular vote of the people of the United States."

As Abourezk summarized the provisions of the proposal:

"Section 1.—The people shall have the power to enact laws with the exception of the power to declare war and the power to call forth the militia. This article does not give the people the power to amend the Constitution. [That would still have to be done by ratification of three-fourths of the state legislatures or by a constitutional convention called just for that purpose.]

"Section 2.—In order to qualify a proposed law for the ballot, signatures must be gathered on a national level, equal in number to 3 percent of the ballots cast in the last presidential election, including signatures from ten states equal in number to 3 percent of the ballots cast in the last presidential election in each of the ten states.

"The signatures must be gathered in an eighteen-month time period.

"... the proposed law will be placed on the ballot at the next general election occurring at least 120 days after the signatures have been certified.

"Section 3.—Any law enacted by the people will be considered the same as any other law passed by Congress and signed by the president. . . ."

The immediate reaction was surprising all around. First, Abourezk got far more approving mail than he had ever anticipated. Second, the idea drew more heavy editorial fire than anyone had anticipated. But three more senators and twenty-five congressmen stepped up to cosponsor the bill.

The next project for the new populists is building up grass roots, state-level support for the amendment. Six states recently have begun the process of making it possible for their citizens to vote directly on state issues. They are fertile field for support. And, of course, the twenty-three states that already have initiative provisions in their constitutions are equally fertile fields for growing support of a national version of the same thing. Together, those states would need only the support of ten other states to tack the initiative onto the U.S. Constitution.

In the meantime, the two ordinary citizens who did so much to get it all started are rolling again. This time, though, John and Roger have stepped up from their old van to a 1965 Chevy school bus. (If you are interested in seeing them in your part of the country, just write to them at Initiative America, 606 Third Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001.)

Senator Abourezk's legislative partner in the proposal, Mark Hatfield of Oregon, has some additional legislation that hits hard at the monopoly of power by big government.

A handsome, superstraight Republican, Hatfield is always a dark-horse favorite on everyone's list of presidential candidates. He votes fairly regularly with the moderate Republican position, favoring many dog-good programs that horrify his harder-line colleagues. He has even voted for a good share of the increased federal taxation that galls so many. He does not have a far-out voting record, in short.

But now Mark Hatfield proposed, quietly and without fanfare, that the federal government be dissolved.

Hatfield's proposal is called The Neighborhood Powers Act. Under it taxpayers would be able to withhold up to 80 percent of their federal tax obligations each year and would put it into a neighborhood corporation designed to provide local services. It is one of those proposals that are sheer political dynamite. Who would pay money to a distant bureaucracy—which is widely detested anyway—when they could keep most of it at home?

It is perfect new populist legislation. Hatfield is well equipped to carry on the Initiative America fight even after Senator Abourezk's resignation from politics in 1978—a resignation he announced in keeping with his new populist conviction that getting back to work in the real world is more important than hanging out forever in the Senate of the United States.

These are the major objections to direct democracy:

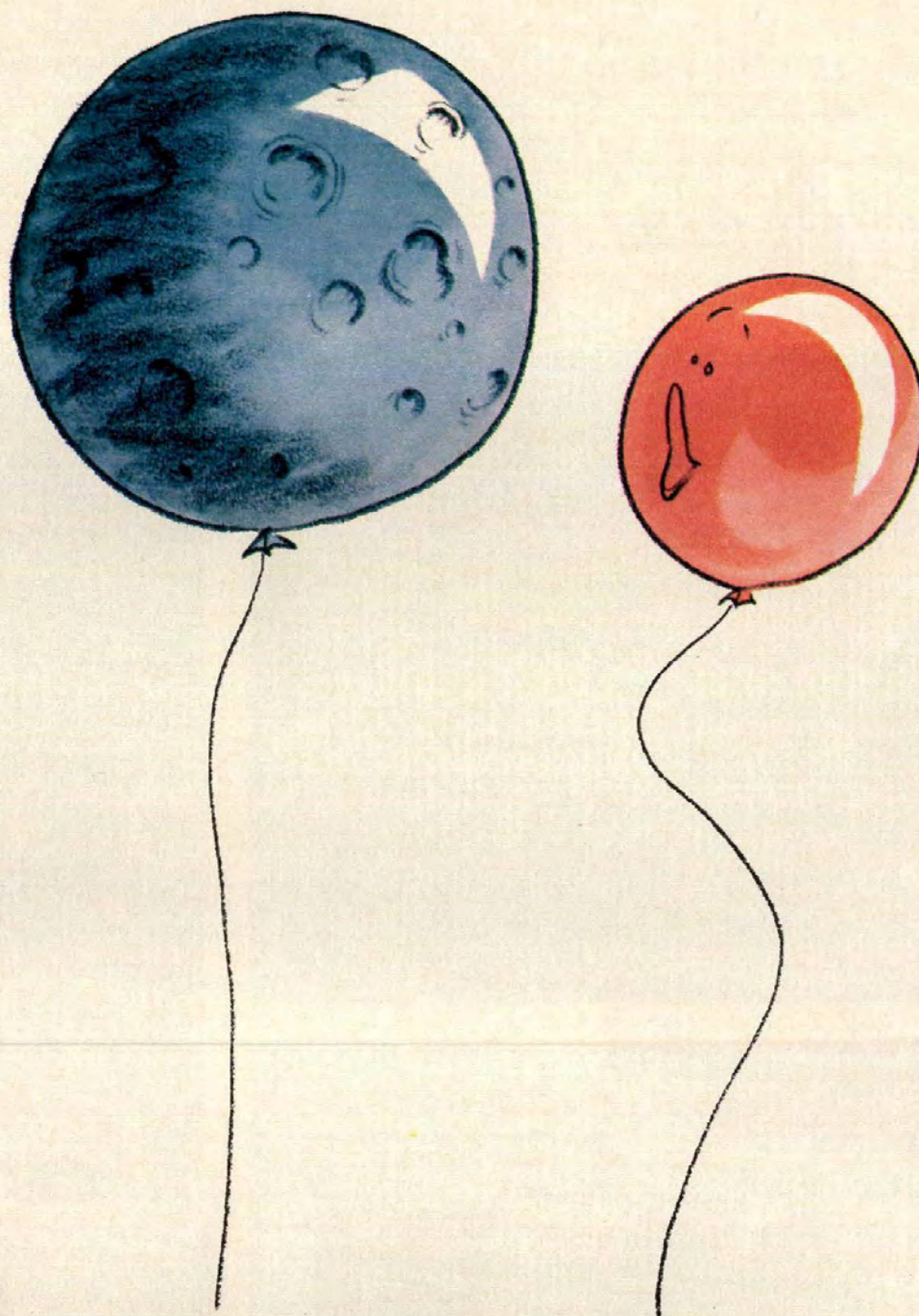
- (1) It would lead to mob rule.
- (2) People cannot understand complex issues and therefore should not vote directly on them.
- (3) Special interests would use the initiative to feather their own nests.
- (4) The people who would vote are probably the better educated, middle-class people who could not be depended upon to be considerate of the interests of the truly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128



Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Will I ever get to know the dark side, Harry?"



The SNATCH

The tough Thirties: you do what you can to get by. She used her body like a cash register—springing open for big-time bread. She'd struck it rich with a smile. I use a Colt 38. The night is as dark as a devil's dingleberry; I crouch by the roadside, waiting. The limo's headlights pave my way. I jump for the running board and bark my orders down the barrel of my friendly persuader. Tying up her husband and his monkey-suited chauffeur, I wave them a long good-bye. Now it's my turn. I grab the wheel—and the dame. Her look is wild and wolfish. Her nipples are hard, ready, and lethal as triggers. My goddamn fingers are raring to go . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



Like something I once saw in a dream, she has nonstop legs—the kind you'd shinny up like Jack on a beanstalk, looking for a giant surprise. Her ebony eyes are scared but taunting; they spit out sparks like flint against rock. By the time we reach my hideout, I've become a hardened criminal . . . I place a fast call to her wilted, robber-baron spouse and demand a cool hundred 'G's' in ransom. "Don't touch a hair on her head!" he screams, which gives me plenty of leeway. I cross the room, gun in hand. Her lips are like her thighs: damp, and parted enough to mean yes. "Trouble is my business," I grin. "And now I'm getting down to yours."





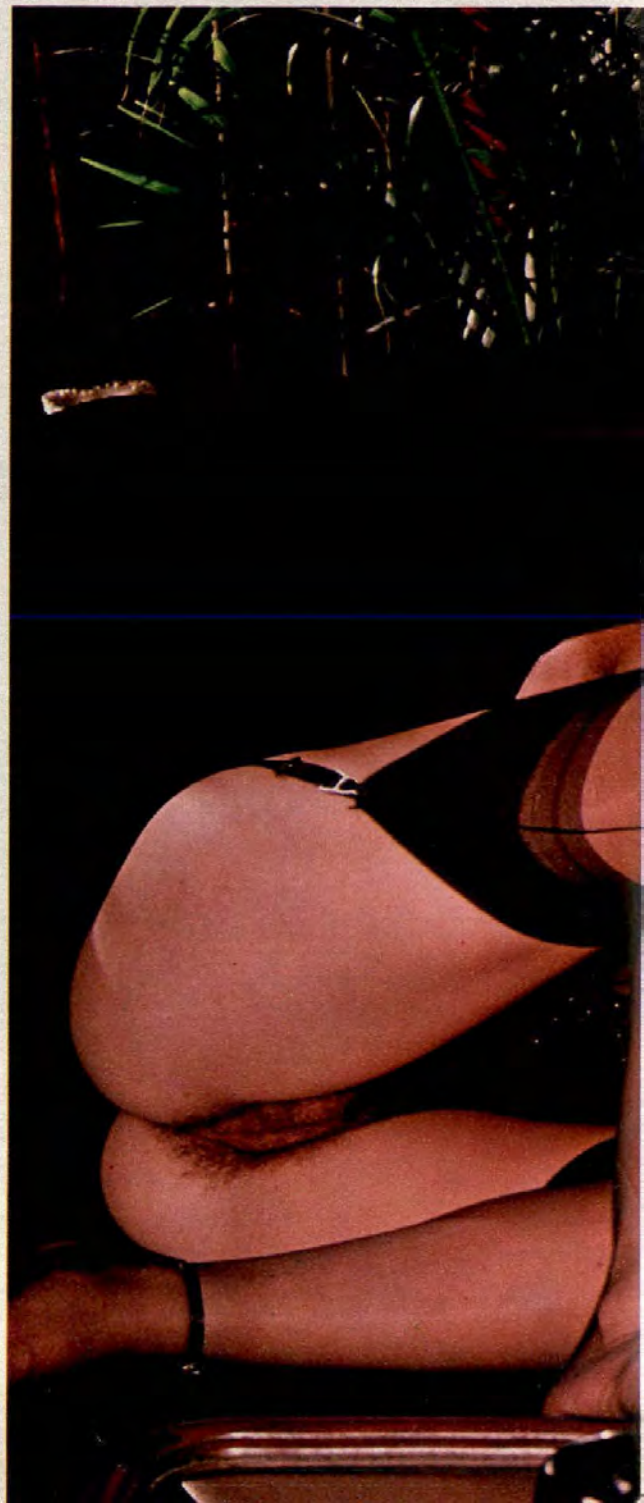
• I tattoo her
thighs with scratch
marks; she blazes a
crimson trail
down my back. •



Wardrobe, jewelry, and neon signs courtesy of The Deco Flash, Los Angeles and Sherman Oaks, Calif.







6*Her nipples are hard, ready, and lethal as triggers. My goddamn fingers are raring to go . . .*9

She tries to push me away; I've been pushed as hard by a kitten. She whimpers like she needs what I have to offer. Like most of those bird-in-a-gilded-cage types, the lady hasn't warbled in years. A socially upright husband ain't necessarily the same as a sociable, upright member . . . She and I are two of a kind—hustlers—and definite comers. I tattoo her thighs with scratch marks; she blazes a crimson trail down my back. She can certainly make the best of an awkward position, and her tongue can propel a steamboat.

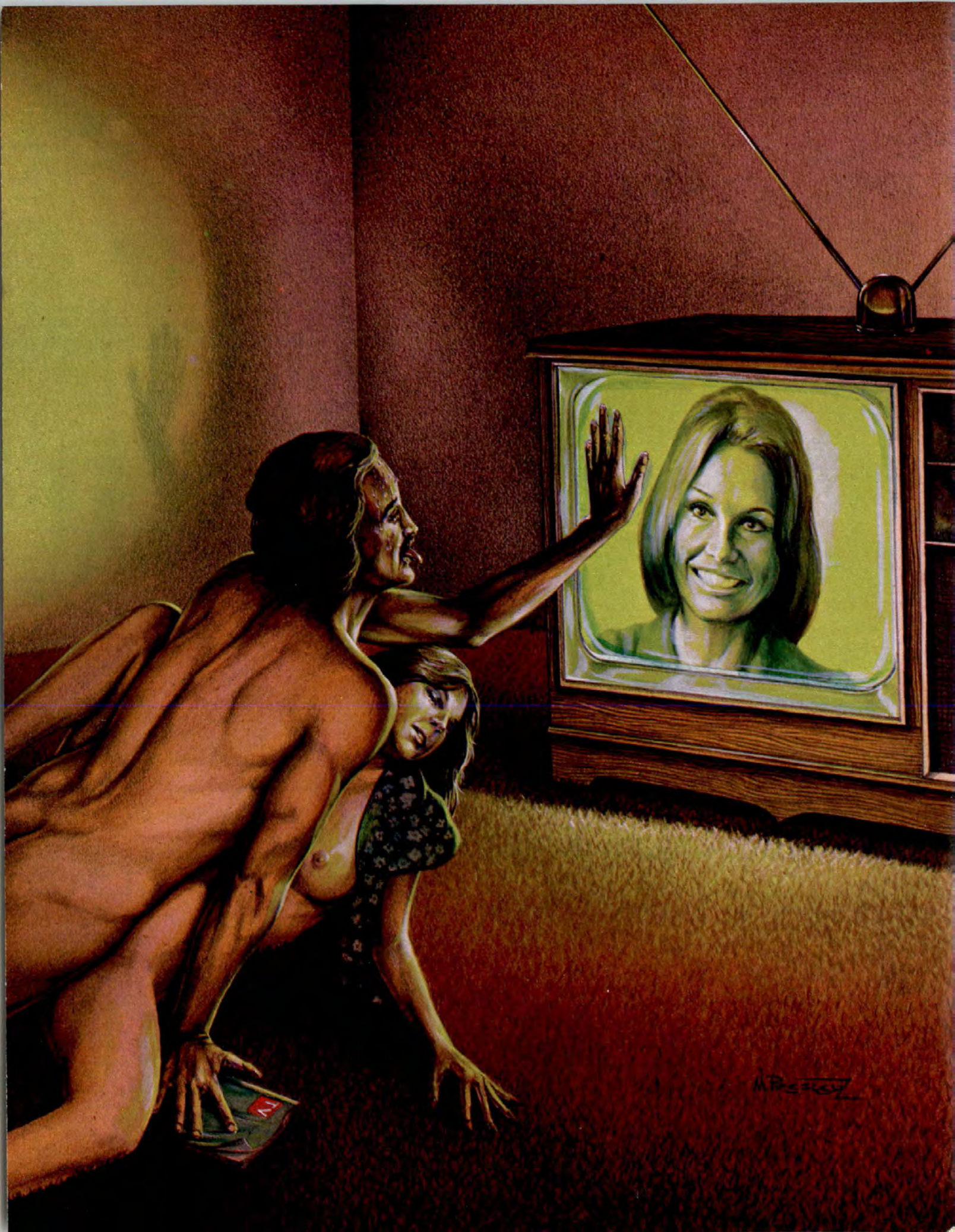




"Farewell, my lovely," I murmur when her mouth pulls away from my groin.

But soon we'll be at it again. That first taste of outlawed lust has given the dame an . . . appetite. The money comes fast—like we do—and in overwhelming abundance. I make the pickup on Noon Street. The briefcase is stuffed, and like the gallant soldier of fortune I am, I offer to let her go free. But it seems my brand of the big sleep has her hooked. She asks to be my moll. Refusing an offer like that is no way to treat a lady . . . 







The sexual urge is overpowering in the cold,
blue light of television.

HUMOR BY NICK TOSCHES

My first wife suffered dearly from the knowledge, revealed by her mother in one of their wars of pique, that she had been conceived during a lesser episode of "The Goldbergs." The mother spoke this revelation in the manner of an actress who aspired to Shakespeare but had not yet mastered her aitches. "I just lay there, looking over his shoulder," she said, gesturing with a buck of her jaw to the kitchen, where her mate labored, unhearing and estranged, at a large fragment of leftover veal. "Molly Goldberg and Uncle David were bitching about the cost of living. It wasn't such a good show, but still it was better than——." She gestured again toward the kitchen. "That was the night. A mother knows. A few weeks later the Philco conked out, and we bought a Zenith." Then, in a spectral voice, like the crinoline rustling of a long-closeted trousseau, she intoned, "Yoo-hoo, Missus Bloom."

Television is the modern ineluctable, and all of us who grew up under its sway will forever bear its mark. "Andy's Gang" is like the Mafia: once you're in, you can't get out. Our ancestors fell asleep reading Yeats's elegy to him who hath slain great men; we fall asleep hearing Doc Severinsen's praise of Wayne Newton.

If it is true, as we have been told by Sigmund Freud and Orson Bean, that childhood is the dominant factor in the development of sexual personality, it is also true that television is the dominant factor in childhood. The mistress of "Ding-Dong School" stoops to retrieve a wooden block, and your young eyes see it: a vision of the Grail—two fingers of thigh between the margins of skirt and stocking, a rapture beyond understanding or expression. Years pass. You grow wealthy, wed, sire creatures with strange, Nordic noses. But all is elusive, and there is emptiness. You sigh and survey the fading stain of your days with more truth than you can know: "There's never anything good on television anymore."

Speak to me not of Orpheus and Eurydice. In a letter dated September 9, 1977, the eminent author and tall person Thomas McGuane confessed to me his consuming love for Fran Allison of "Kukla, Fran, and Ollie": "Fran has still never sweated or had the curse, and there are winter months here in Montana when I want her, need her." (Mr.

McGuane, one might add, is now working on his third marriage.)

I have known profound sexual enlightenment twice in my life. The first time was the occasion when Irish McCallah, as "Sheena, Queen of the Jungle," rolled her belly at my boyhood and gripped the vine that she knew and I knew was the ordained surrogate of my virgin cock. Clutching it, she swung across the mighty river of fear, and in the taut curves of her legs was all that I or anyone would ever know. Many years later enlightenment came again, cruelly, when a stunt man in a Santa Monica bar informed me that Irish McCallah had never swung from the cock vine, and that I had in truth been worshipping the legs of Raúl Gaona, a Mexican acrobat in a blonde wig. I have since known impotence and the sweating of the palm. May you grow old alone, Irish, and may tears of penance smear the mascara of your heinous vanity. I can forgive, but I can't forget.

As we grow to adulthood, or its reasonable facsimile, television stays with us, complementing our lives with its drone and flicker. It strokes us and licks behind our ears and between our legs. A lithe, high-heeled creature salaciously fingers the erectile tissue of a washer-dryer on "The Price Is Right." Her eyes emit sin and are the color of infidelity. Her lips part slowly, wet, glistening with—no, it couldn't be. Something in you rises like a waking lizard. In a panty hose commercial, a young girl walks the street alone. The camera follows the arrhythm of her buttocks. She halts suddenly, grabs her ass, and hisses most lewdly into your ear, "It feels like I'm not wearin' nothin'." The lizard longs.

Television sex can become an obsession. I know grown men who spend more time than might be deemed healthy in debating the theory that, in real life, Bud Abbott fucked the coveted Miss Hillary, that indeed everyone, Mr. Fields included, fucked her—everyone, that is, except the pained and lowly Costello. A different sort of obsession is that of *High Times* editor Dean Latimer, who told me, "I never try to get laid on Friday night anymore. I save it all for the Saturday morning kiddie shows. I mean, Christ, 'Magic Mongo,' 'Moray and Manta,' Carole Ann Seflinger in 'Wonder Bug.' And—oh God—'Isis.'" (One might here make a mental note that Mr. Latimer should under no circumstances be allowed to tongue-bathe one's daughter.)

The aphrodisiac powers of television are many and various. Seducer and voyeur, it is a tool of fantasy that enables any two consenting viewers to enjoy sex à trois. Adulterous legs entwine as the face of Starsky flutters and glows upon warm skin. A young Irish girl, straining and galloping toward her first, miraculous orgasm, convulses as Detective McGarrett screams, "Stop right there!" The pastel radiance of "Project U.F.O." illuminates milady's breasts like lanterns on the China sea. We fuck dog-style as "Wonder Woman" looks on with jealousy and stern desire. Canned laughter meets canned orgasms. You come into the mouth of your beloved, and Laverne de Fazio swallows it. An Ajax commercial fills the room with eerie light as you ejaculate within the penetralia of an executive secretary who has twice reminded you that her name is hyphenated. Garner Ted Armstrong tells you to prepare for the weighing of your soul; you jack off into the night. Three men on horseback race toward you, waving rifles as your neighbor's wife guides your vertical-control knob into the alley of her upwardly mobile soul. You come, but the television never does.

What follows is an imaginative, erotic fantasy, a satiric guide to sensual television viewing. The programs were chosen for their sexual content, both explicit and implied. Use this fictional guide creatively. But stay away from Sally Field, or I'll cut your fucking throat.

"Secrets of Isis" (CBS). Farrah Fawcett-Majors may sell a lot of posters, but no television actress has inspired more masturbatory worship than has Joanna Cameron, the star of "Isis." It is difficult to say when grown men first became aware of "Isis," but rest assured that the majority of her admirers do not eat Count Chocula for breakfast. When the demure schoolteacher, faster than the teasing television eye allows us to see, sheds her horn-rimmed glasses and tweed skirt, penises rise with equal speed to welcome the goddess whose naked knees and heaving bosom are the emblems of love's solace. Cultists discuss with nervous tongues the 1971 film *B.S., I Love You*, for in this movie Joanna Cameron is seen in various stages of undress and lust—wearing the same horn-rimmed glasses she wears in "Isis"! Clint Eastwood has said this of "Isis": "I've been in love with her for years. She has the greatest legs in the world." Believe it.

"The Addams Family" (syndicated). All of us whose idea of foreplay is to have milady bathe in ice-cold water and then lie perfectly still in a dark room will find much of interest in Carolyn Jones as Morticia. Wear black and have her douche with frankincense.

"Vega\$" (ABC). Of all the new shows, this one strives hardest to be smutty. One episode featured a teenage whore who entertained her clients by doing a suggestive cheerleading routine in their hotel rooms.

Angie wants it. If you're a real man, you'll give it to her.

"Three's Company" (ABC). Suzanne Somers and Joyce DeWitt portray two girls who share an apartment, *sine coitu*, with a young man, played by John Ritter (who is Tex Ritter's son and every bit as dull as fate, by this edict, seems to have intended). The landlord, we are led to believe, can't get it up for his wife, who never lets him forget it. Every single move Chrissy makes seems to be a weak attempt to keep telltale semen from dripping down her leg. But whose semen?

"The Flying Nun" (syndicated). The image of a nun who soars through the air is so flush with psychosexual implications that I am surprised that no enema-enthralled reader of *The Psychoanalytic Review* has yet modestly offered for publication "The Sister Bertrille Syndrome: A Note on Orgasm Displacement." Behold the face of Sally Field as her habit flaps and flutters through the Puerto Rican skies of Christian guilt. It is the face of a woman within whom probes the Holy Ghost—the Holy Ghost and I.

"Hawaii Five-O" (CBS). This venerable Jack Lord series is the best S&M show on television. Although it's been toned down in recent years, "Hawaii Five-O" is still loaded with tough-edited rape, bondage, torture, amputation, and abstract cruelty. The words "Book him, Danno—murder one" shall live forever.

"Gilligan's Island" (syndicated). You can stop wondering about who fucked whom on the island, because here's what went down: Mrs. Howell fucked Mr. Howell and the Skipper. Mary Ann fucked the Professor. Ginger fucked Gilligan (although, to her chagrin, he was inclined toward neither fellatio nor cunnilingus). The affection that Gilligan and the Skipper lavished upon one another adds further possibilities. I also contend that if the show had not been canceled, Mr. Howell would have fucked the impressionable Mary Ann.

"Charlie's Angels" (ABC). Here you will find KGB agents, cat burglars, paid assassins, and terrorists, but above all you will find hair. With or without Farrah Fawcett-Majors (who has returned for three episodes this season), "Charlie's Angels" is the hair fetishist's vision of paradise. In addition to Farrah, the Aphrodite Kallikomos of those whose craven and ill-wrought automobiles bear the names of noble beasts, there are Cheryl Ladd's blonde, blown tossings, Kate Jackson's clipped Sapphic dactyl, and Jaclyn Smith's curls like the turning colors of a dream that shall know forgiveness neither here nor in that place where the Scope onion test is administered by Satan himself. Voyeurism is also an important part of the show, as these girlish bimbos are ordered about and lorded over by the unseen, all-seeing Charlie, an omnipotent masturbator whose voice cognoscenti will recognize as that of a man known to the Los Angeles vice squad by the moniker "Bachelor Father." He was last seen living in a household that



"I am vitally interested in the future, because I am going to spend the rest of my life there."

—Charles F. Kettering



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The Shah of Iran

Mohammad-Reza Pahlavi's desperate attempts to hold together his military-industrial dictatorship may include starting a Mideast war—and our government is pledged to support him.

A U.S. president routinely qualifies as the most dangerous man in the world, but it is probably fair to say that next to James Earl Carter, Jr., the ruler best qualified for that title is Mohammad-Reza Pahlavi, the shah of Iran. The violent demonstrations against him and the almost total disapproval of the Iranian people have, if anything, made the shah even more dangerous. The military government that he imposed last November, combined with Iran's strategic location and his brutal temperament, makes American involvement in a Mideast war increasingly likely.

Plans for such a contingency have already been made at the Pentagon, and President Carter has left no doubt about his willingness to give armed support to the shah if war should come. Secretary of Defense Harold Brown has talked about the possible "dispatch of appropriate U.S. forces" to the Persian Gulf area "in support of friends." And Max McCarthy, a former member of Congress who was press attaché at the U.S. embassy in Tehran, the capital of Iran, in 1975–76, reports that "100,000 U.S. troops are being trained for possible intervention in the Gulf."

If I were in the U.S. Army, I should heartily resent being asked to consider going off to fight for the shah. Carter has praised Pahlavi for "enlightened leadership," but in fact the shah is a nasty fellow—greedy, devious, repressive. However, those characteristics appeal to many American politicians. According to William Safire, who was one of President Nixon's top aides, Pahlavi was Nixon's favorite foreign ruler. That is easy to understand, for Nixon, who never mastered the art, must have admired the shah's emphatic way of handling political troublemakers. Over the years that Shah Mohammad-Reza Pahlavi has been sitting on Iran's Peacock Throne, he has reputedly imprisoned an estimated 100,000 political dissidents. This is the figure bandied about by the Iranian Students Association, and perhaps it is inflated. On the other hand, it may be a low estimate; Ovid Demaris, who has just finished a study of international terrorism, believes that there are from 30,000 to 40,000 political prisoners in Iran's jails. If you prefer to take the word of Iranian officials, then the proper figure is 2,500 imprisoned troublemakers, but even that is an impressive quantity.

Prison life for dissidents in Iran can be uncomfortable. The shah enjoys making them squirm. According to Amnesty International, an organization that keeps a census of political

BY ROBERT SHERRILL



torture around the world, numerous reports have come out of Iran about prisoners who were subjected to "weighted handcuffs, insertion of an electric cosh or bottle into the rectum, and . . . an electric grill, which is then heated. The last method is alleged to have paralyzed some of those subjected to it so that they were unable to walk but could move about only by crawling on all fours." Another of the shah's favorite techniques for making dissidents say that they love him is to have them beaten on the soles of their feet with rubber hoses, until their feet swell to the size of basketballs.

It is not easy to investigate these reports. When Amnesty International tried to, it invariably found that "the alleged victims have been executed."

Although it is difficult to penetrate the heavily veiled apparatus of the Iranian secret police and the shah's military storm troopers, bloody evidence of the régime's character does occasionally surface. Sometimes the shah's egotism brings it to the surface.

To achieve domestic control Pahlavi has outlawed freedom of the press and freedom of speech. Journalists are licensed by the Ministry of Information, and most of them write like licensees. Television and radio are run by the government. Writers who dare to be critical are dealt with swiftly. The shah admits that he executed two writers, Khosrow Golsorkhti and Iramat Daneshian, and he has hinted that at least half a dozen others have paid the same penalty for speaking their mind. One who did so and survived, but not easily, was Iran's most famous playwright, Gholamhossein Sa'edi. He was imprisoned for eleven months, during which time his jailers subjected him to electric shocks (Sa'edi is reluctant to talk about how and where the electrodes were applied), pulled out his nails, banged his head against a wall, and hung him upside down by his feet. The shah's men told him that they would end the torture and release him from prison if he would confess. "I said I didn't know what to confess to," Sa'edi has recalled, "and they said, 'Just confess.' I searched my mind to find something, and finally I said I aided Iraqi activities against Iran. That made them happy."

As for religion in Iran, it is marked not merely by the absence of freedom but also by the presence of intense strife and persecution. Ninety-eight percent of the population are Shi'ite Moslems. The shah views their leaders as his only serious rivals for power. Fourteen years ago he banished some of the top Moslems, and since then his secret police and army have savagely suppressed every demonstration of religious restiveness. But in the long run this may be the cause of the shah's downfall. In January 1977, after imposing martial law on Qom, a holy city ninety miles south of Tehran, police used tommy guns to slaughter some members of a crowd of 5,000 peaceful demonstrators. They had just emerged from a large mosque, where they were meeting to protest government-

sponsored newspaper stories that they felt had insulted one of their exiled religious leaders. Exactly how many demonstrators were killed—some say as many as 300—cannot be known, because police scooped up the bodies and dumped them at a quicksand site.

The sand may have swallowed the dead, but not their cause. The Qom slaughter sparked the beginning of a year of strikes, riots, slowdowns, and marches by enemies of the shah—a group that now includes not only Moslem traditionalists but also thousands of students, a powerful merchant group known as the Bazaris, liberal politicians, and many members of the professional class. It is most ominous for the shah's future that in recent months there have even been a few signs of defection among military officers, a group that, until 1978, was presumed to be solidly loyal to the shah. Now their loyalty is not so certain.

In June a general strike led by political dissidents shut down Tehran and three

6

The shah has responded
to Iran's national
crisis in his usual style:
more than 1,000
opponents have been killed
in the last year.

,

other cities. In Tehran's huge Qasr prison, 200 political prisoners staged a hunger strike, which inspired such a national wave of sympathy (including some fasting among students and intellectuals) that for a time some observers thought that the revolution might be at hand.

The shah has responded to the national crisis in his usual style. More than 1,000 opponents have been killed in the last year. Most of the deaths have been of the wholesale variety—police and troops firing into crowds. But there have also been some specific assassinations and attempted assassinations, such as the occasion when bombs were used to destroy the homes of three members of the Iranian Committee for Defense of Freedom and Human Rights.

The bloodiest retaliation occurred in Abadan, a major southwestern oil town. The chief of police of Abadan was Gen. Reza Razmi—the same General Razmi who had been chief of police in Qom when the Moslem protestors were slaughtered by machine gun fire. Now Razmi had another chore to perform for the shah in a different way. Next door to the police station is a movie house. One day in August the doors of the movie house were locked for "secu-

rity purposes" because troublemakers were believed to be inside. A fire broke out. Police did not call the fire department for half an hour. Six hundred people inside died.

A new wave of rioting followed this brutality. By September the shah had imposed martial law in Tehran, where more than 100,000 persons demonstrated, and in eleven other cities in order to control the broad-based attacks on his régime. Now there was serious talk about the possibility that the shah was losing control of the military. Now demonstrators were shouting sentiments—"Death to the shah!" "Burn him!"—that they would not have dared whisper a year earlier. William Branigan, who was reporting on the scene for the *Washington Post*, interpreted the new mood as meaning that "the only solution to the problem is that the shah must go."

But Pahlavi still believed himself impregnable. "Nobody," he said, "can overthrow me. I have the support of 700,000 troops, all the workers, and most of the people. . . I have the power."

But he has not always had the power. It was a gift that he received years ago from the giver of so many of the world's black gifts, the CIA. The shah is in fact the CIA's creation, rebuilt at the bidding of the major oil companies.

It happened like this. The shah's father, a man of massive physique and a towering temper, had at one time been merely a lowly sergeant in the Iranian army. A talent for ruthlessness and a total lack of scruples put him on the Peacock Throne, where he was supposed to be the puppet of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company (later to be known as British Petroleum), which was at the time the only oil company in Iran. But like all other petty tyrants, the elder shah began to take himself too seriously, forgot that he was activated by strings, and started sassing the British oilmen. So they, with the assistance of the British government, pulled him down from his throne, banished him to South Africa, where he died, and hoisted his son into his place.

Much smaller in physique and much more plastic in character, the new shah for many years conducted himself as little puppets should. He wore his gaudy uniform with that nice combination of meekness and arrogance that characterizes the Third World's dictators who are fronting for Western corporations. Just how thoroughly dependent he was on the West was made clear in 1953, when the fitful genius Dr. Mossadegh took over the Iranian government and the shah fled for his life.

While he was in exile, the CIA supported him in Rome. The CIA's solicitude even extended to helping him in getting an heir. It supplied his wife, Soraya, with a gynecologist. She confided to the gynecologist that the shah visited her "four times a night and twice every afternoon. Still I don't have a baby." Nor did she ever produce a male heir, and ultimately the shah kicked her out. But in other respects the CIA's assistance paid off for him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160



British taste / American price: The two sides of Burnett's White Satin Gin

Of all the gins distilled in America, only Burnett's uses an imported Coffey still. The same kind of still that's used in Britain. That's how we keep our taste so British, and our price so American.

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

BILLY CARTER

6
I think I've
been harassed and
discriminated
against because I'm the
president's brother.
9

Billy Carter was sprawled, barefoot and tousled, on the Nashville hotel-room floor, asleep in front of a big color-television set. "Don't get nervous," his road manager told *Penthouse* interviewer Joseph B. Treaster. "He'll be all right, soon as I can get some chocolate ice cream into him. We'll get him going again."

President Jimmy Carter's forty-one-year-old "baby brother" had arrived more than an hour late for the interview. After fifteen minutes of conversation, he took a break to watch a few plays of a televised football game and flip through a newspaper. Treaster and Carter resumed talking, and after ten minutes Billy broke off again. This time he took a nap. After getting his ice cream, he talked for another fifteen minutes and then took another break. And so it went throughout the first afternoon of a two-day session. Billy had agreed to the interview, but the little boy in him didn't want to sit still for it.

There is a lot of little boy in Billy Carter, and it makes him lovable to many people. Treaster reports: "At times Billy seems so helpless you can hardly resist offering a hand or making excuses for him." But there are myriad other veins running through Billy Carter's character. This sleepy-eyed, playful fellow is the same man who successfully managed the Carter family's multi-million-dollar peanut business for many years. He is also the man who has been in jail three times and once threatened to kill a local policeman who arrested a friend of Billy's for driving under the influence of alcohol. This is a man who devours books but can't remember the titles of anything he has read lately. He is a hard-drinking chain smoker who says the people he admires most are his mother and his wife. He is also a man who has turned the accident of his birth as the brother of the man elected president of the United States into a business that nets him between \$250,000 and \$300,000 a year—roughly ten times what he was earning as manager of the peanut business and owner of a ramshackle service station, where beer sales challenged the action at the gas pumps.

For the last two years, since Jimmy's inauguration, Billy has been, as he says, "in show business." He has been constantly on the road, crisscrossing the country, making "personal appearances" at county fairs, stock-car races, real-estate conventions, and shopping-center openings. He also makes twelve appearances a year endorsing Billy

Beer. "That's the only legitimate job I've got," he says. "My kids say, 'My Daddy works for a beer company.'" All this is not easy for a man who hates and fears airplanes and who vomits if he sits in a window seat. He has learned the art of falling asleep at will, though, and will put himself "out" as soon as he gets on an airplane.

When he is hired for an appearance, "he's sort of a celebrity-in-residence," says Tandy Rice, Billy's smooth-talking, sharp-dressing agent. "He goes places as the guest of honor. He attends your celebration, joins you as the guest of the promoter. He mingles. He signs autographs, cuts ribbons, gives news conferences. He doesn't come in and play the spoons or tap dance. Everybody loves him, wants to hug and squeeze him, have a picture taken with him." Sometimes, depending on what Billy judges the crowd wants, he will give a two-minute, off-the-cuff talk and answer questions.

With a lot of help from the national press, which turned to Billy for outrageous quotes on dull days during the presidential campaign, he has established himself as the nation's number one red-neck, a hard-drinking, loud-talking, blaspheming lout who seems to be everything the self-righteous president is not.

His image has fed itself so much that in real life his mild demeanor is disarming. Billy himself is the first to agree that the public Billy is an exaggeration. But he is just as quick to make sure there is no misunderstanding. "What I do," he says, "is me."

Billy denies that he is exploiting the presidency and that his rough, backwoods antics are degrading to the highest office in the country. Many people in places like Washington, New York, and Chicago disagree, but you don't hear much criticism in Plains, the southwestern-Georgia hamlet where Jimmy and Billy Carter and their two sisters grew up.

Billy was born in 1937, the son of Earl and Lillian Carter. His early days were spent on a farm in Archery, where he was a stuttering child intimidated by three older siblings. Jimmy, thirteen years older than Billy, graduated second in his high-school class, went to the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and pursued a naval career. Both Ruth and Gloria excelled in school. Billy, on the other hand, placed twenty-sixth in his high-school class of twenty-seven.

The family moved from the farm to Plains when Billy was thirteen. Earl Carter died when Billy was sixteen, and Billy

Photograph by Slick Lawson



ran the family peanut business for a year before Jimmy returned from the Navy to take over.

Billy married his high-school sweetheart, Sybil, and joined the marines, serving in Japan and the Philippines and losing seven teeth in fights. He liked the marines, he says, because "Hell, they were a bunch of badasses."

When he left the marines, he returned to Plains to drive a spreader truck at the family warehouse for two years. He then moved to Atlanta, entered Emory University, and was expelled two years later for failing English five times, failing math, and submitting someone else's final term paper as his own. He worked for a construction company as a heavy-equipment operator, sold paint over the counter for a paint company, and returned to Plains in 1964. In 1965 he bought a 15 percent share in the peanut warehouse and, as Jimmy became increasingly distracted by politics, assumed control by 1970. In 1972 he bought a gas station.

For all his carousing and hanging out with "the good ol' boys" at the station, Billy's business showed impressive profits. The peanut business grossed \$187 the first year Jimmy ran it and grossed more than \$5 million in the final year, before Billy left. When

Jimmy became president, he put his more than 50 percent share in a blind trust, fearing the possibility of conflict-of-interest accusations. Billy was left low man in the hierarchy and asked Charles Kirbo, the manager of Jimmy's blind trust, if he could buy it. Turned down, he left, still owning 15 percent but having no control. Billy's gas station made \$100,000 a year before Jimmy was elected president and now sells 30,000 cases of beer a year. Four years before Jimmy became president, Billy bought 171 acres of property around Plains. He paid \$625 an acre for the land, which is now worth \$5-6,000 an acre.

While the profits from Billy's gas station, beer endorsements, and public appearances have been boosted by his position as "First Brother," the recent changes have not all been good. Tourists began flocking to Plains and Billy's house, knocking on his door and refusing to leave before they had talked to a member of the Carter family. Billy finally moved twenty miles outside of Plains to a thirteen-room house so secluded that at first, even he had trouble finding it.

Billy gave his candid, uninhibited thoughts to *Penthouse* during a two-day stay in Nashville.

Penthouse: How would you describe yourself?

Carter: I wouldn't know what to say. I'm Billy Carter, who the national press in Plains—who had nothing else to do when they were covering Jimmy—started playing with. And believed all the bullshit I was telling them, when ninety percent of it was a straight, damn lie.

Penthouse: Did you think they would understand that it was a lie?

Carter: I thought they would.

Penthouse: But you never got around to straightening them out?

Carter: No, I never straightened it out. I figured they'd learn on their own.

Penthouse: Is that when your show-business career started?

Carter: Yeah. It started from just drinking beer and shooting the shit.

Penthouse: What kind of guy are you?

Carter: I figure I'm a kinda half-ass shit-ass.

Penthouse: What does that mean?

Carter: It means half-assed nice, half-assed shit-ass. It's kinda hard to say how I'd describe myself. People say I'm a red-neck and good ol' boy. I guess I'm both of them. At least, I play at it a lot.

Penthouse: Some people say you've exaggerated the real Billy Carter into a caricature of himself, making him a larger-than-life red-neck. Do you agree?

Carter: I agree with that. I think I've gone to an extreme. I won't say an extreme—yeah, I guess you might say I have gone to an extreme on it. But I still think I'm the same person I was.

Penthouse: Do you think that this caricature is your appeal?

Carter: I think so. I don't know how to describe the appeal, but I think people can't really believe a president's brother can be like I am. People ask me how it is to be the president's brother. I've been his brother for forty-one years. It's no different now. I think my sister Ruth feels the same way. People can't believe that the president's sister is a faith healer. But when I do an appearance, I'm doing me. I don't dress any differently. I've been wearing Levi's and boots for twenty years, and I still wear

Levi's and boots.

Penthouse: Have you always been such a joker?

Carter: Always have been a bullshitter.

Penthouse: Would you say that you like who you are?

Carter: Yeah, yeah.

Penthouse: If you could remake yourself in any way, what would you do?

Carter: Really, I've never done anything I'm ashamed of or anything I've really regretted. I don't think I want to remake myself.

Penthouse: What do you like about doing these public appearances?

Carter: I enjoy people, enjoy meeting 'em.

Penthouse: How do people react to meeting Billy Carter?

Carter: Normally, we get real good reactions. Right now it's kinda hard to say. I seem to appeal to different—I won't say classes—well, yes, I will say classes. The people at the affairs are working people, and I enjoy that. Had a ball recently with a bunch of union workers, sitting there drinking beer with them. My audience is not the real high-class crowd, not the middle class, but more the working class. I enjoy it very much. I seem to appeal to these people. I seem to be doing a pretty good job. I stay out of politics. I'm not a Democrat. I'm not a Republican. I'm just in between.

Penthouse: What do you talk about at these affairs?

Carter: Bullshit.

Penthouse: Do you prepare your speeches?

Carter: I do not. I get up and start talkin'. I hate to say it, but I guess I'm one of the best judges of audiences in the world, and whatever they want to hear is what I talk about.

Penthouse: Are there any offers you won't accept?

Carter: I won't do anything political. I also turn down charity stuff, which I think is a racket.

Penthouse: What do you mean by racket?

Carter: I mean where they pay more salaries than they pay in helping the people. They offer me \$10,000 or \$20,000 for showing up at a telethon, but I turn

them down.

Penthouse: One story has it that a businessman came into Plains with the idea that he was going to set up a cage and put some members of the Carter family in it, so that people could come to look at them. Did you hear about that?

Carter: No, I didn't. But I'd probably do it. If they paid me.

Penthouse: What if they wanted your mother to do that?

Carter: I'd probably kill 'em.

Penthouse: But you'd do it yourself?

Carter: If they paid enough.

Penthouse: Are there any drawbacks to this job?

Carter: Well, frankly, the thing I don't enjoy about it is that I don't have any peace at my service station. I would like to be able to sit down there and drink three or four beers and shoot the shit instead of everybody coming in at one time. Tourists take pictures and want autographs and all. It doesn't let up.

Penthouse: How has Plains changed since it's become the birthplace of the thirty-ninth president?

Carter: Plains has gone from being a nice little town to being probably the biggest rip-off joint in the United States. The only thing they have now is tourist joints—just one tourist trap after another. They just sell junk—Jimmy Carter junk, Jimmy Carter bottle openers and glasses. I said junk. I meant shit.

Penthouse: You don't approve of people capitalizing on their association with Jimmy?

Carter: I don't really. It's kind of hard to say. I know everybody is trying to make a living.

I tried to tell the town—the city fathers, whatever you want to call them—what was going to happen. Nobody knew. In Plains now we have my station on one side, and across the street we have eighteen tourist joints. In the middle we have a Taiwan garden. That's new. The only place I've been asked not to go since Jimmy's been president is the Taiwan place.

Penthouse: Who requested that?

Carter: The State Department.



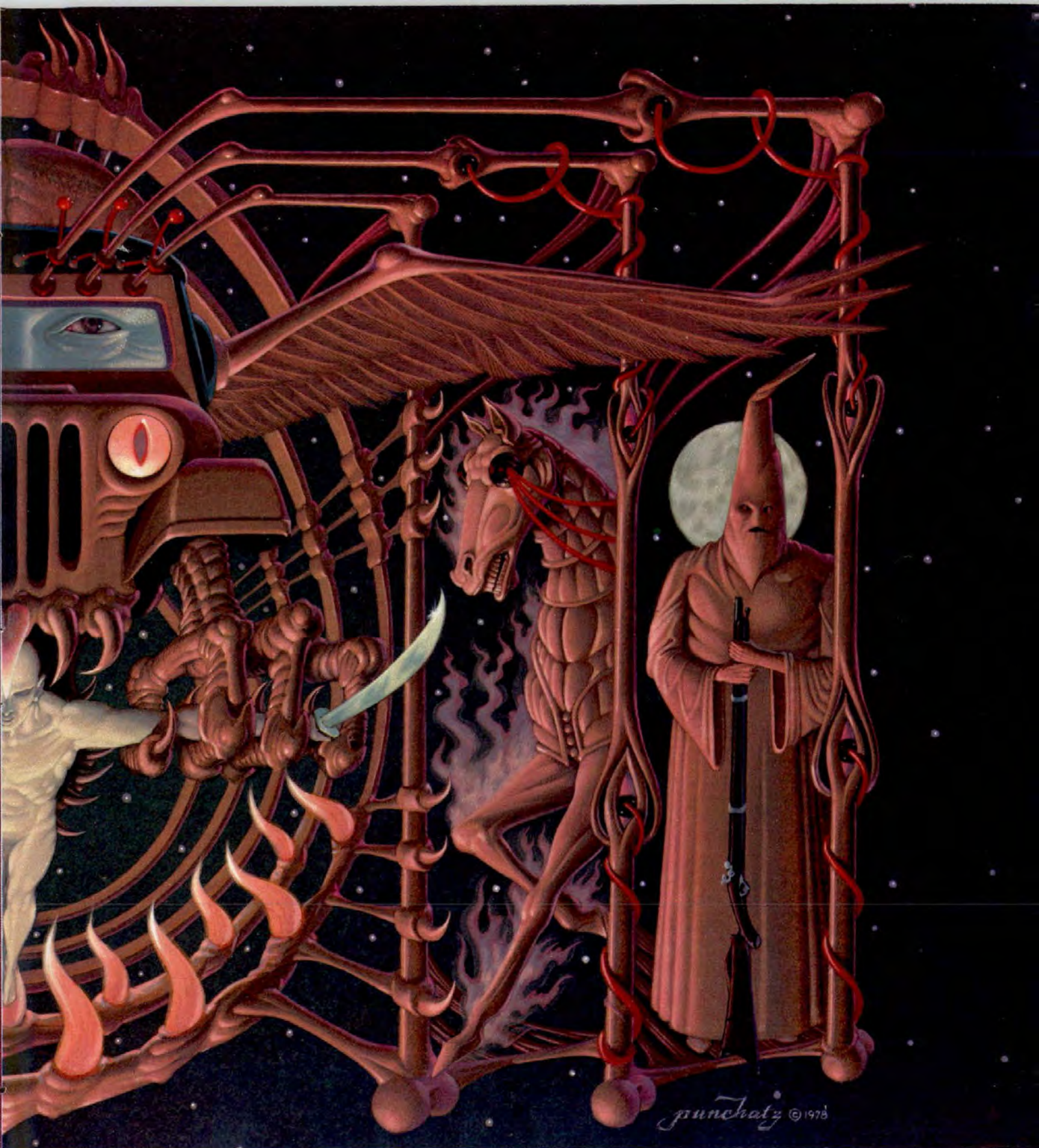
"I was afraid it might be too cold for this."



THE DREAMER

FICTION BY WILLIAM HJORTSBERG

Par Sondak, the 105-year-old professional dreamer, had run out of material — so he crept inside the body of the young Nomad, turned on the Direct Experience Tapes, and curled up to sleep.



Par Sondak's house was set on automatic. Beyond the garden, concealed sensory indicators probed the waiting night. All rooms but one were disconnected until morning, windows and doors sealed, air-conditioners silent; deep in the subbasement, the accumulator and power distributor idled. Only Sondak's soundproof studio remained active. There, in the padded, ovoid chamber, Par Sondak slept, his swollen, pink body

curled, knees drawn almost to his chest.

Adjoining the egg-shaped studio hummed a unit housing the encephalograph probes, high-density recorders, tape storage banks, duplication and mix machinery: the tools of the trade. While the Dreamer was asleep, folded like an embryo, a circuited crown of receptors and transmitters banded his smooth, unwrinkled brow. This equipment captured and preserved the

subtle essence of his art.

The dream was standard Sondak escape adventure: swordplay, a cut rose, distant hoofbeats on a moonlit road, the awesome stillness of the scaffold. Attention to detail made all of Sondak's dreams memorable; his feeling for place and period was unlike any other Dreamer's. Sondak's career was in its eighty-fifth year, and over three hundred of his dreams remained in public circulation.

Far at the bottom of the hill, among the disorder and rot hidden from the Dreamer's machine-tooled house by the opulence of his gardens, a starved mongrel prowled, sniffing the debris left by encamping Nomads. There wasn't much, for the Nomads were themselves avid scavengers, and the dog found nothing of interest among the charred garbage and broken glass; even discarded bones had been gnawed to splinters by the eager rats.

The dog continued up the hill, favoring an injured forepaw, ignorant of the warning implied by the orderly cultivation and the watching infra-red eyes ahead. A hidden sensor relayed the intruder's presence back to the house; the computer plotted the exact location; twin antennae revolved on the turreted roof, focusing a dismounted sound-intensifier. The dog lifted his head to catch a final scent as the high-frequency beam found its target. In an instant, the animal's blood temperature rose to the boiling point and, before he could fall, he erupted from within, consumed by a burst of incandescent flame that left his canine imprint briefly hanging in the evening air, a chalky drift of ashes and smoke like shreds of fog dissolving.

The kitchen switched on at six. Within the hour the rest of the house came alive, and by the time Par Sondak was eased awake electrically, the place was purring like a spaceship.

Smoothly, the sides of the studio slid open, and Sondak stepped down, padding across the thermal-turf mat that covered his bedroom floor like a carpet of insulated moss. The mirrored walls reflected the lurching sag of his fat man's amble.

Par Sondak was one hundred and five years old and in the best of health. Indeed, he had never been sick a day of his life. His outward appearance, that of a chubby, middle-aged infant, was due mainly to his total baldness, a condition resulting from nearly a century of wearing the probes to bed each night. "Bald as a Dreamer" was the standard cliché.

"Good morning, sir," his computer said. "Did you sleep well?"

"I hope so," Sondak yawned. "I want rain all afternoon, clearing at sunset."

"Very good." The computer paused. "Sunset will be at 19:49."

"It doesn't matter; I'll be around. Anything special for today?"

"You have a conference with the City at ten. Otherwise, the agenda is open."

A tray appeared from the kitchen, and Sondak carried his breakfast onto the patio, where he sat in the shade of a flowering dogwood. The eggs on his plate were real; Sondak despised synthetics and maintained a poultry yard in his garden. From below came the sounds of the mechanical cultivators at work, weeding and fertilizing. A row of fruit trees screened their synchronized labor. Beyond the gardens stretched the open desert, barren and scorched; hills like slag heaps. The Dreamer gazed out over his breakfast at this wasteland, to a point in the distant, hard-blue sky, where three fly-speck vultures turned in a drifting spiral.

Beneath the circling carrion eaters, on a bleak basalt outcrop jutting over a dry riverbed, a Nomad burial platform rested in the gnarled and naked limbs of a long-dead jack pine. Most of the clan departed before sunup, but several Nomads, blood kin to the child lashed in the branches

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was in its eighty-fifth
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above them, stood silently waiting for the vultures to feed.

One member of the clan wasn't watching: a young man with only a faint mustache and the first downy patches of beard on his cheeks. He stood apart from the others, gripping the long wire-bound barrel of his smoothbore muzzle loader, and stared back across the desolate blast-furnace expanse of cinder-pile nothingness to the glowing green oasis, a brief flowering of life in a dead land. It was the first time the young man had ever seen the fabled, forbidden dwelling place of a Lord Citizen, the Select and All-Powerful Ones.

Of all the rooms in his efficient house, the projection booth was the one Sondak least used. He disliked the cramped, windowless chamber, the dull uniformity of its metallic walls, ceiling, and floor. Seated in the padded control seat in the center of this tiny room, Sondak felt uncomfortably claustrophobic, and he avoided coming here except when called in by conferences.

Sondak wasn't alone for long. A door appeared to open in the blank, gray wall, and the hologram image of a Dream Syndicate hostess stepped into the room. The girl was

young and not unattractively dressed in a plum-colored tunic, her nipples tinted pale green to match her lips and hair.

"Prompt as always," Sondak said.

The girl smiled. "What setting would you like for the conference, sir?"

"Makes no difference to me. Anything but this iron maiden."

"Mr. Tarquille is already adjusted to setting number ZT-90065-N7."

Sondak slowly repeated the number under his breath, tapping it out on the keyboard set into the arm of the control seat. The walls shimmered, becoming an instant silver rainfall as the strict confines of the projection-booth gave way to distant, snow-bright mountains, and Sondak found himself and his padded chair on the bank of a crystalline lake, facing Omar Tarquille under the scented boughs of a wind-stirred spruce.

"Morning, Par," the Executive said, intent on the legs of the hostess as she wandered off among the pines. "You're looking fit."

"Still fond of alpine scenery, I see, Omar."

"A placid setting is best for conferences, don't you think?"

"Oh, I'm not so sure. Perhaps more would be accomplished in crisis, on the deck of a sinking ship, let's say."

The Executive chuckled pleasantly. "Been dreaming lately, Par?"

"Every night for a month."

"Glad to hear it. Must feel good to be back in action. How long will this one run, do you think?"

"Final mix is still a long way off, but I'd estimate at least ten hours."

"Absolutely perfect. You've got a lot of fans here in the City waiting for a new one, you know."

"That's reassuring to hear."

"The name Sondak still draws an audience, never mind statistics telling you Direct Experience Tapes outsell Dreams four-to-one in the preference ballots."

"Figures are meaningless to me, Omar." The Dreamer yawned behind the back of his hand.

"You belong here in the City, where decisions are made. Why hole up in a crypt out in the middle of nowhere?"

"I like it here out in the middle of nowhere." The Dreamer stared across at the image of a lake where rising trout disrupted the reflected mountains.

"Surrounded by Nomad savages, how can you stand it?"

"I was watching a group of Nomads this morning at breakfast. First I've seen in over a year."

The Executive nodded politely and changed the subject, saying he was anxious to spend a night soon with Sondak's new dream.

"I'll put a tape on the waves as soon as final mix is in."

"Very good. Can I get you anything from the City? Landermann has a new Dream, a regular nightmare, I'm told."

"No thanks. I've too much work."

"All right. If something comes up, I'll arrange a conference." Omar Tarquille



"May the Force be with you."

smiled, gave a slight wave, and vanished from the lakefront. In the distance, a quail called sharply.

The Dreamer punched the off button. The mountains melted and shrank like a reflection on water seeping into sand. He pushed his bulk out of the chair and started for the door, eager for fresh air. Although the booth was a favored plaything with City dwellers, where space was at a premium and the only open country was on tape, Sondak preferred sitting on his patio or roaming in the garden to any of his vast file of electronic voyages.

Buick of the Cincinnati clan crouched in the shade of the dead tree, watching. A warrior since the age of twelve, when his father was killed in a skirmish with the Lafayette County people and care of the family gun passed to him, Buick wore the name brands of six slain enemies sewn on leather thongs to his belt. No spoils were taken from his father's body; his own people had had the victory that day, and the grief-stricken boy hammered the ancient brass emblem into the carved stock of the family gun. Buick believed this token brought him luck, more luck than any of the talismans in the snakeskin pouch hanging from his belt; he fingered his father's name brand, JEEP, worn smooth and shiny from constant rubbing.

The young Nomad was in need of luck today. All his childhood long, he listened to cooking-fire tales of the magic places where men lived like Gods. At the clan chants he thrilled to the epic songs telling how Texaco, the Fire Chief, mounted on his flying horse, stole the light-that-never-dies from the citadel of the Lord Citizens. Until this morning only a handful of the Elders had ever seen the enchanted gardens, their recollections hoarded like treasure from the past.

Buick of Cincinnati was a warrior and carried the family gun; he was battle tested and would admit to fearing no man, not even the favorites of the Gods. From the moment he first saw the serene silver towers rising out of the unbelievable green of the surrounding oasis, he knew that he could not rest until he walked in the shade of those magic trees and plucked the fruit from their forbidden limbs.

One room in Par Sondak's mechanical house was unlike the others. The walls here were paneled in walnut, with carved Ionic pilasters and egg-and-dart molding. There was a real fireplace framing brass andirons and birch logs. Above the mantel hung the Velazquez portrait of Pope Innocent X. It was a stately, secluded room, silent as a meditation garden. With the exception of the unused public reading room at the city center, it was the largest library left on earth.

Par Sondak sat in an armchair by one of the tall leaded-glass windows, a calf-bound volume of Gibbon's superb history open on his knees. The Dreamer gazed out the window at the sculpted hedges de-

lineating his gardens, unable to read. An irritation remained from this morning's conference: the tone in Omar Tarquille's voice when he mentioned the popularity of Direct Experience Tapes. Sondak wondered how much of a threat was intended by the crafty Executive.

Ten years before, the complexities of the encephalograph probes were miniaturized to a near-microscopic wafer, and Sondak had known there would be no shortage of rogues and daredevils volunteering for surgical implantation. But what he never guessed at the time was the size of the audience that would be attracted to hand-to-hand gladiatorial combat or one-man rocket races to the moon and back. Even D.E.T.'s of assassination and torture were available. Every space drifter and mercenary killer in the City wore a mini-probe under his scalp, ready to double the take from a hazardous assignment by selling the tapes to the highest bidder.

Sondak knew whenever his dreams

6

The Nomad was
transported to the north,
hundreds of
kilometers from Sondak's
house, the wafer-thin
neural probe wired
into his frontal lobe.

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failed to score appreciably on the preference ballot (and the inevitable day was coming when large-cast D.E.T.'s would be as extravagantly staged as any hologram spectacular), his credit rating would no longer support his isolated and independent life and he would be forced to give up the peace of his library for the sophisticated power struggle within the stately corridors of the City.

The young Nomad paused at the bottom of the hill to check the primer in the frizzen pan of his musket and wind the wheel lock back until the action was cocked. He concealed his bedroll and saddlebags between two large stones and took only what he would carry into battle: shot and powder, a goatskin waterbag, his bone-hilted cutlass, and the protective magic of his charm bag. His name brand hung around his neck on a braided cord, a challenge to anything he might encounter.

Buick stepped forward into the rain. Outside, the empty desert burned under a raging sun, but beyond the gentle, enclosing waterfall stands of elm and oak and maple billowed like deciduous cumuli. Buick removed the homespun shirt, his sacred

number, sixty-six, patched on front and back, and wrapped it around the lock of his musket, held muzzle downward against the fine, mistlike rain. He felt drunk with so much unfamiliar greenness.

In the library Par Sondak closed the volume of Gibbon; at the sideboard he filled a tulip-shaped glass with blackberry brandy distilled from fruit he had picked himself. He remembered the thorn scratches on his soft, white hands with considerable pride. What would they say in the City about such hands, berry-stained and bleeding, hands that had done work?

The computer interrupted the Dreamer's musing. "Excuse me, sir." The modulated, unhurried voice announced good news and bad alike with the same laconic indifference. "The sensors report the presence of an intruder on the grounds. A Nomad, sir."

"Where is he now?"

"The last fix placed him on the edge of the south orchard."

"Have the arrangements all been made?"

"Everything according to your specifications."

"Good." The Dreamer finished his brandy in a single swallow. "Very good. It's only a matter of time and he's ours."

Buick knelt beside the base of one of a dozen fluted marble columns surrounding an ornamental pond. Across a green lawn, out of sight of the house, was a hidden pavilion. Under the blue and gold awnings, a spitted calf turned, glazed and dripping, over a bed of coals.

Of all the wonders he'd seen today, the splendor of food in such profusion was by far the most magical and bewitching. The Nomad reverently approached the long, cloth-covered table, trying to associate trout jellied in aspic, *terrine* of pheasant, grilled spring lamb, with his own memories of eating roots and porridge, when a bit of dog or an occasional rat trapped among the grain sacks was a prize addition to the stewpot.

A hind quarter from the broiled calf stood on a thick, wooden salver. The Nomad leaned his musket against the table and cut a slice with a surgically keen carving knife. He had never tasted anything so good. He would take as much meat as he could carry. The knife, too. It was a beautiful knife; no one else in the clan owned such a knife. He leaned forward and cut another slice.

"Good, good," the voice behind him said. "Eat."

The Nomad spun about, grabbing for his musket, gagging on a mouthful of meat. His instincts had betrayed him. He wasn't alone. A pink-faced, hairless fat man stood only feet away, his long silk robe shining in the firelight. "Don't be alarmed," the Lord Citizen said. "Eat what you want. Take. This is for you."

Buick steadied his musket against his shoulder and fired. The Lord's face was lost for a moment in the sulfurous smoke, but



PAMELA



◌ With a will
like mine, there's
always a way. ◌



A RHODES BY ANY OTHER NAME

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

"I'll always be a one-man woman" says she, "as long as my man's the best there is. After that," promises our philosophical Pet of the Month, "I'll follow him to school every day—for more lessons!" Pamela Rhodes, however, has rather cheerfully resigned herself to the fact that men are always going to follow her statuesque five-foot-eleven-inch, 38-24-36 body around, whether she loves it or not.







"I guess it's the price you have to pay for being sexy," she says, "but though I don't really mind being bewitched or bewildered, I hate to be bothered!" Pamela definitely has a way with words—and it's a talent she uses for purposes other than charming men. "I've just started working as a copywriter trainee at a Los Angeles advertising agency," she says, "and like the ad says, I hope my fortunes go up, up and away." Pamela is also pursuing a career in modeling, because she believes "a woman should explore every avenue open to her."





"I'm half-German and half-Irish, which means I can be stubborn and bitchy and ambitious on one hand, and charming and crafty on the other. With a will like mine, there's always a way." Pamela's romantic philosophy is relatively simple: hedging your bets, she believes, is foolishly self-defeating. "You can't win any big jackpots if you aren't prepared to ante up."

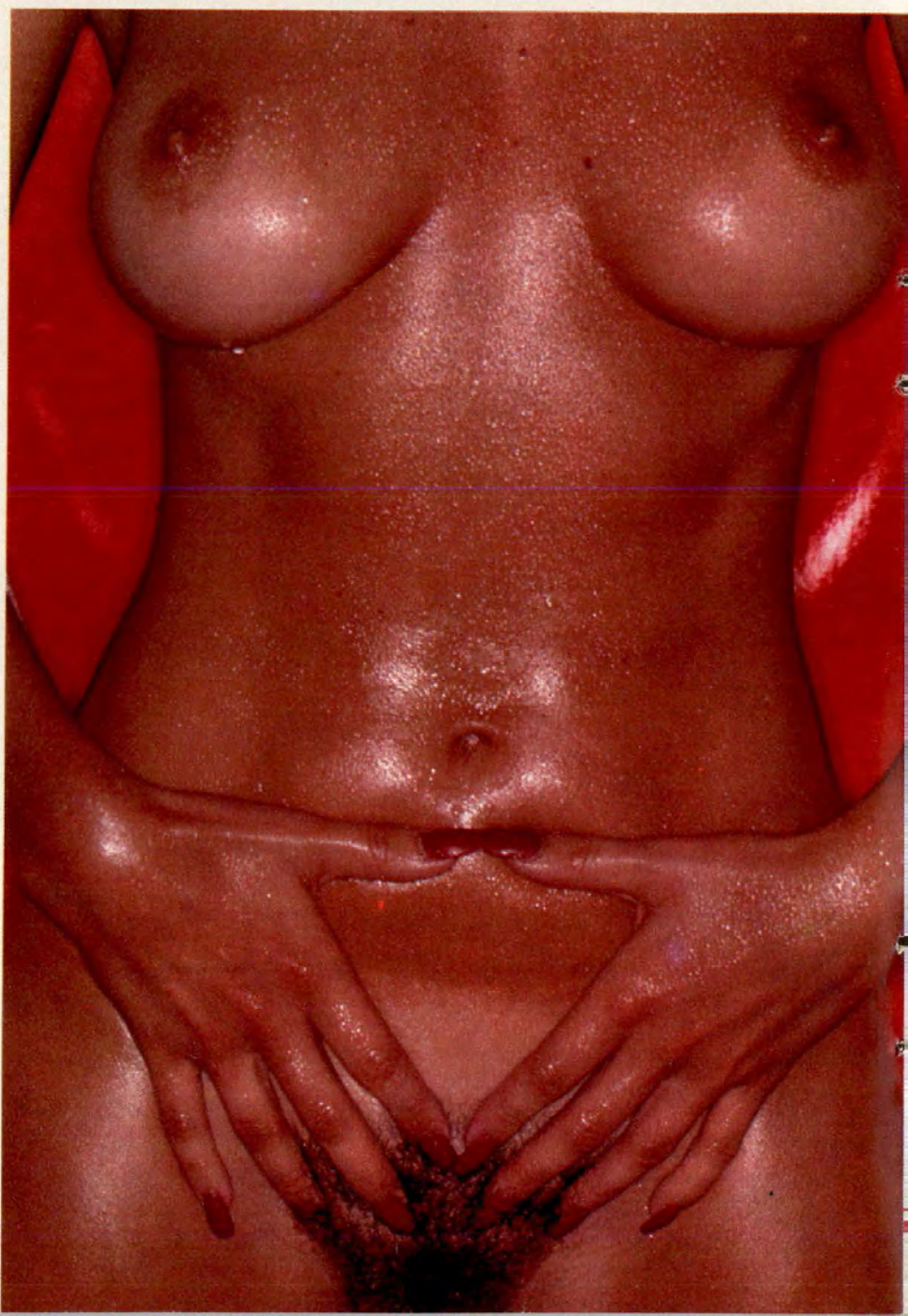
Nails by Karyn, The Practitioners, Marina del Rey, Calif.; Chair by Dave Castiglione, Phoenix, Ariz.; Shoes and lingerie by Trashy Lingerie, West Hollywood, Calif.; Coordinated by Gigio







"The less you put into loving your man, the less you'll get out of it. If my partner can't inspire me to extremes—whether it's earth-shattering orgasms, side-splitting laughter, or even real tears—then I know it's not the real thing."







Like most energetic California girls, Pamela loves the great outdoors. "Water is wonderful for swimming and surfing, mountains and ice are terrific for figure skating and skiing, and the woods are great for necking, petting, and other unmentionable deeds—especially now, in early mating season." It's easy to see why, in spring, a young man's fancy could turn to Pamela. Once you've spent February with our present Pet of the Month, who needs April in Paris? O—





MISS PAMELA RHODES/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

A year ago, in his written message to the Congress on the state of the Union, Jimmy Carter indicated that he would initiate a government-wide review of the status of Vietnam-era veterans. A conclusive report of this review, scheduled to be presented to the president on April 10, 1978, only recently materialized. For America's 9 million Vietnam-era veterans, this laxity was just one more reminder that their status is not of compelling concern to the Carter administration.

When the Presidential Review Memorandum (PRM) did come forth, there were few surprises for veterans. Protracted unemployment, especially among younger veterans (age twenty to twenty-four), remained almost double that of non-veterans in the same age group. The PRM also concluded that none of the administration's publicity-hyped job programs for veterans, such as Help through Industry Retraining and Employment (HIRE) and the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (CETA), has come close to achieving its stated goals. This was particularly evident in the administration's gross failure to meet the employment needs of the 512,000 Vietnam veterans who sustained some kind of disability during the war. President Carter noted, "The current VA program [vocational rehabilitation for disabled veterans] is based on a 1943 model and requires major updating."

One has to ask why it took the Carter administration ten months to reach such an obvious conclusion. It has been known for five years, for example, that Vietnam veterans suffered a 300 percent greater loss of lower extremities than did veterans of any other war.

The findings in the PRM were nonetheless dismaying. Although Vietnam veterans make up only 29 percent of the total veteran population, they account for more than 40 percent of the patients discharged from VA hospitals in fiscal year 1977 with psychotic diagnoses. Grim as these statistics are, they don't reveal the greater national tragedy—that most, if not all, Vietnam veterans so discharged cannot be said to have been "cured" or effectively rehabilitated; rather, they are "tranquilized," by one means or another, and released by the VA with a virtually hopeless future. Although a major effort was made to treat the psychological problems of 600 POWs, nothing has been done for those who incurred mental wounds during protracted combat.

Today, despite study upon study elucidating veterans' psychological problems, there is still no effective VA program designed to solve them. Part of the blame for this sorry state of affairs rests on the Congress, in its failure to recognize the personal psychological price paid by so many who fought the

Vietnam War. But much of the blame is also attributable to the indifference of presidents, from Johnson to Carter.

President Carter has acknowledged that veterans under age thirty-four had a suicide rate 23 percent higher than that of nonveterans of the same age group and that the number of hospitalized Vietnam-era veterans identified as alcoholics or problem drinkers more than doubled, from 13 percent in 1970 to 31 percent in 1977. These statistics merely confirm what has long been known, namely, that the condition of Vietnam veterans most in need of help has deteriorated over time. Here again Carter acknowledges that "more must be done." Yet it's obvious, from his plans for the next fiscal year's budget, that our Vietnam casualties will not fare any better than they have in the past. To be sure, additional "studies" will be funded, but these will only give the Carter administration an excuse for further unconscionable halfheartedness and delay.

Other passages in the PRM sound strangely reminiscent of the government's use of "body counts" to prove how well the Vietnam War was going. For example: "Vietnam-era veterans are in the process of becoming the best educated group of veterans in our history. Already, 65 percent of Vietnam-era veterans have taken advantage of the GI Bill. That compares with a final rate of some 51 percent for World War II veterans and 43 percent for veterans of the Korean War." On the surface, the number of recent veterans who have utilized GI Bill benefits looks good. However, the Carter

Veterans' problems call for new and unique solutions, rather than the warmed-over mush Carter is trying to peddle to those who fought in Vietnam.

administration has no idea how many achieved their goal—received a degree or certificate—or were compelled to drop out because the benefits were inadequate.

In analyzing the PRM findings and Carter's message to Congress about actions he proposes "to respond to the special problems a number of these veterans still face," *Penthouse* sadly concludes that, although Jimmy Carter is touched by these "special" problems, he still does not have their solution in mind. Carter said, "But for many veterans . . . the transition to civilian life has led to unemployment, poverty, and frustrations. The key to making our veterans' programs successful—and efficient—is to target them carefully on those who continue to need help."

Unfortunately, the actions that the president proposes are simply more of the same. Perhaps these actions will be carried out more efficiently. But they haven't worked in the past, and there is little prospect that they will work in the future. "Special" problems call for new and unique solutions rather than the warmed-over mush Carter and his administration are trying to peddle to those who fought in Vietnam. 

Golden LightsTM 100's



Only 10 mg. tar
0.9 MG. NIC.

**Taste 'em. You won't believe
they're lower in tar than all these 100's:**

								
19 MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.	17 MG. TAR 1.1 MG. NIC.	19 MG. TAR 1.4 MG. NIC.	11 MG. TAR 0.7 MG. NIC.	12 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	19 MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.	18 MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.	11 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	16 MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.

Source of all 'tar' and nicotine disclosures in this ad is either FTC Report May 1978 or FTC Method. Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. 'tar', 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

Golden Lights: 100's-10 mg. 'tar', 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



Photograph by Marvin Wahne

By Fred Powledge

The author, who was born in North Carolina, has worked for the Associated Press, the *Atlanta Journal*, and the *New York Times*. His articles have appeared in such magazines as *Life* and the *New Yorker*, and his latest book (his sixth), *Journeys through the South*, will be published early this year by Vanguard.

OPPORTUNITY IN THE NEW SOUTH

When I came to New York from Atlanta fifteen years ago, at the height of the civil-rights struggle, I expected to see the harmonious interracial community for which many southerners—even some of us with white faces—had been praying and working. I was eager to see the place that some black activists had called "Freedomland" and to experience the society that for so long had condemned the racist, uncivilized Southland.

It took me about two days to learn that Freedomland wasn't there. The first lesson came when I tried to find an apartment by telephone. I kept getting turned down—until I appeared at one real-estate office in person and discovered that the agents had equated my southern accent with a black skin. One of them told me as much. When I walked in with my white face hanging out, doors opened, literally.

That was fifteen years ago, and it's still difficult for a black person to get an apartment or buy a house or a condominium in "white" portions of Freedomland. And I haven't seen many other improvements in race relations in the North during those years, either. Maybe it's time for the nation, and particularly that part of it which sits in such fine self-esteem above the Mason-Dixon line, to acknowledge a very important fact: race relations are better in the South now than they are in the North. Black people (and white people, too, for that matter) stand better chances of living decent, meaningful lives in Alabama, Mississippi, or Georgia than they do in New York, Massachusetts, or Michigan.

The South is fast becoming the land of opportunity that the North has always claimed to be. And bigotry in the North shows no signs of being diminished.

I realize that's a pretty damning statement, but I believe that it will stand up under scrutiny. Consider this: blacks are finding jobs now in the South in increasing numbers, and a lot—not enough, but more than ever before—of those jobs are meaningful ones. In the North blacks are systematically excluded from important positions in private industry and the labor movement and from public jobs in which their presence could be felt—as judges, prosecutors, heads of city agencies, directors of the rich, powerful, and arrogant utility and transportation authorities. Blacks are virtually nonexistent in influential positions in the northern media.

They play minuscule or token parts in the political leadership of northern cities (except, as in the case of Newark and some other places, when the realtors and other white power brokers decide that a city's gone "all black" and abandon it). Practically no black faces are seen in the higher offices of the nation's premier city. But down South, in the land so long characterized as the home of bigotry and extremism, coalitions of black and decent white voters have elected black men to lead Atlanta and New Orleans and many more smaller cities, towns, and counties. Virtually every government body has black membership, and it isn't token or Uncle Tom.

You can hardly drive five miles in Mississippi, Alabama, or Georgia these days without seeing a black highway patrolman—and they aren't all rookies, either. Yet in New York State only 1 percent of the police force is black.

Largely because of housing discrimination in the North, the schools there remain viciously segregated. The U.S. Commission on Civil Rights found that in the decade that ended in 1975, about 95 percent of the schools in the Southeast had made "significant steps" toward desegregating. Many of the

●Race relations are better in the South now than they are in the North. Black people stand better chances of living decent, meaningful lives in Alabama than they do in New York.●

steps have not been significant enough, to be sure, but they're sure as hell more impressive than what's been going on in the North, which amounts mostly to nothing.

This is not to say that Freedomland exists anywhere in the United States. We continue as a separated, white-dominated, racist society, from the White House to our kindergartens, and plenty of the racism may be found in the Southland. All I'm trying to say is that we can no longer point to the South as the prime villain.

Why? A lot of thoughtful southerners and even some northerners who have their heads on straight have been wondering why for a long time. My own feeling is that there are a number of factors, which are mostly interrelated. The chief among them is the matter of trauma.

The South—black and white—went through an awful period of shock in those years after blacks had decided that they were through taking shit, and ordinary white southerners were among those most profoundly affected. Even if they didn't articulate it, a lot of them knew the truth of lawyer Chuck Morgan's observation that southern whites needed to be freed from the bonds of racism, too. And now that the most turbulent years have passed in the South, the whites are able to reflect that it was *their* battle, *their* trauma, too. They can go about the task of reconstruction, side by side with their fellow southerners.

I know of nothing comparable in the North. Because northern whites have confined black people in ghettos and because many of them have moved behind their own suburban walls for extra "security" against the greatly feared and much-discussed invasions of black faces, most of them feel no trauma; they have no stake at all in the blacks' struggle. Indeed, the ones among them who should understand the struggle best—those whites who themselves have been victims of discrimination because of their religion, ethnicity, or national origin—seem most inclined toward antiblack feelings. "My people had a hard time, too," they say, and that is their justification for being bigoted. A paragraph later they are spouting every known stereotype, including some that southern racists stopped using years ago, and very often they manage to use the word *nigger* with great conviction.

Even those white northerners who would never be caught talking like that—those who, back in the horrible-wonderful days of 1964's Mississippi Freedom Summer, proudly thought of themselves as white liberals—seem to have become a bit less liberal when the subject is "reverse discrimination." To give minorities head starts, as in the matter of the Bakke case, would constitute discrimination against whites that is just as evil as that of Jim Crow days, they say.

Southern whites I have talked with see it all from a different perspective. They may not especially like the idea that, in a competition between equally qualified (or even unequally qualified) blacks and whites for a job, the quota now favors the black. But they do know that for several hundred years the quota for blacks was zero, and that it really is fair for the pendulum to swing the other way now.

Entwined with the trauma and the understanding of a need for "reverse discrimination" is the notion of guilt. For decades, white southerners were judged by their black neighbors and their northern white jurors, were found guilty, and were condemned. And now an amazing thing has happened: the vast majority of their fellow southerners, the blacks who

undertook their struggle with such religious zeal, have *forgiven* the southern whites. In so doing, they have made it possible for people of both races to work toward the creation of a peaceful, decent South. But the white North, which for so long was intent on pointing its finger at the white South, has never gotten around to acknowledging its own manifest guilt—even as it rides in its club cars with shatterproof windows through the miserable black ghettos on its way home to white Great Neck and New Rochelle. The temptation is to say that these whites are just naïve. But we're not talking about a collection of hicks; we're talking about the bankers and publishers, the heads of conglomerates and foundations and churches, the producers of the television we watch, the college presidents—people who ought to know better, and who, I suspect, do know better.

The largest single contributor to the emergence of the North as the nation's new citadel of slavery is on the other end of that run in the club car: suburbia. There are enormous stretches of geography in the North and Midwest and Far West (and, so far, very few in the South) where black faces are simply not seen unless they are attached to the bodies of maids, cooks, waiters, gardeners, and a token number of povertycrats. White northern suburbanites—and a lot of them fancy themselves to be the very cream of white liberalism—have fashioned suburbia into a secure fortress against integration. The housing is segregated; the schools are segregated, thanks to an increasingly racist Supreme Court; the jobs are segregated—for, while more industries are moving to suburbia to avoid the ineptly managed larger cities, the minority members of their work forces cannot follow them.

As the money and the power move to the suburbs, so does the interest of government agencies and the media; and so the northern cities, with their blacks, browns, and smattering of whites, are abandoned to the greed of corrupt politicians, administrators, and cops, to the hard-drugs folks and the realtors and the Medicaid hustlers.

To say that the South is now less racist than the North is not to say that it will always be that way. The developing South might easily fall into numerous traps, the most obvious of which is suburbia. As the Southland becomes more and more suburbanized, will it adopt the racist practices of the North? A good place to watch would be Atlanta, where blacks within the city limits have attained a good measure of political, and even some economic, power. But Atlanta's suburbs are draining away much of the city's wealth. *Atlanta* magazine, one of the first of a number of power-structure-inspired "city" magazines, recently moved to the suburbs. The classical white flight from Atlanta may be counteracted, though, as younger, smarter whites and blacks purchase and restore solid, decent housing in older city neighborhoods.

Despite the dangers, there remains a patently discernible difference between race relations in the South and in the North, and it is clear that the South is winning. Increasing numbers of black people can attest to this fact. The Census Bureau now reports not only that the South has stopped losing black population to other parts of the country but also that blacks are accelerating their migration away from the Northeast. All the statistics aren't in yet, but it looks very much as if we are witnessing a return of black citizens to the economically burgeoning South—our closest approximation to Freedomland. ○—■

Hearts and Deflowers

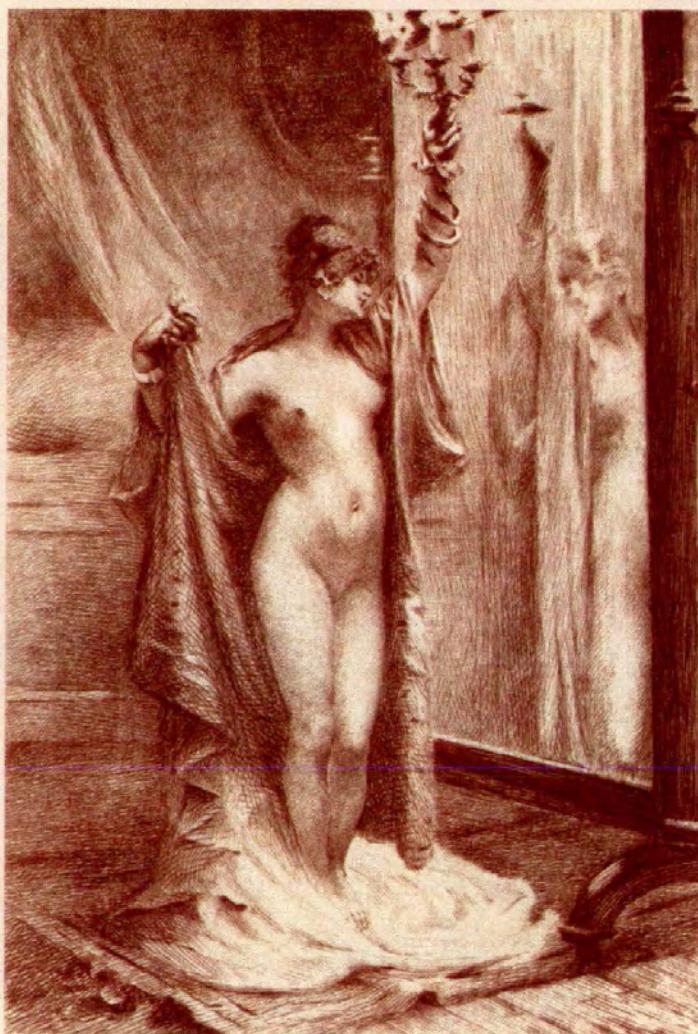
Conceived by Charles Gould



"Please, please, Marcel, not on the first date!"



*Valentine's Day in Victorian times
Expressed unsatisfied cravings.
Herewith, a modern rendition
Of prurient sweethearts' engravings.*



"No doubt about it- this is my best side."





*"That was a gratifying new twist, Suspice.
For that I'll give you an extra fifty."*



*"Sorry, Camille, but this is the nearest
Oregon has to a waterbed."*

*A fair damsel's virtue was tested in courting.
But as we can see on these pages,
There was still quite a bit of illicit cavorting
Despite this most prudish of ages.*





"Oh, Alphonse, you give truly wonderful foot."



"Emmeline! Will you stop procrastinating!"





"Cui, Bernard. That, too, is erogenous."



*"You amaze me, Pierre. And I thought
we couldn't do it on a chair."*



*It was Hard Times for all, as Dickens would guess.
There was swooning-and swining-galore.
Though society claimed they were doing it less,
They were often enjoying it more!*



INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

Penthouse: What was their reason?

Carter: Chinese politics. My mother's been asked not to, and I have, too. Plains is becoming kind of connected with Taiwan. In fact, next month they're taking fifteen or twenty folks to Taiwan, as guests of the Taiwan government.

Penthouse: I guess it's hard for you to escape politics. What do you think of the political system in this country?

Carter: It's kinda hard to figure out. I don't know what to think about it. Frankly, I think it's kind of a bastard system. I think the worst thing is that states like Nevada and Arizona have the same number of Senate representatives as a state like New York. It's plumb ridiculous. That's my personal feeling.

Penthouse: How has the government treated you personally?

Carter: Like shit.

Penthouse: How is that?

Carter: Since Jimmy's been president, they've checked everything out. The first thing was, they caught me selling beer on Sunday. I had to pay the fine. I was selling on Sundays—there wasn't any doubt about it—but they fined me, and I wasn't even in town when they did it.

Penthouse: But they fined you because it was your business and because you were responsible.

Carter: Right.

Penthouse: You admit you were guilty of the charge. Is that harassment?

Carter: Yeah, I think so. Harassment. And since then the IRS has checked me back to 1974.

Penthouse: Have they found anything?

Carter: Yeah. The little wormy bastards who're with the IRS came over, and I gave them three beers, and they came back and figured that, because they didn't pay for the beer, I owed the IRS seventy-four dollars for the beer that I gave away and drank myself and didn't pay for.

Penthouse: Seventy-four dollars?

Carter: Yeah. And the IRS has spent about \$150,000 checking me out. In fact, right now they want to go over my last year's records, which I won't give them.

Penthouse: You'll have to give them the records eventually, won't you?

Carter: Oh yeah, but we're going to court.

Penthouse: On what grounds are you resisting?

Carter: I resist on harassment. Discrimination.

Penthouse: And you think you've been discriminated against because you're the president's brother?

Carter: Yeah.

Penthouse: Some people might think that the government would be more lenient with you because of your brother.

Carter: Well, we had the SEC in, the Security Exchange Commission, whatever it is. It's common knowledge that I did borrow money from Bert Lance's bank, and they

went back over the whole damn thing. They had three guys here in Plains for several days. But instead of wanting the stuff from Bert Lance's bank, they wanted everything else. We had one small account in a small bank that opened a branch in Plains about four years ago. We had seventy dollars in the damn account—and I'm sure you know how hard it is to close out an account—and there were six checks. We had the bank statement, but we didn't have the six checks. And I live twenty miles from Plains. It took us almost two days to find the damn checks—three or four for the Coke machine in the garage and what have you. And I think that's straight discrimination. To hell with the IRS! The guy at the IRS said, "You don't want the publicity by going into federal court now." Hell, man, that's what I do want.

But the IRS has spent about \$250,000 checking out me and Jimmy and my mother in the last two years, and they have not found a goddamn thing except the little

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The only
thing Plains has
now is tourist
joints—just one tourist
trap after another.
”

beer. And they're still there checking. They've been there almost two years.

And then we had OSHA in there, too—the Office of Safety Hazards, whatever the hell it is. They cited me. The only service station in the United States they ever cited.

Penthouse: What was the charge?

Carter: They charged me for having the fire extinguisher too high off the floor. It was three feet one inch up, and the regulation was three feet.

Penthouse: Did you have to pay the fine?

Carter: No, I didn't. We kind of half-assed fought it, and we won. They've changed those regulations primarily because of what we did. Now they don't cite a real small business that has less than ten employees.

Penthouse: Why would all these government agencies be checking you out so closely?

Carter: Because they got too goddamn many folks doing the work.

Penthouse: Have you talked to Jimmy about this?

Carter: I did call him and tell him about that last Internal Revenue check, that I was not going to go along with it.

Penthouse: How did he react to that?

Carter: He didn't say anything. Of course, it's up to Charlie Kirbo, who is about the dumbest bastard I ever met in my life.

Penthouse: You don't get along with him?

Carter: I don't even talk to him. He's a good friend of Jimmy's, though, and I guess he's a good lawyer.

Penthouse: Do you think he's dishonest?

Carter: I think he's too damn dumb to be dishonest.

Penthouse: What do you think of Bert Lance?

Carter: I think Bert Lance was the best fellow in Washington. I think the press railroaded him. He did nothing that any other banker in the country didn't do.

Penthouse: Do you think the press has been fair to you?

Carter: Yeah. They can make or break you. I will say one thing. Before the news media came down to Plains, I read five newspapers a day from cover to cover. Now I read exactly zero. I don't believe a damn thing I read. I don't watch television anymore; I don't watch the news. They're so biased, most of them. The papers are a little bit better than television. I think television is a bunch of shit. And you know as well as I do that eighteen folks with the same story write it eighteen ways, with eighteen different slants on it.

Penthouse: Do you think the news media have been fair to Jimmy?

Carter: I think they've been very unfair. They played him up as kind of a dumb southerner and what have you, which he ain't. Jimmy's probably the most brilliant man I've ever known in my life. The news media looks at him as a southerner instead of as president.

Penthouse: They categorize him?

Carter: Yeah, I think so. Categorize. Castigate, maybe, not categorize.

Penthouse: What do you think of Jimmy's staff? What about Jody Powell?

Carter: I think Jody would be better off running a farm in Vienna, myself.

Penthouse: You think he's not doing a good job as press secretary?

Carter: I don't know. Jimmy's got too many young kids around him—Jody Powell, Hamilton Jordan—to know what's going on. I think the best thing, in my personal opinion, which ain't worth a shit, is that Jimmy would be better off to appoint somebody—whether it's Jody or Hamilton—as chief of the staff and let him run the damn thing. I think what he's got now is infighting between everybody on the staff. Frankly, I don't trust any of them enough to talk to them. I don't trust them being around Jimmy. I think they're stabbing each other in the back more than they're helping Jimmy.

Penthouse: Do you have anything against Jordan?

Carter: He's a kid. I don't know. He's got a good job. I don't know what the hell Hamilton does.

Penthouse: What did you think about the incident when he reportedly spit a drink at some lady in a bar?

Carter: I haven't talked to him about it. I don't know whether he did it or not.

Penthouse: Is that the sort of thing you would expect him to do?

Carter: I think Ham's an asshole, myself. I don't know whether he did it or not, because I don't believe the press.

Penthouse: What do you think of Peter Bourne?

Carter: I know Peter probably as well as anybody there. I think what Peter did was stupid as hell. He wrote that prescription and admitted he wrote it. I don't think Peter was too damn bright to do it.

Penthouse: Since we're talking of personalities, what do you think of Richard Nixon?

Carter: I met him one time. I thought he was a real fine fellow. The first president I ever met was Richard Nixon. I met him and his wife. I thought he was a real fine fellow.

Penthouse: Do you still think so, after Watergate?

Carter: I think he's still a fine fellow, but I think he was stupid as hell not to burn all the damn tapes when everybody was getting on his ass.

Penthouse: I hear Larry Flynt is an enemy of yours. Why don't you like him?

Carter: He made a statement about Mother when he first got reborn, about using my mother as a centerfold in a magazine along with a black Jesus. That just slightly pissed me off.

Penthouse: How did your mother react?

Carter: She got very, very pissed off.

Penthouse: What did you think when he was shot?

Carter: Well, he's still blaming it on me. I once made a statement on a talk show that I had a hit man out for him. "He's going to beat the shit out of Flynt"—that's all I said. So Jack Anderson wrote for four days in a row that I was responsible for Flynt.

Penthouse: Did you have anything to do with the shooting?

Carter: I had nothing whatsoever to do with the shooting of Larry Flynt. If I'd had somebody shoot Larry Flynt, he wouldn't be in the hospital now.

Penthouse: What do you mean?

Carter: He'd be dead!

Penthouse: You've said before that you admire George Wallace.

Carter: I think he's a great man. If Wallace had run, I would have worked for him. He's a friend of mine. My wife is from Wallace's hometown.

Penthouse: Why is he a great man?

Carter: I think he went a long way with what he had. I believe his philosophy was really a lot more liberal than most people think.

Penthouse: A lot of people think he's totally prosegregation.

Carter: I don't think so, really.

Penthouse: What do you think he stands for?

Carter: I think he's a real progressive governor. He's done more for Alabama than anybody ever has. And as I've said before, and I'll say again: I think if Jimmy hadn't been my brother, I would have supported George Wallace for president, which I did before.

Penthouse: Most of us remember George Wallace standing in a schoolhouse door in

Alabama, blocking integration.

Carter: That was a long time ago. Who wouldn't have back then?

Penthouse: All kinds of conflicting things have been written about where you stand on the issue of race relations. What is your real position?

Carter: Oh Lord, that's kind of a hard question to answer. I've known as many good blacks as good whites. I've known a lot of sorry blacks and a lot of sorry whites, and, really, I have no prejudice whatsoever as far as blacks, whites, or what have you goes. I was raised with blacks. When I started school, there were two white kids in the school. All my friends were black. And I have black friends now. And white friends. But I'm not going to say I can stand a sorry son of a bitch, whether he's black or white.

Penthouse: Where do you stand on gay rights? What do you think of Anita Bryant?

Carter: I think anybody ought to be able to eat in public if they want to.

Penthouse: What does that mean?

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The United States
government
has treated me
like shit.

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Carter: Really, I think she's full of shit. As far as gay rights go, if they want to do it, shit...

Penthouse: Do you have any gay friends?

Carter: I have a couple. A friend of my wife and mine is a staunch lesbian, and the guy who cuts my hair is as gay as he can be. I still consider them friends of mine. What they want to do after they get off work ain't none of my damn business.

Penthouse: What about women's rights?

Carter: I'm against the ERA. I think women are equal to a certain extent but not fully equal. I think they should get paid the same amount and what have you, but I don't think they should go so far as having complete equal rights in terms of the draft or the services or having the same bathroom as men and all that kind of stuff. I think a woman ought to be a woman. I think she should stay home and have babies and cook supper.

Penthouse: Some people have said that a lot of the residents of Plains belong either to the Ku Klux Klan, the White Citizens' Council, or the John Birch Society, or that they at least support the objectives of these organizations.

Carter: I don't really think so. I don't think there's but two Klansmen in or around

Plains. Well, there are some outside of Plains. I was raised with the two in Plains. They were my closest neighbors when I was growing up, and both of them are pretty good guys.

Now the White Citizens' Council doesn't exist any longer. The John Birch Society decided it was going strong, but I don't hear anything out of it now; it's real low-key, if it's still going. As I've said before and say now, I'm one of the few people who ten years ago could go to a SNCC meeting one night and go to a KKK rally the next day and be accepted, and nobody would give me any shit. I don't give a damn about a man's politics and what he thinks as long as he's a good guy. I could care less.

Penthouse: Some people say that a guy's politics define whether he's a good guy or not.

Carter: I'm not sure. I have some real good friends who are John Birchers. I have some real good friends who are liberal as hell. I have some friends who are Klansmen—only two at home, though. I know some Klansmen over the country, but they're still good people. They still take care of their wives and children and still do a good job.

Penthouse: It's reported that you sometimes use the word *nigger*.

Carter: Yeah, I still say "nigger." I was raised with the word. I say "blacks" normally, but I know as many good blacks as I do good whites; I know as many sorry whites as I do sorry blacks and Indians and what have you.

Penthouse: You must also know that the word *nigger* jars the sensibilities of many people.

Carter: Yeah. It does. But where I come from, that's the way people talk. It's just a language question.

Penthouse: You don't think it indicates a hostility toward blacks?

Carter: Some. As I say, Plains is still extremely segregated. It's not really known, but I'll tell you something I don't think I've told before: the reason I lost my first council race was because I thought we needed a black on the council. I was unopposed, but I withdrew from the election, and a black man was elected. I let him run. He ran unopposed, and he did a real good job. He got beat the next election, but he did a real good job.

Penthouse: Do you think Jimmy is doing a good job as president?

Carter: I think he's doing a good job. I think the press crucified him, but I think he's doing a good job. I don't think anybody could do a ... it ain't easy. I don't think anybody in the world could have the job he's got and satisfy even half the people.

Penthouse: Would you agree, nonetheless, that many other presidents have been much more popular than Jimmy?

Carter: Yeah. But I think one reason Jimmy's unpopular is because Jimmy says basically what he thinks. He don't shoot a lot of bullshit, like a lot of them did. It's bad to say right now, but I think I'm probably more popular than Jimmy is in the United States right today.

Penthouse: Why do you think that's so?

Carter: Because I get along with folks.

Penthouse: And Jimmy doesn't?

Carter: I think he does, really. I think the Harris Poll has really torn Jimmy down. I think Jimmy will be the next president.

Penthouse: Will you campaign for Jimmy if he runs for reelection?

Carter: I'll work for him, and I think he'll ask me to. I think it kinda helps him. I think I kinda offset his born-again Southern Baptist Christianity, if you know what I'm talking about. It kinda averages out: the staunch Christian and a shit-ass. He's on one side, and I'm on the other.

Penthouse: Could you go into politics yourself?

Carter: Not right now. I may, but not right now. If I ran for anything, it would probably be for senator or governor. But I don't foresee that.

Penthouse: When you were running for local office a few years ago, you said that you'd appoint only old cronies and political hacks to public office. You also said that you were going to have a press officer who used such off-color language that nothing he said could be printed. Were you kidding?

Carter: That's a little bit misstated. I said anybody I'd appoint would be a friend and a supporter. My press officer would be my friend Hog Pen Johnson, who still works for me, and he would have used such off-color language that it wouldn't be quoted. I said I would not support the best man for the job—strictly friends and supporters.

Penthouse: You were serious?

Carter: I was serious.

Penthouse: Do you think that's the way to run government?

Carter: I'd rather have somebody I trust in there than somebody who voted against me.

Penthouse: But presumably you'd want the man who could do the best job.

Carter: I don't think so. I think what you ought to have in the jobs are the people who supported you to start with.

Penthouse: What do you remember about growing up in Plains?

Carter: Oh, I think probably the best memory was when we were farming. We moved out when I was twelve years old. We lived on a dirt road out in the country. And I'll have to admit, I never did work like Jimmy did, like he says he did. I had a real good childhood.

Penthouse: Who were your heroes when you were growing up?

Carter: I guess probably the only one was my father. I was real secluded growing up. I was real close to my father. After he died, I went in the Marine Corps and got married.

Penthouse: How old were you when your father died?

Carter: Sixteen.

Penthouse: How do you remember him?

Carter: He was the biggest influence on Jimmy and me. There's been a lot of bad press about him, but every bit of it is wrong. The press said he was a member of the Ku Klux Klan, which was not true at all. In fact, I think he was probably the most loved man.

Penthouse: How did the bad stories get started?

Carter: Well, a lot of it was Jimmy's shit from his book. I won't say Jimmy talked about the Ku Klux Klan specifically, but he talked about being so strong toward the blacks and Daddy being so much against them and all that.

I guess the worst thing that ever happened to me was when my father died. I was the baby of the family, and I was Daddy's boy, if you know what I'm talking about. I used to travel with him, ride with him, from the time I was old enough to walk. Right after Daddy died, I joined the Marine Corps. I left home, and I didn't go back for about nine years.

Penthouse: Did you go into the Marine Corps as a result of his death?

Carter: No, I went to get away from home.

Penthouse: Why did you want to get away from home?

Carter: It's kinda hard to figure. Jimmy came home, and I didn't know him, and

“
The guy at the
IRS said, “You don't want
the publicity
by going into federal
court now.” Hell,
man, that's what I do want.
”

then there was Momma and all that ... I wanted to get married.

Penthouse: What do you mean by “Momma and all that”?

Carter: Well, I don't quite know how to describe it. After my father died, my mother went into a fraternity and became a housemother and left home. She went around the country and the world. I stayed at home for a year after Daddy died. And as soon as I was eighteen, I joined the Marine Corps. Then I came back to finish high school.

Penthouse: When Jimmy was elected president, you were managing the Carter peanut warehouse. Why did you leave?

Carter: Jimmy turned it over to a blind trust. First, I tried to buy the business, but the blind trust turned down the sale.

Penthouse: Why?

Carter: Because they're blind as hell.

Penthouse: Why did you want to buy it?

Carter: Because I loved it. That's all I've ever done.

Penthouse: Would you still like to have it?

Carter: I wouldn't have it now if you gave it to me. They've ruined it. They've turned it over to an outfit that has lost about ninety percent of the business it had.

But it's kinda hard on me now. They're gathering the crops now. It makes me want to cry every time I pass my peanut fields.

Penthouse: What is your life like now? What do you do when you're at home?

Carter: When I'm home, I go to bed around 10:00 at night. Then I wake up around 1:00 or 1:30 and read for a couple hours, lay back down at 4:00, and kinda nap till 4:30, 5:30. Then I go down to the police station in Plains—they're the only ones up—and stand around until 6:30, when I go over to the Best Western Motel and spend the rest of the morning there, till about 9:00. Then I go by the office for about two hours, to the station for an hour or two, and go home about 1:00 and play with the children.

But I'm on the road most of the time. Most people in Plains don't think I do a damn thing. Everybody says, “You don't do shit. You travel around the country making money. You just travel around all the time.” Well, I do travel all the time. I do make money. But, frankly, I think I earn it.

Penthouse: At \$300,000 a year, you're still making a good bit more than the president of the United States does.

Carter: I work harder than he does. I don't have all the fringe benefits he has.

Penthouse: I understand you read a lot.

Carter: Yeah, I read about five, six, seven books a week.

Penthouse: What kinds of things do you read?

Carter: Mostly junk that I pick up at airports. I read a little bit of everything.

Penthouse: What have you read lately?

Carter: Oh Lord. I hate to admit it, but I don't even know.

Penthouse: You read so much that you can't remember what you've read?

Carter: I never know what I'm reading.

Penthouse: According to one story, your wife once cooked you a romantic dinner, with your favorite food and with candles on the table, and you sat down and started to read a book. And she walked right out into a snowstorm.

Carter: Yeah. She said, “I'm leaving you.” I went out and caught her and brought her back—I went right out in the snowstorm, barefoot, without a shirt on. I was out there for a couple of hours.

Penthouse: Does she still get mad at you for reading at the table?

Carter: Oh, no, Lord. When she's at the table now, there will be three of us there reading. All my kids read.

Penthouse: Realistically, for how many more years do you think there will be a market for what you do?

Carter: I really don't know. It could last for several years; it could stop tomorrow. It's hard to figure. I'm ready to do it until I get tired of doing it. So far I'm not tired of doing it. I enjoy it.

Penthouse: Will you still appeal to crowds when you're not the president's brother?

Carter: I think so. One of the best things that is happening now is that when we come into a town, they don't say, “Jimmy Carter's brother's coming.” They say “Billy Carter's coming.” It's a big step. 

NOW IT CAN'T BE TOLD!

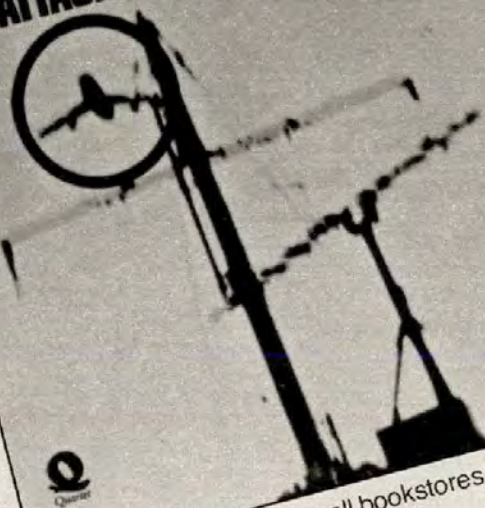
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FUTURE WEAPONS

By the year 2000, perfect weapons, such as laser guns, neutron grenades, and man-made deadly viruses, may make peace the only possible solution.

BY MICHAEL LEDEEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WAYNE McLOUGHLIN

As recently as 1969, American scientists believed that a killer laser beam was science fiction. Anyone with even an elementary knowledge of high-school physics, they argued, would realize that a beam strong enough to shoot down incoming enemy missile warheads would require a 500-megawatt power station, roughly the size of the generating capacity serving Columbus, Ohio. Russian scientists did not laugh as loud as ours; they are now testing a similar weapon.

This example demonstrates how rapidly modern weaponry is changing. The battlefield of the year 2000 will be as different from that of the Second World War as the Concorde is from the horse and buggy. In what follows, we have described several of the most revolutionary weapons that will determine the tactics and strategy of military warfare in the twenty-first century.

The basic revolution in warfare in the year 2000 will be the use of lethal energy. For centuries, we have been building containers in which explosions have been delivered to their targets (from firecrackers to bullets to ICBMs). In the next century energy itself will be used, without any "packaging" or delivery mechanism. Energy will move directly from source to target, revolutionizing the basic concepts of warfare.

Ray gun

The foot soldier of the twenty-first century will be equipped with a laser-beam gun. This weapon will emit short bursts of high-power energy traveling at the speed of light.

The laser's energy is limited to the amount each soldier can carry around on his shoulders, and thus the weapon will be designed to conserve its power for the moment of kill. The infinitesimally short energy bursts (roughly 1 nanosecond each) will be used first to locate the target. The laser will emit a relatively low-energy beam for this purpose, although the beam will be strong enough to blind an enemy soldier.

Unlike guns or bombs that are aimed at a target, the laser weapons of the year 2000



Defenses against direct-energy weapons, such as the laser gun, will consist of powerful energy fields for repelling the beams, highly refined camouflage for concealment, and reflecting devices, like the helmet (above) with its ceramic reflector face shield, which is designed to divert the killer ray from its intended victim and prevent laser blindness.

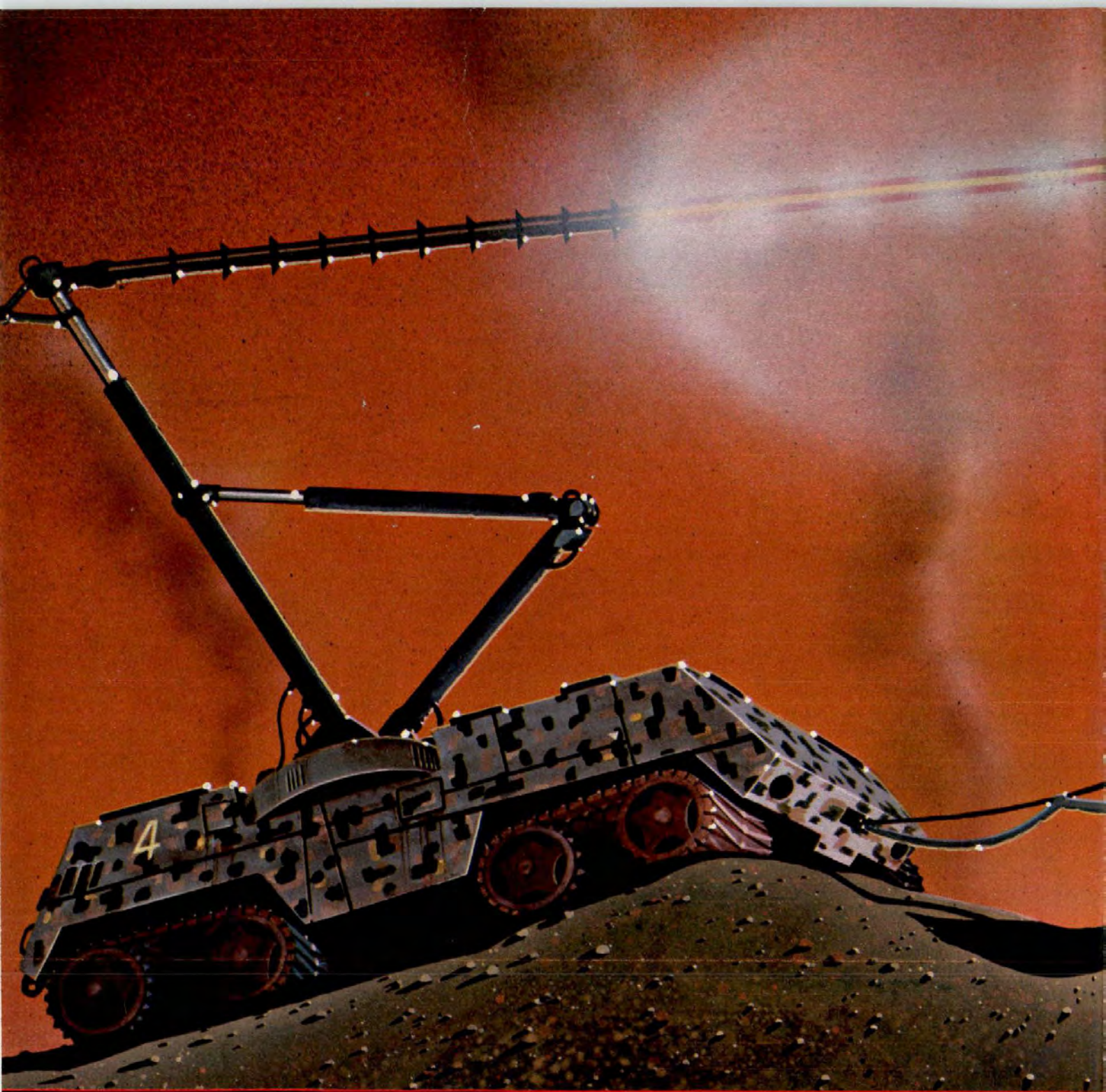
will be placed on a target, exactly as a flashlight beam is placed on an object. Perfect accuracy is therefore possible: if you can see your enemy, you can kill him.

The killer laser will not be restricted to foot soldiers; the wars of the twenty-first century will be fought with tanks, helicopters, and machine guns, all sending out silent beams of pulsating energy. Battlefields will be dotted with mobile power sources for recharging the lasers, and a large number of supply personnel will be required to drive the mobile recharge units from which soldiers will get fresh "ammunition."

There are two possible defense maneuvers against the killer ray: a reflecting device or highly refined camouflage. Reflecting devices could take two forms: a powerful energy field that repels the beam or a reflecting ceramic shield. The best defense, however, is concealment, as all

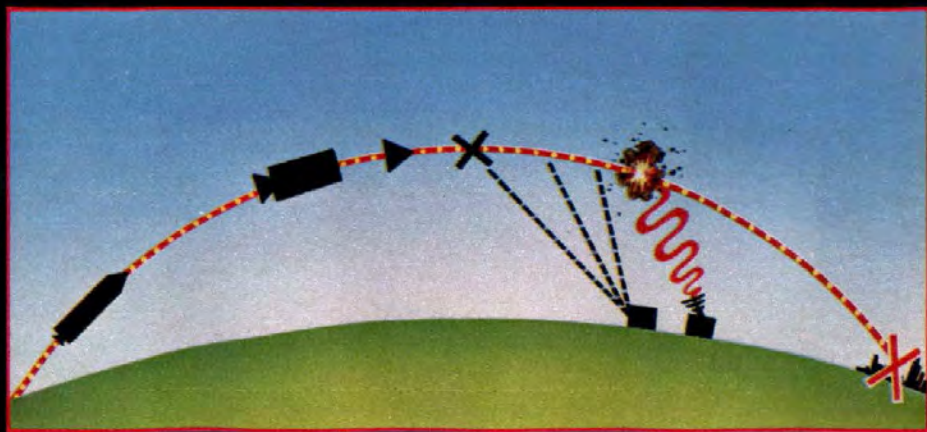
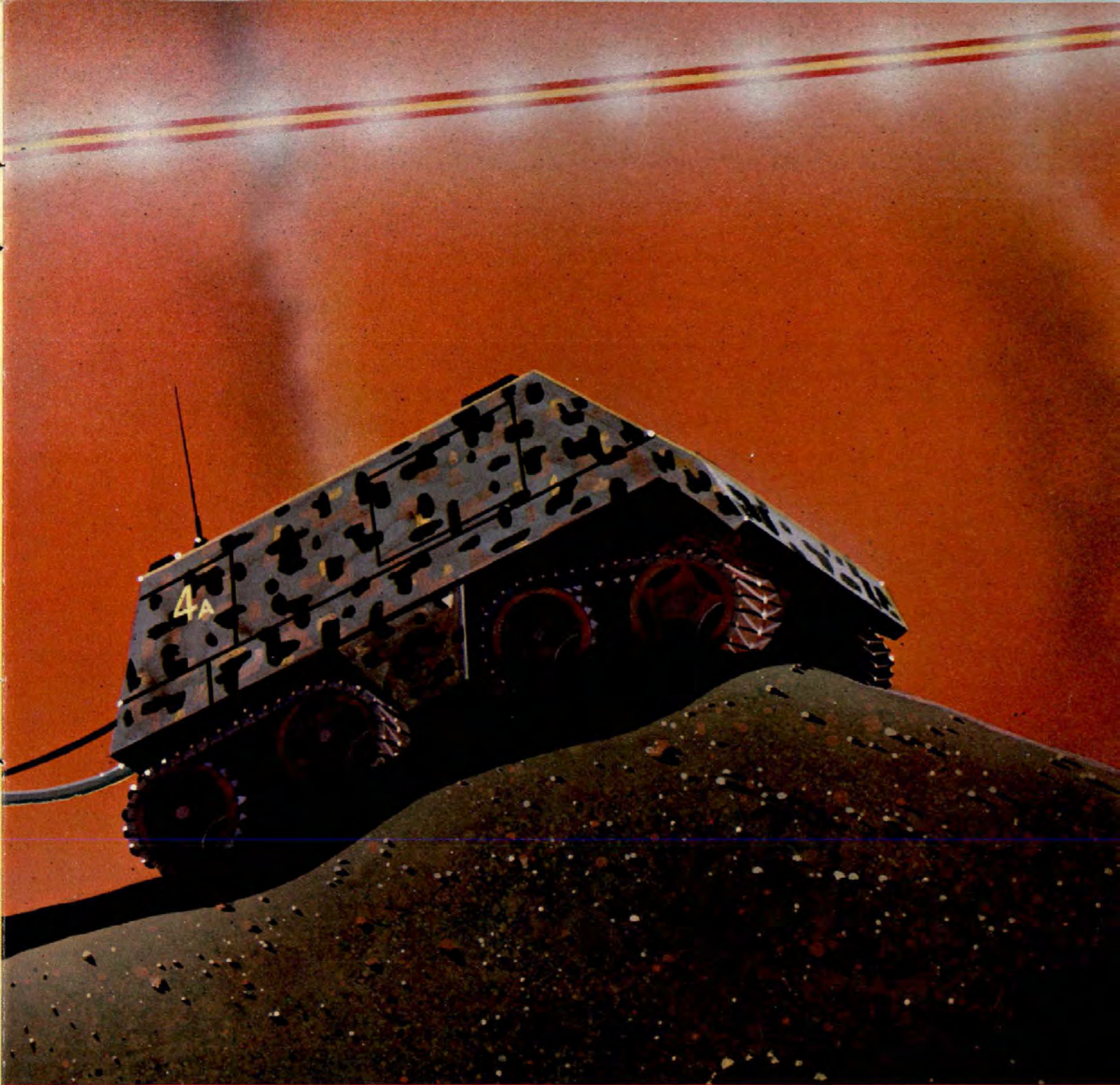
CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

The foot soldier of the twenty-first century (left) will be armed with a laser beam gun, powered by a lightweight energy supply on his shoulders. The attacker will first search out the target with a low-power beam, and as soon as he locates it, increase the energy output to deliver the death blast.

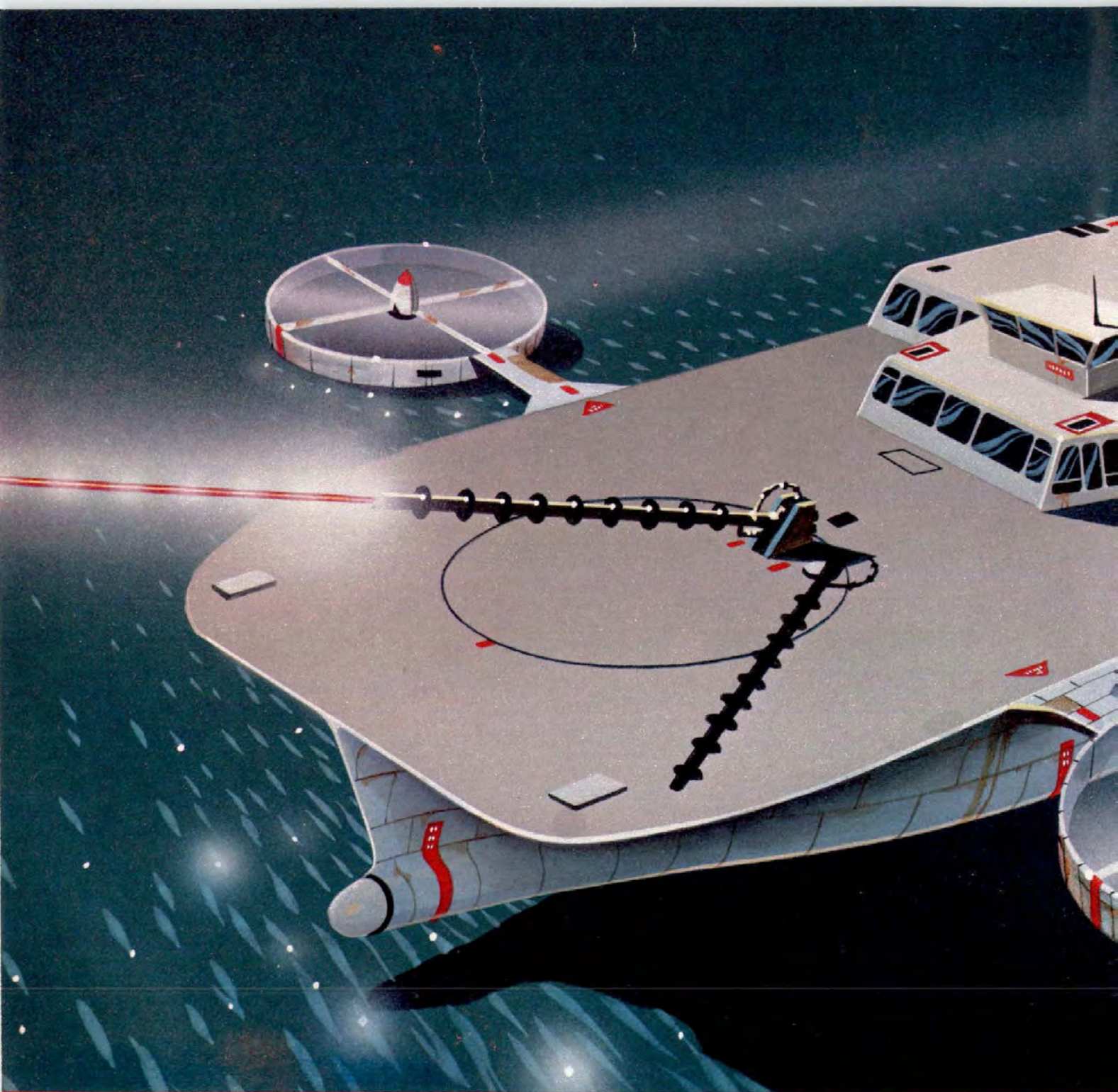


The primary defensive weapon of the twenty-first century will be the charged-particle beam (CPB), composed of charged atomic particles and capable of destroying incoming ballistic missile warheads. These will be mounted on remotely piloted vehicles, such as tanks (above), with attached power sources that will supply the energy required for long-range beams. Submarines (near right) in the twenty-first century will bear little resemblance to the submarines of today. Because they will be remotely piloted by a "black box," or transmission unit, future submarines will be less than half the size of those currently in use and thus will be much less vulnerable.





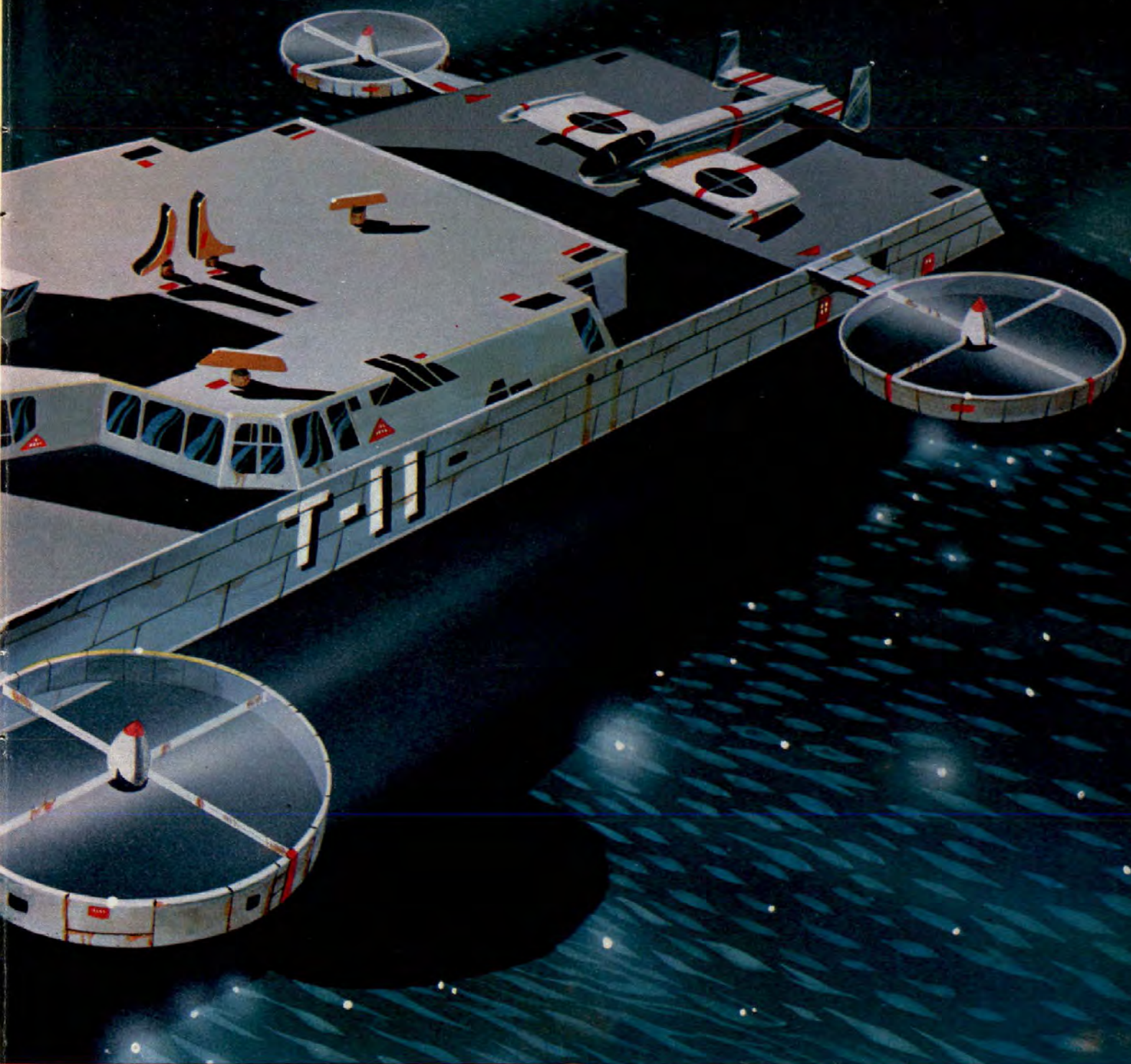
The diagram on the left illustrates how ICBMs are first detected and located with radar. A computer then identifies the threat and determines the trajectory and the point of interception, and the charged particle beam is aimed. The CPB strikes the incoming missile at approximately 800 to 900 miles above the earth, destroying the electronic circuitry of the missile, which crashes to earth without exploding. Although ICBMs travel at Mach 9 to Mach 14 (nine to fourteen times the speed of sound), they are virtually sitting ducks for the CPB, which travels at the speed of light. Only twenty-two CPB complexes would be required to protect the continental United States from enemy missiles.



Antisubmarine warfare today is dependent on sonar detection and destruction by depth charges or torpedoes. In the twenty-first century antisubmarine warfare will be conducted by rapidly moving hovercraft (above) equipped with rotating laser-generating heads, which will sweep the seas with a killer laser beam. This will create a laser "net," which will destroy the submarine as soon as it locates it.

The hovercraft will also carry a charged-particle-beam generator, radar for air defense, and a vertical-takeoff-and-landing fighter plane for close-range kills. The laser and the hover rotors will be powered by an on-board nuclear reactor power source.





Instead of charged-particle-beam generators, some tanks of the future (near left) will be equipped with retractable laser beam generators. These remotely piloted tanks will be much more economical and less vulnerable because the human bulk will be taken out and the crew functions replaced by small "black box" controls. The tanks will be protected against killer laser beams by ceramic armor and through the use of camouflage. The ray gun infantry (far left) of the twenty-first century may be composed of either human or robot soldiers armed with antilaser visors, backpack beam generators, and helmets with built-in radios and laser-detection devices.



IVY JIVE

The fifties are
recycled in flash tones.

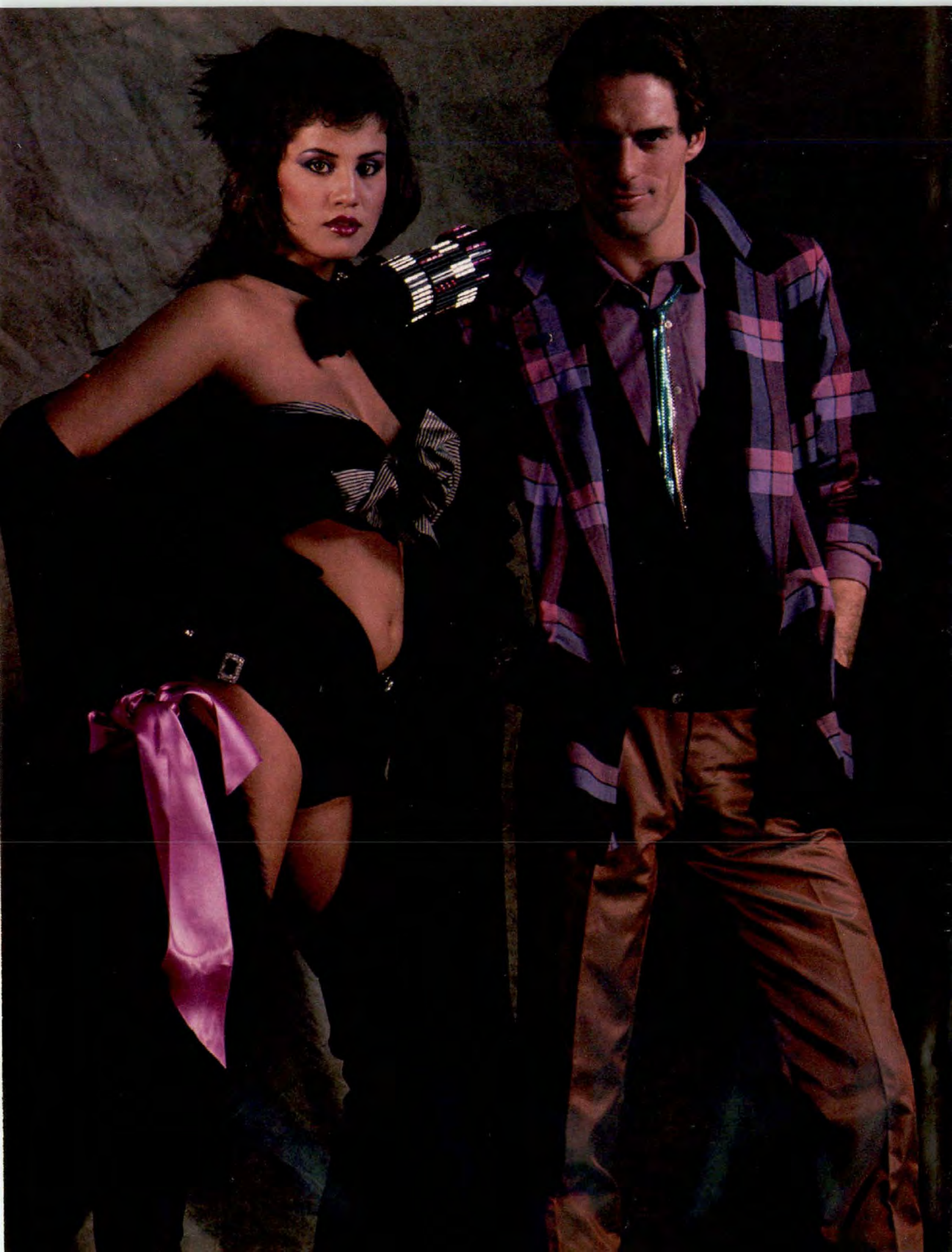
FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY KARL STOECKER

For spring, American fashion looks back to the fifties but adds some seventies touches as well. The casual, often tailored lines are Ivy League. But the bright colors, the iridescent disco-flash fabrics, the funky and nonchalant effect, the brazen mingling of everything from cosmic-cowboy touches to cartoon gang-



(left) Sun-baked shades. Cotton turquoise banded-collar pullover shirt (\$24) by UFO; glazed cotton poplin pants with drawstring belt (\$26) by Cheeks, Div. of Trend-Master, Inc. The jade-green zip-front cotton jacket with raglan shoulders (\$80) by New Man; turquoise eight-pocketed cotton jeans (\$30) by UFO; red silk and cotton T-shirt (\$55) by Linea Pitti. Both natural-straw military caps by Marsha Akins for Makins (in natural, \$20; in red, \$24). All antique stickpins, copper bracelets, and screw bracelet at George G. Graham Galleries. Girl's turnout and jewelry by Giorgio Sant'Angelo.

(above) Neon brights. In all-cotton chintz, this ensemble combines a shirt (\$29) with small, detachable round collar (\$5), silk tie (\$9), quilted vest (\$29), pleated pants (about \$50), and double-wrap belt (\$9.50) by Rudi-Dit-It. Red espadrilles (\$16.50) by George G. Graham. Her curtain dress and cashmere blanket-stole with foxtails by Jane of Jane Designs, Inc.; jewelry by Joseph Mazer; shoes by Vittorio Ricci.



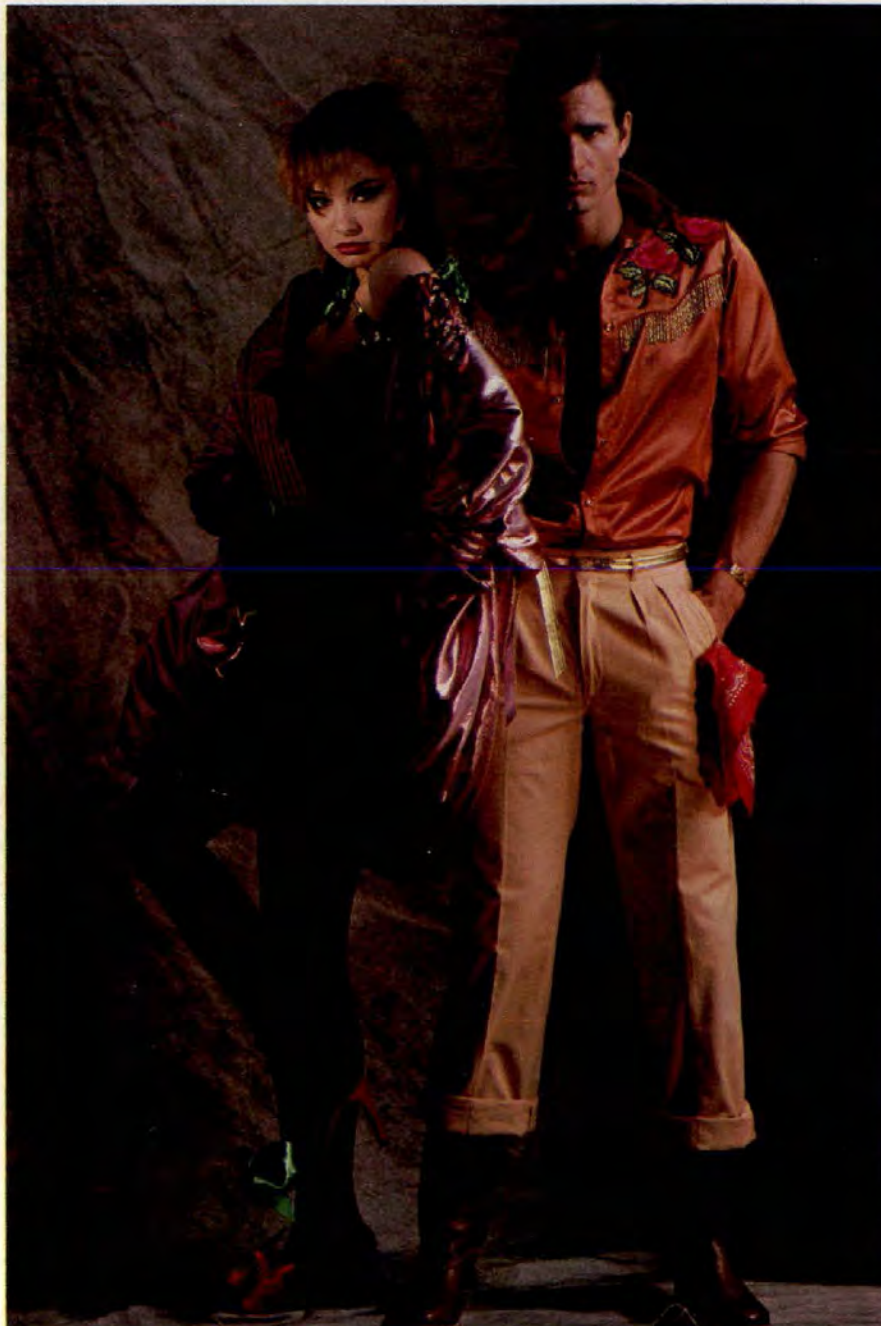
sters—all add up to a stunningly fashionable future-shock look. Neon brights and offbeat tones from turquoise and lavender to pink, red, royal blue, and jade green are all dramatically combined in shirts, jackets, trousers, and vests.

This unprecedented emphasis on color is bound to stir up controversy, but after years of naturals and neutrals, it may also stir up some badly needed excitement.

(opposite) Jivey Ivy: the double-breasted, unconstructed cotton jacket with detachable shoulder pads (\$45), iridescent magenta cotton shirt (about \$33), black velour vest (about \$25), and iridescent-copper cotton jeans (about \$50). Ensemble by John Karl, Ltd. Metallic mesh ties by Whiting and Davis, New York. Her silk taffeta teddy by Pamela Barish; jewelry by Ann Pearce; jewels on cashmere stole by Joseph Mazer; black-satin boots by Vittorio Ricci.

(below) Western Flash: the satin western shirt sporting a smaller collar has appliquéd rose motif and glass-beaded fringe (\$116) and is by Sydney Blum Designs; all-cotton pleated jeans (\$60) by New Man; metallic belt at La Bagagerie, New York; silk western scarf at George G. Graham. The medium-weight cowhide boots (about \$95) by Frye Boot Co. Her raspberry metallic cocoon coat, bodysuit, and gauntlet by Larry Le Gaspi; jewelry by Giorgio Sant' Angelo; Charles Jourdan shoes colored by Pat Kurs.

Women's clothes styled by Pat Kurs. Hair by Christian of Cinandre; makeup by Sandra Linter.





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POPULISM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

alienated minorities and the poor.

(5) Direct democracy would be inefficient, inviting endless public debates rather than permitting the sort of fast, smooth government action today's fast-moving, complex world demands.

(6) It would discourage the best and the brightest from seeking leadership roles, because ordinary people would be in a position to disagree with them.

(7) It would place us at a disadvantage in confronting totalitarian governments that do not have to bother with popular opinion in making decisions.

(8) It would encourage citizens to challenge existing authority.

The objections have no definitive answers, nor are they to be taken as unchallengeable. Such questions are at the heart of the new populism, and they must be answered as part of a social and individual process in which personal and community experience and perceptions provide the strongest base. Politics, the new populists could hold, is not the exact science that both doctrinaire capitalist economists and Marxist theorists claim it to be. The new populism sees politics as human action, subject to all the diversity of human preferences and differences.

However, here is the way the new

populism, or, rather, a new populist, might answer the objections respectively:

(1) Mobs are defined by the person looking at them. The British thought that George Washington's rattag militia was a mob. Some of us think of mobs as an army of liberation. Mob is a scare word, not an exact, inflexible description.

(2) As to whether the citizenry is educated enough to vote on laws, may I invite your attention to the indisputable fact that many members of Congress, in both houses, now routinely vote on bills the contents of which are either unknown to them or are extremely fuzzy. This nation has embarked on a system of mass higher education; its citizens have a higher capacity for knowing and understanding proposed initiatives than do those of any other nation. The problem is not one of lack of education; rather, it is one of getting them involved in the great public issues. This the initiative would do.—Arthur S. Miller, professor of law, George Washington University, testifying on the proposed national initiative.

(3) An examination of the initiative proposals approved by the voters suggests that regardless of the large amounts of money spent [by special interests] in the campaigns, the great percentage of such ballot propositions have failed. In fact, in a number of recent campaigns where special interest spending was high, money was a factor in the defeat of the proposal. This does not mean that every such effort

has been a failure, but the record is clear that most of the time voters have rejected efforts to obtain special privileges... there is no evidence to permit a prediction that a different outcome would occur under a national initiative process.—Professor Larry Berg, University of Southern California, in a report on the history of initiatives prepared for the U.S. Senate.

(4) This argument actually is an exact description of the situation today, in which national politics is dominated by a relatively small class of professional politicians (mainly lawyers) and by voters who are lopsidedly representative of the higher income and education levels. As it now stands, the vast middle class of working people and professionals other than lawyers (scientists, engineers, and so on) are off to the side. A national initiative would offer every opportunity for their involvement, not their exclusion. As for the very poor and minorities, a national-initiative process would offer the strongest possible platform for putting their views before every other citizen in the nation.

(5) The word *inefficient* could be replaced with the word *deliberative*. Indeed, the initiative might not be the fastest way to get things done, but it would be the most publicly considered way to get things done. Liberty is rarely efficient. It is slow, involves a lot of argument, and does not move in ways that threaten individuals or their communities.

(6) This is surely a subjective matter. Do the best and brightest now rule? The major mark of politicians today is not wisdom but ambition.

(7) To adopt the ways of your enemy, in order to oppose that enemy, is to surrender to the enemy's way of doing things without any resistance at all.

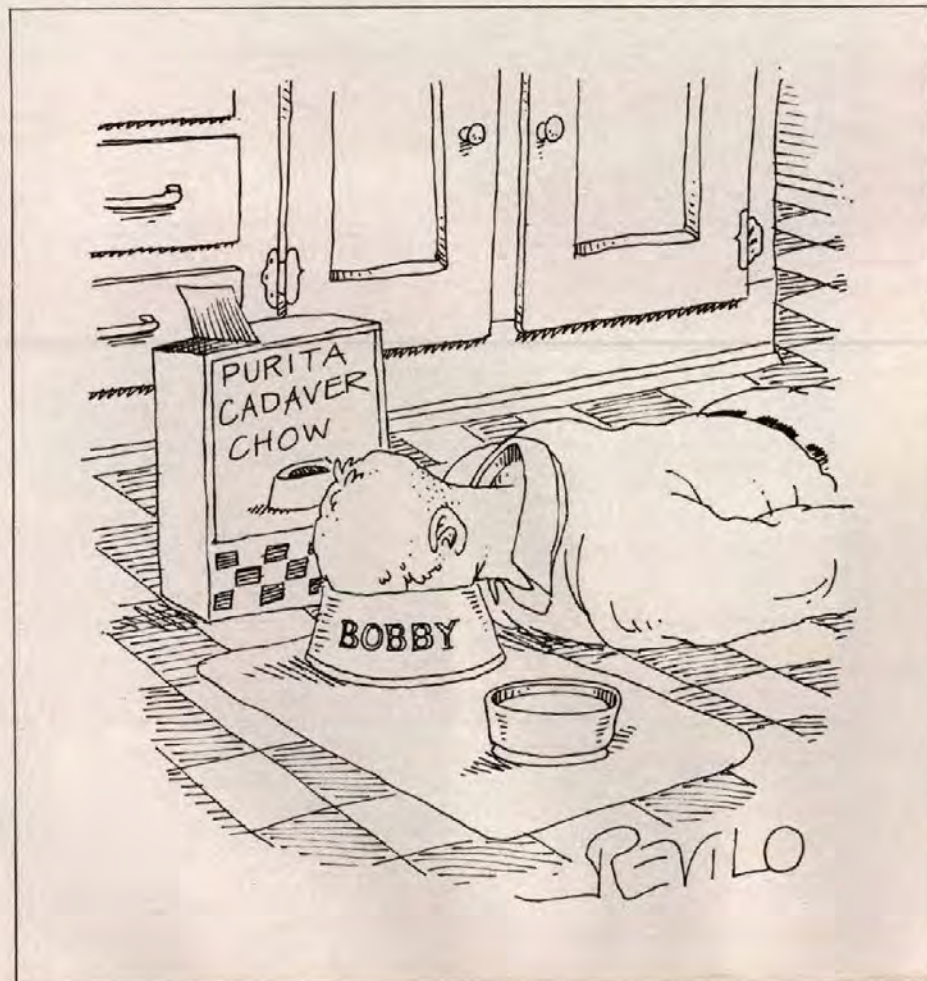
(8) Without challenge, no authority should be legitimate, much less respected. In politics the eternal struggle has been between those who, as authoritarians, believe that power must not be challenged and those friends of liberty who believe that the only legitimate power is that formed from the agreement of the people, who, in turn, are expected, as the highest responsibility of their citizenship, to test it constantly to be sure that it does, in fact, represent an honest social contract.

Today interest in national politics has shrunk to a dangerously low level. Jimmy Carter was elected by only twenty-seven percent of the American citizens eligible to vote in 1976; he is a minority ruler if there ever was one.

More laws are made by fewer people. Federal regulations passed without any public control have wrecked small businesses and family farms.

The new populism is our response. It is self-reliant democracy that proclaims that free citizens do not need leaders to move them; they need space to move in.

The new populism, finally, is what you make of it. That is what liberty and the American Dream are all about. ☐





"If the Royal Engineer isn't overly busy, mayhaps I'd have a word with him?"

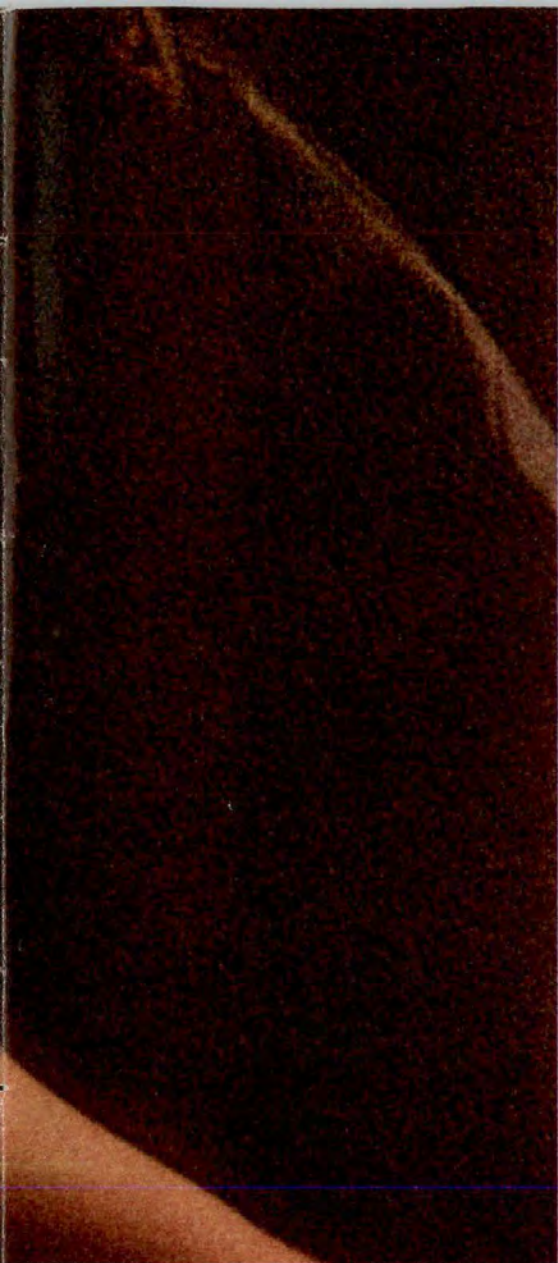


ECHOES OF SUSAN

"If I had to describe my looks in one word," muses pretty Susan Waide, "I guess it would be 'sultry.'" There's a provocative pout to her mouth, along with a beckoning look in her eyes that seems to hypnotize men.

Her 36-24-36 inches' worth of persuasive curves might also explain her bewitching appeal. "When my boyfriend first saw me with my clothes off," Susan grins, "he said, 'Baby, you've got the kind of hourglass figure that makes time stand still.'"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE



☞ My boyfriend . . . said, "Baby, you've got the kind of hourglass figure that makes time stand still." ☜



But tempus will fugit . . . sometimes to wonderful advantages, as in the case of our twenty-four-year-old California dream girl, who first graced the pages of *Penthouse* as the 1975 December Pet of the Month. "I've matured and ripened in the past few years," she tells us. "Then I was on the threshold of womanhood. My sexuality was still a novelty, and now it's different—now it's controlled, and I can see things more objectively. I have a much better understanding of relationships, too . . . what to expect, how much to give and take, when to take things seriously."



6... one of the
things a
woman should work
hardest at is
her love
relationship. 7



This tousled, sun-worshipping beauty hates anything artificial or contrived. "The natural look may be out as far as the fashion magazines are concerned," she says, "but those glitzy sequins, vampy makeup, padded shoulders, and skinny high heels just don't appeal to me. I like natural, sun-streaked hair and clothes that either cling to my body or cover it completely." When it comes to pursuing a career, she's quick to point out, "I'm no 'lazy Susan,' . . . but I do think that one of the things a woman should work hardest at is her love relationship."



“I prefer tenderness and gentleness in bed. There's no such thing as a man who's too romantic.”



"And I'm not at all antifeminist," she adds earnestly, "because I think men should have exactly the same priority about the women in *their* lives. People invest so much hard work and time in becoming financially well off that their emotional lives become more and more impoverished. It takes will-power and imagination to learn to understand and sympathize with your partner's point of view." In bed Susan likes "tenderness and gentleness—a man who's sure enough of his sexuality to enable us both to drift, rather than rush, into orgasm. There's no such thing as a man who's too romantic."





"My boyfriend won me over when he made love to me the first time by carrying me into his bedroom, where he'd built a warm fire for me. Everything he did made me feel *worshiped*." With a woman like Susan to idolize, it's easy to see how a man could put no lesser goddess before her . . . 



LUST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

quite suspiciously consisted of himself, a Chinaman, a dog, and a chubby teenage girl.

"Alice" (CBS). This show, as worn-out as its heroine, is for men who like older women. A six-pack of Budweiser and she's out of her party girdle, breathing loneliness, honesty, and Russian dressing into your damp, Oedipal ear—while her kid watches.

"The Love Boat" (ABC). Passengers and crew fuck each other's brains out, or try to, aboard America's greatest metaphorical vessel since *The Pequod*. But be forewarned: Julie McCoy lets only the captain come in her mouth.

"Petticoat Junction" (syndicated). Bobbie Jo, Billie Jo, and Betty Jo, three love-starved daughters of Eleusis, ovulating in the shadow of the impotent, phalluslike train *Cannonball*, await the Faulknerian Apocalypse of their unclean lust. They've got it all over Hassie and Ellie Mae.

"Flying High" (CBS). This new series is about stewardesses. They're not the sort of real-life stewardesses who tell you, "No, you can't have another drink because everything is locked up, and we're going to be landing in a few minutes." The stews of "Flying High" don't even take speed. Lisa just wants your money. Pam wants to talk

about movies. That leaves Marcy, whose skirt is flimsy and who is dumb enough to fuck somebody who's flying coach.

"Hee Haw" (syndicated). Turn the volume off so that you won't hear Roy Clark and Buck Owens a-pickin' and a-grinnin' their variations upon the theme of gross mediocrity. What you will then witness is simply the grandest leg-art show in the history of broadcasting. A must for leg fetishists. Or, with the volume on, for masochists.

"Rhoda" (CBS). This classic divorced bitch with big tits and a bigger mouth has found many admirers, both male and female. Those who don't feel a need to be pussy-whipped by the Salome of the Grand Concourse may find much of interest in her shleppy sister, Brenda, who not only is a cheap date acting as if she'd fuck anybody if he'd only just ask but also has a very bovine mouth.

"The Price is Right" (NBC). Young housewives in unfashionably short skirts scream, writhe, jump, run, and grovel at the feet of Bob Barker in a frenzy of whorish greed.

"I Dream of Jeannie" (syndicated). The ultimate dominance fantasy comes to life as Barbara Eden pouts—her breasts pomaceous beneath thin rayon, her child tummy like the lea of desire—in oblation to him whom she calls Master.

"The PTL Club" (syndicated). Make them watch you do it. Or, better yet, call them up and let them hear you doing it. The

thrill of evil should never be discounted.

"Bewitched" (syndicated). Samantha cockles her pretty nose and wreaks her witchy will upon mortal men. She can have whatever she pleases, and what does she choose? To cook your roast and assuage the pangs of your herringbone soul with the flesh of her bloneness. And she has the best body in reruns.

"The Little Rascals" (syndicated). These televised episodes of the "Our Gang" comedies are an eternal joy to paedophiles. Keep your eyes on little Darla and know the true meaning of dangerous desire. As one children's television host has reportedly said, "If she's old enough to bleed, she's old enough to butcher."

"Today" (NBC). I used to rise early to get at Barbara Walters, who met my maternal thrusts with the rote lisps of what might once have been passion. It was a sick relationship, and I was relieved to see her go. Now there is Jane Pauley. Surrounded by Tom Brokaw, Gene Shalit, and the inexplicable Dr. Art Uline, young Jane looks to us for satisfaction. She changes her hair and hemline frequently to elicit our rutting instinct. She lowers her eyelids and curls the corners of her lips. But when we wave our cocks at her image on the tube, she does not respond. No doubt, a new day has begun and, with it, a new way of loving.

As Claude Kirschner of "Terrytoon Circus" used to say, "Now it's time for most of you to go to bed." Get down. 



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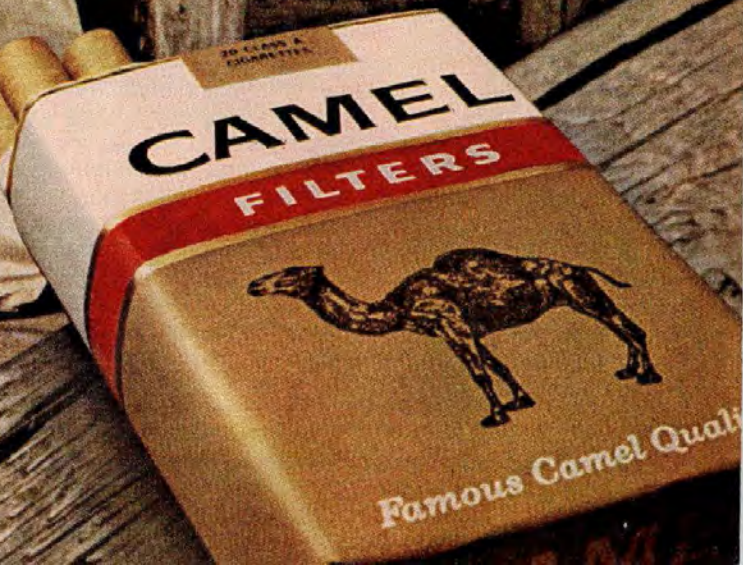
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LUXURY Z

Datsun 280ZX: The Z-car completes a ten-year transformation from Spartan roadrunner to luxury Grand Tourer.

BY WADE HOYT

In Europe, high-performance road machines were traditionally classified in two groups: sports cars and Grand Touring cars. A sports car was a Spartan device with little or nothing on it that didn't help to make it go fast. Morgans, Cobras, MG's, and Sprites were typical examples. GT cars were usually big, powerful, expensive, and relatively luxurious surface missiles that could get you from point to point as fast as any sports car but without mussing your hair. Today Ferrari, Maserati, Lamborghini, Jaguar, and Aston Martin are the prestige *marques* in the GT category.

When Datsun first introduced its 240Z in 1970, it had many of the characteristics of a GT car: sleek coupé bodywork, a big six-cylinder engine, four-wheel independent suspension. But the original Z-car also had the harsh and noisy ride of a Spartan sports car.

Over the years, as the Big Six engine grew from 2.4 to 2.8 liters (in a vain attempt to stay ahead of power-robbing emission controls), Nissan Motors gradually softened the Z-car's ride, added sound-deadening material, and otherwise civilized the beast. In the process the Z-car has become the best-selling sports car of all time. So it's no surprise that the 1979 280ZX model bears a very strong resemblance to its predecessors—you don't mess with a winner!

Although virtually every body panel of the ZX has been changed, the casual observer will have to study the new model carefully to detect any changes at all. Rather than undertaking a radical restyling, Nissan opted for a subtle cleaning up of awkward details on the original shape, many of which had been tacked on over the years, to meet safety laws unforeseen by the original designers. There is now more glass area, improved rear-quarter vision, increased luggage capacity, bigger and cleaner tail lights, and better integration of the 5-mph crash bumpers into the bodywork of the ZX.

Under the skin, the emphasis is on comfort, convenience, and luxury. There is a smoother, more compliant ride from a revised, all-independent suspension, which has been lifted from the Datsun 810 sedan line. There is more hip and shoulder room, and there are no less than five bins (three of them hidden) for storing valuables. An AM-FM radio with power antenna, five-speed man-

ual transmission, four-wheel disc brakes, and reclining bucket seats with lumbar support and seat-cushion-angle adjustments are standard equipment. Options include power steering, air conditioning, and an elaborate Grand Luxury package. The latter includes velour upholstery; a quadraphonic stereo radio with joystick balance control; cast-aluminum wheels; rear-window wiper and washer; dual, electrically controlled outside mirrors; cruise control; and power windows, with a unique "automatic" button that

completely opens or closes the glass with just one tap, so that you can get your hand right back on the wheel.

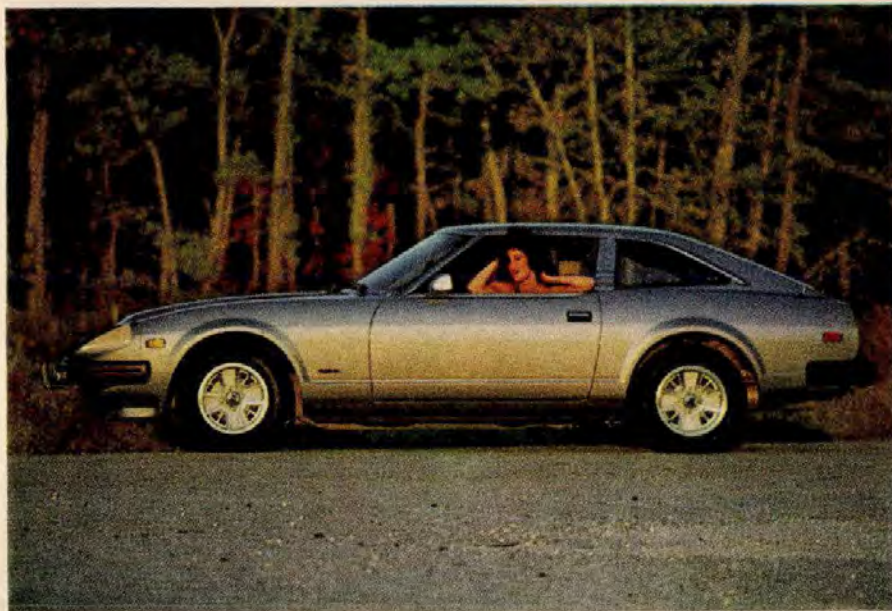
The GL package also includes some new developments on the endearing-gimmicks front, for which Japanese cars are justly famous. Start the engine, and the headlights, taillights, and brake lights check their filaments; the battery, radiator, and washer reservoir check their fluid levels, then flash "OK" on a screen between the speedometer and tach. If things aren't okay, the screen turns

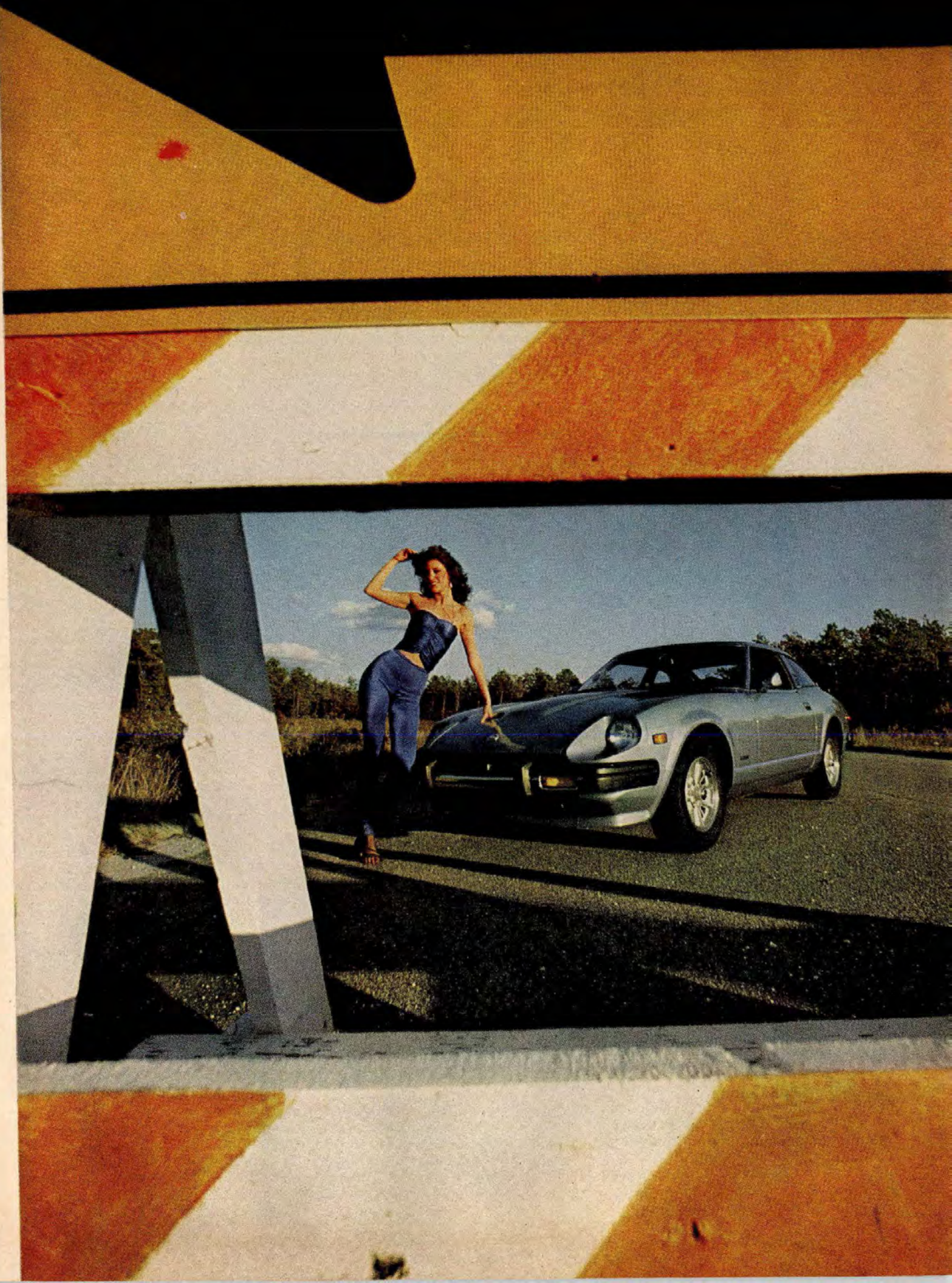
red. Push a button, and a cartoon of the faulty system will flash on the screen four times. To check the checking system, push the button again, and all six cartoons flash onto the screen in order.

The GL fuel gauge has a small "sub-gauge" with a second pointer that ticks off the last quarter of a tankful in half-gallon increments. All the instruments glow orange at night, rather like an aircraft cockpit. Power steering, A/C, and individually folding rear seatbacks are standard on the 2+2 model.

All this gadgetry should not imply that the Z-car has been transformed into a gutless wonder. There is still plenty of performance when you need it. With 135 horsepower available to propel only 2,800 pounds, the 280ZX will accelerate from 0 to 60 mph in nine seconds, cover the quarter-mile in seventeen seconds, and turn at a top speed of 120 mph. Even the automatic transmission provides good acceleration with crisp, boot-in-the-pants shifts that occur at the engine's 5,200 rpm power peak. The Bosch fuel injection starts the Big Six right up on cold mornings, with none of the stumbling and stalling of modern carburetted engines.

Prices are \$9,899 for the two-seater, \$11,599 for the 2+2, and \$1,649 for the Grand Luxury option package—at least, that is, until the next time the dollar is devalued. 





THE DREAMER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

his smile was intact when the air cleared. Buick knew this was magic. His gun carried a load of scrap metal—rusted, unrecognizable lumps from the machine age found anywhere in the desert by scratching the surface with a stick. At close range, there was no such thing as missing. Buick was fighting a phantom. He drew his cutlass and rushed forward, wildly carving the empty air.

"Do you see? Do you see?" Par Sondak exulted among the dials and gauges of the control room. The image of the Nomad slashing with his sword appeared on rows of video screens arranged along the far wall: close-ups, wide-angle shots from above, telephoto views. "Look at him. Isn't he a savage?" The Dreamer switched off the hologram projector. "How much longer before it takes effect?"

"Within moments, sir," the computer said. "If the dosage were any higher, it would kill him."

"I'll keep him amused." The Dreamer switched the hologram back on and turned up the volume. The Nomad was gasping and bug-eyed when the fat man in the shining robe reappeared on the other side of the table. "Why be my enemy?" smiled the cherubic, pink Lord, extending his open palms in a gesture of friendship. "This food is for you."

Buick stared, fear-struck and open-mouthed.

"Can't you speak?" the Dreamer asked. "What's your name?"

The Nomad's hand groped for his face and throat. His mouth opened and closed, fighting for air like a stranded fish. Teeth bared in a snarl of final defiance, he hurled his cutlass at the smiling figure of the Lord and pitched headlong onto the elegant table, dragging a torrent of silver and crystal after him in his fall to the floor.

The Nomad's belongings fascinated the Dreamer. He was puzzled by the red numerals sewn to the coarse shirt, but he recognized the metal-and-ceramic medallions hanging on the leather belt as products of the Late Industrial Age. One showed a clipper ship under full sail; others portrayed faces: the head of an Indian, a bearded Spanish conquistador, the Roman god Mercury, with his winged, soup-bowl helmet; the simplest, a plain white oval, had the word *Ford* across the center in the fluid strokes of the ancient script.

The contents of the snakeskin pouch were equally mysterious. Aside from a few steel ball-bearings and a magnet, the Dreamer could identify none of the other relics, and he asked the computer to run a source check with the microfilm archive in the City. In less than a minute the picture wall switched on, and the Dreamer spent the entire afternoon and well into the night watching antique television commercials

from the Late Industrial Age. He learned that Mercury and Ford and Buick were the names given to cars by the romantic mercenaries of that time. Imagine—names for machines! The relics from the snakeskin pouch were likewise identified: along with ball bearings and spark plugs, the Nomad included among his treasures a vacuum tube, three automotive fuses, a flashlight bulb, and a tiny six-pointed metal star, which had once been used by children in a ball game known as "jacks."

The Dreamer stared through the glass partition at the unconscious form. Although full grown, the Nomad stood no taller than the average ten-year-old City child and weighed even less, a frail body, marked with savage scars that froze the battle agony of his wounds forever into his flesh. The Dreamer contemplated the lean, weathered features of his captive, who appeared to have experienced more in a few short years than he had in over a century of

6

In almost every way,
Sondak was Buick
of Cincinnati: the boy's
perceptions were his
reality; the exultant,
victorious cries
came from his own throat.

,

living, Sondak saw, as if for the first time, the strict limits of his cloistered life. He felt imprisoned by a wall of books. How pale his most stirring Renaissance fantasy appeared when he compared the cloak-and-dagger posturing of his wicked cardinals and *condottiere* with even one day of life among the nomadic desert tribes.

The Dreamer's house possessed equipment that would allow him to sample the Nomad's dreams if he desired. Not one secret of this savage subconscious need elude him. But Sondak had more ambitious intentions. Before leaving the automated clinic, he gave the computer orders to begin preparations for surgery. The operation was a simple one. Cerebral mini-probe implantation could be accomplished in less than half an hour.

The Dreamer waited in his library. He stood, gazing into the fire, letting his thoughts ride on the snake's-tongue flicker of the flames like a boat adrift on a shifting sea. The computer would call when everything was ready. Even now, the Nomad youth was being transported to the north, hundreds of kilometers from Sondak's house, the wafer-thin neural probe wired into his frontal lobe.

Along with this gift, Sondak added a few useful tools: the tungsten-bladed carving knife; a pocket solar torch, rechargeable even on cloudy days; an assortment of concentrated vitamins, energizers, and cellular nutrients, enough to sustain the Nomad's strength no matter how insufficient his diet; and a carefully programmed dream explaining how he came to possess these marvels, a narrative designed to satisfy the boy's heroic expectations as well as his curiosity.

Soon the Nomad would be back on his own in a world as alien to the Dreamer's mechanical civilization as the colonies of protoplasmic bubbles floating in the ammonia clouds obscuring the face of Jupiter. Wherever the Nomad went, whatever strange adventures he encountered, Par Sondak would be there, too, exploring the unknown while he was sealed in the padded security of his egg-shaped studio.

Busy with the morning's camp chores, Buick had ample occasion to relive his triumph in memory: he started his cooking fire with the light-that-never-dies and cut slabs of smoked meat with his fine, new knife. Behind him he heard the horse whisking away flies. He was not the same as other men. He had been tested and proved worthy by the All-Powerful.

Until a month ago, a swaybacked donkey stolen during a raid on an encampment of the Buford Creek people was the finest mount Buick ever owned. Now he rode a stallion bred by the hand of a Lord. The young Nomad knew that life was forever changed; his fate altered the moment he stepped through the rain into the world of myth. What other warrior had ever battled a pack of three-headed dogs or been carried across a lake of fire in the talons of a giant hawk? And the victory feast in the rainbow palace of the Lord, how many clansmen could boast such an honor? The ordeal had been an initiation; the feast, with its attendant marvels and magic gifts, a celebration of his success. His was a special destiny.

That night Par Sondak violated the most cherished of his professional ethics: he interrupted the course of a Dream before visualization was complete. The prospect of tuning in the implanted transmitter's signal was too enticing for Sondak, and when he placed the receptors on his head and stepped into the studio, he issued new instructions for the computer.

He was planning a journey of over a month and needed to program a regimen of daily intravenous feeding and enzyme inoculation. The dream table would have been more convenient, as it was portable and could have been moved alongside the clinic, but it was also designed to allow for easy interruption. The probe receptors were set into a cushioned headrest, and merely the sound of a voice in the room or the melodic tone of a conference call signal was enough to wake a dreamer. The studio was soundproof and temperature controlled. It sealed with the precision of an air



Actual, unretouched pictures of 22 year old, university student, Meg Currie, during her VIVA-sponsored visits to the Hayoun Clinic.

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lock. Par Sondak left orders that he was not to be disturbed.

Buick reined in at the top of the hill to wait. Across the open plain he could see the rising dust of six horsemen. He had first seen them shortly after dawn, and they had followed his trail all morning, coming gradually closer. Buick dismounted, unloading his horse in the shade of a large boulder. He was in no hurry; let them ride their mounts to death in the noon sun. He had known from the start he would have to make a stand; it was a matter of picking the right spot.

Buick waited until they were within a hundred paces but still safely out of musket range before he stepped into view. The riders came to a halt at the unexpected sight of an unarmed opponent. One of them pointed to the shining silver box in his hands and laughed when the boy called out his warrior's greeting: "*Ya Buick; m'papa Jeep, fum Cin'nati. Plus-plus breed mi altime conga so!*"

"*Waya, chico?*" the one who pointed shouted back derisively. It was an insult not to declare your name and lineage.

Buick made a few final adjustments. He had learned the fearsome capabilities of the light-that-never-dies the first morning after leaving the palace of the Lord Citizen. The sounds of six wheel locks being wound and the impatient hoof clatter of the horses carried up the long hillside. "*Okay, chico,*" the men laughed, starting to advance.

Buick focused his instrument and pushed a button. A beam, bright and lightning quick, oscillated through the still noon-time and incinerated the first rider in an instant. Thorn bushes and cacti ignited. A wall of fire swept across the hillside. The horses reared back, plunging and kicking. The survivors stampeded back down the hill, manes and tails aflame, rider slapping at their burning clothes as they fought for balance.

"*Buick di Cin'nati,*" the boy screamed after them. "*Farchiff! Chi'uillas car un'men al: ya farchiff.*"

In the air-conditioned studio, Par Sondak watched the horsemen retreating like runaway comets. The hot sun made him squint as he climbed off the boulder. In almost every way, he was Buick of Cincinnati: the boy's perceptions were his reality; he felt the exhilarated heartbeat calming; the exultant, victorious cries came from his own throat. And yet, at the same time, he knew that the magic instrument in his hand was an ordinary solar torch, and while the boy walked down the scorched and smoking hillside and collected the name brands from the charred remains of his enemies, Par Sondak lay comfortably on his left side, sucking his thumb.

Next morning, in the first silver light of the false dawn, Buick rode to the top of the ridge and surveyed the coming miles from behind a pile of rim rock. On the plain below, colorful, circular tents stretched by the

hundreds into a haze of ground fog and wood smoke. He counted the banners of a dozen different clans. Never before had he seen so many horses. Buick decided to ride straight into the heart of the encampment at nightfall with the light-that-never-dies bright as the newly risen sun in his arms. He envisioned the entire awestruck tribe kneeling before him; even the elders would touch their foreheads to the ground in homage. No other warrior was protected by magic as potent as his.

The hillside was striated with late-afternoon shadows as Buick watched a solitary rider following his track through the shrub. The man appeared unarmed, but Buick was taking no chances, and the light-that-never-dies was ready in his hand when he stepped out of his hiding-place. Before he could utter a word, the stranger made a gesture of peace and greeted him by name: "*Salud, Buick. Mi capo, el Kodak, say'm sooperhowdi yo. Ya Esso de Cleetlan.*"

6

Buick was left alone
with a slim, dark-eyed girl,
who introduced the wild
Nomad boy to pleasures more
refined than those he was
accustomed to grappling for
on the cold desert sand.

9

A Clevelander! Buick calmed an urge to burn him from the saddle, but the instinctive hatred showed clearly on his face.

"*Mira.*" The man called Esso reached beneath the folds of his cloak. Buick's finger poised over the button on the side of the silver box, but the stranger was holding only an innocuous brown-leather case. "*Fum mi capo, el Kodak,*" he said, handing it down to the boy. "*Gib'm vos yo, farchiff. Summa nostra plusplus volcan. Kodak altime amichee w'Buick.*"

Buick ran his hand over the smooth texture of the snap-fastened case. It wasn't made of leather. It was much better than that. It was plastic, stitched by machine. He opened the cover and slid the perfectly preserved mechanism into view. (Par Sondak recognized the instrument as an ancient pair of binoculars.) "*Speks,*" the boy whispered reverently.

While the Clevelander unsaddled his horse, Buick went to bring the waterbag. It was his duty to extend hospitality to this stranger, but he vowed not to make the mistake of falling asleep. He would remain on his guard until morning. He wasn't fooled by the fancy gift. The bigger the trap, the better the bait.

Together, they traveled through the night, Buick following Esso's lead from a safe and watchful distance. They avoided the encampment beyond the ridge. These were renegades, Esso explained, Kodak's enemies. Spies in their camp brought the story of Buick and his magic powers.

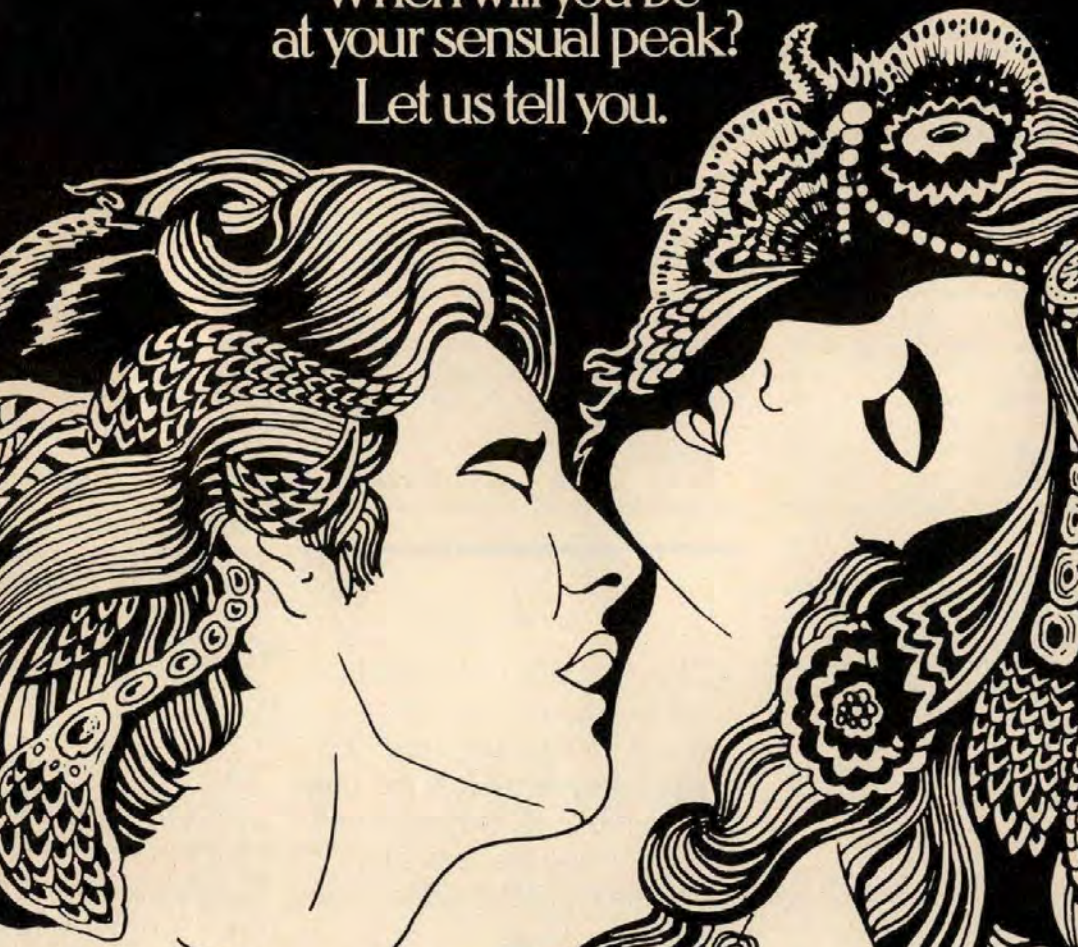
Sunrise revealed a sloping valley, rimmed by jagged limestone cliffs. Around noontime they came to the first of the irrigation dams. Buick was amazed at the interconnected canals and ditches dividing the patchwork of green, ploughed fields that patterned the valley almost to the distant hills. Except for the gardens of the Lord Citizen, the boy had seen nothing in his short life to equal this extensive cultivation. It was late afternoon when they passed through the main gate into the village. The headless bodies of three Nomads hung by their heels from the crossbeam. The heads, along with a dozen others, were impaled on sharpened stakes that bristled along the sinuous mud wall surrounding the village. In the center rose the steep stone ramparts of the Grand Dragon's fortress, where numbers of squat, ugly houses pressed together against the great wall like piglets squirming among the protective teats of a sleeping sow. Buick observed the snub muzzles of several bronze cannon protruding from between the saw-toothed crenellations above. And from the highest tower streamed the long, white, fork-tailed banner of the Orthodoxy, the blood-red cross furling and undulant in the wind.

In the open courtyard grooms hurried to stable their horses. Esso departed with a formal bow, leaving Buick in the hands of three fawning servants, who led the way inside, carrying his saddlebags and musket. They brought him through vaulted corridors and winding stairs, to a suite of well-lit, high-ceilinged rooms.

In one a sunken bath steamed; in another, a festive meal waited on a low table; a third, with its hanging canopies and cushion-covered mats, held the promise of much-needed sleep. Buick was ushered through each of these chambers by the obsequious trio, and, finally, bathed, massaged, and fed, he was left alone with a slim, dark-eyed girl, who slipped out of her simple gown and stepped under the tentlike canopy, where she introduced the wild Nomad boy (and the enthusiastic Sondak) to pleasures more refined than those he was accustomed to grappling for on the cold, nighttime desert sand.

Inside was the vast windowless chamber. Rows of torches hung aslant from the walls, and the coffered ceiling was blackened with smoke. On tiers of benches along either side, the Holy Brotherhood sat in their robes like a ghostly choir, the shadows of the tall, peaked hoods shifting and dancing in the uneven light. At the far end of the room, carved stone cruciforms flanked the upraised throne of the Grand Dragon. Kodak's robe was scarlet. In his right hand he held a golden statuette of the Sun-Hurler poised on one foot, head thrust forward, the precious life-giving orb lifted

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behind his back by an outstretched arm. (The Dreamer remembered the crash of ninepins; the laughing bowlers in ancient beer commercials.)

After the ritual formality and uniform chanting of the presentation ceremony, the Exalted One raised the masking flap of his hood and revealed a surprisingly warm and friendly face. His eyes, sinister and snakelike when isolated behind the slitted openings in the anonymous cloth, seemed benign and understanding. The Grand Dragon beckoned for Buick to come forward, and the boy knelt on the step before the shaft-mounted throne.

While the Holy Brotherhood looked on in silence, the Grand Dragon whispered confidentially to Buick, embroidering his narrative of renegade harassment with an amount of skillful flattery and pausing occasionally for an avuncular smile and looking straight into Buick's praise-brightened eyes. In the end, the boy proclaimed his allegiance to Kodak, his ardent voice audible throughout the hall.

"Amen," the Brotherhood chanted.

The Grand Dragon clapped his hands and called for the sacred vessels; a gong took up the summons; robed attendants passed through the room, filling the shallow metal bowls with wine. A hundred voices joined in common pledge. The Grand Dragon drank first. Buick reverently raised the holy dish to his lips. (*Hubcaps*, mused the Dreamer as he tasted the sour, sacramental wine.)

"Par...? Are you there, Par?" Omar Tarquille, the Syndicate Executive, crossed the patio of the Dreamer's house, a scowl of consternation scrawled across his features like the unskilled signature of an apprentice forger.

"No sign of him down below," puffed the Security Agent, out of breath from the unaccustomed effort of walking in the open air. "Let's have a look in the house."

The two men approached the sealed entrance while the machines back at headquarters ran through the classified files and located the combination to the Dreamer's house. The Security Agent dialed the secret numbers on the door plate, and the wide, circular entrance slid silently open, expanding from the center like an iris. Only members of the Security Agency were authorized to enter a citizen's home without consent, and Tarquille waited outside while the Agent stepped into the hall and asked the computer where he could find Mr. Sondak.

"Mr. Sondak is not to be disturbed," the laconic voice answered. "He is in the studio... dreaming."

"Well, Mr. Tarquille," the Agent said, "looks like everything is in order here."

"Nonsense. No one stays hooked up for a month, not even a Dreamer. I have a Committee order stating that I am to see Mr. Sondak, and I mean to see him and not be put off by some computer."

The arrangements were simple. The Agent took the computer's serial number

and checked it with his porto-call, receiving in return the code coordinants for con-trammanding programmed instructions. A new program was written, and the computer directed the two men down the metal corridor to the studio. They found Sondak sitting naked on the edge of the ovoid chamber, rubbing his eyes and scratching under his arm. "Why, Omar," he yawned, "what are you doing here?"

"No cause for alarm, Mr. Sondak. I'm Security Agent Justin Sattermeyer." He pointed to the golden disk on his service belt. "We're here with Executive Committee authorization. There's been some concern expressed regarding your whereabouts and the state of your health."

"Par, I've been trying to set up a conference with you for almost a week. Naturally, I grew worried when all I could get out of your computer was that you were incommunicado."

Sondak shook his head. "How stupid of me. I should have left a message."

Every space drifter and
mercenary killer in the City
wore a mini-probe under his
scalp, ready to double the take
from a hazardous assignment
by selling the tapes to
the highest bidder.

"Have you been dreaming all this time?" There was an anxious note in the Executive's voice.

"No. Sorry to disappoint you, Omar, but I've been conducting a little experiment. Desert exploration, you might call it. I was monitoring someone out there wired-up for D.E.T."

"You got to be careful, Mr. Sondak," Security Agent Sattermeyer said. "I had a friend working for Vicarious Heroics; he was monitoring a D.E.T. of a rocket race when an electron accelerator exploded. The ship went up like a star going nova. The pilot wearing the probe never knew what hit him. My friend never knew what hit him either. His heart couldn't take it. By the time they got to him it was too late for a transplant."

"That must have been years ago," Omar Tarquille said. "Dreamtables come equipped with an automatic cutoff."

"Yeah, but Mr. Sondak wasn't using his table; he was locked in there with those receptors strapped on his head."

"Well, I'm in good shape, as everyone can see," the Dreamer said, laughing as if he'd made a joke. "What did you want to confer with me about, Omar?"

"It's in the nature of a private matter..." Tarquille used his eyebrows like daggers, but the Agent stood his ground, armored by a bored expression, oblivious of such subtleties. "If both parties are agreed," he said, "I'll wait outside. But you better both be alive when you're finished."

When the two men were alone, the Dreamer's expression changed. "I'm certain that your explanation of all this will be amusing, Omar."

"I don't think you'll laugh," Tarquille replied with a knowing smirk. "Six days ago, the Committee voted to include dreams, hologramatics, and D.E.T.'s in the frequency-of-use quotas along with other commercial products. All but fifty-seven of your dreams are being recalled from public circulation. If only you had a new dream ready to go."

"I may have considerably better than that. Let me put something interesting on the table for you. Can you spare two hours?"

Par Sondak led the way into the hall, evading the Executive's questions. He made his guest comfortable on the dream table and, after consulting with the computer, played the section of the D.E.T. where Buick led the mounted warriors of the Grand Dragon into battle against the renegade Nomads.

The Dreamer waited in his library. Rather than spend the afternoon exchanging inanities with the Agent on the patio, he sent the serving cart out with a tray of food and drink and retired to the sanctity of his books. But reading was useless; too much was at stake. Sondak sat, listlessly turning the pages of a folio edition of Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode* while the computer played Scarlatti.

When the announcement came that Omar Tarquille was awake again, the Dreamer asked the computer to direct him to the library. Prepared to be stoic in the face of bad news, Sondak was taken off guard by the Executive's enthusiastic entrance: "Par, it's incredible! Why, it's every bit as fantastic as one of your Dreams, with the immediacy of a D.E.T. You're a genius, Par. How did you ever think of it? I'll give you a Syndicate pledge for five years of credit... no, make it ten, ten years of credit for the market rights on this."

Sondak attempted to conceal his elation with a show of indifference. "Well... I hadn't thought. It's hard to set a price..."

"Nonsense! If I were dealt four aces, I'd play the hand, not sit back and admire my cards."

"All right. Make it fifty years, and it's yours."

"A little steep, Par, but I'm willing to gamble. Have your computer get the tapes ready for an agreement."

"How about a drink to seal the bargain? I have some brandy here of which I'm quite proud."

Two glasses were filled; Omar Tarquille lifted his in salute. "To the incredible Buick," he said. The chime of touching crystal was

echoed by the peeling clock. "I must be off, Par. The trajectory to the City takes at least an hour. Why don't you transfer the taping of the Nomad's signal to the machines in my office? Be a good idea if you put all the tape you've got on the waves to me right away; the sooner I get it, the sooner we can begin serialization."

"Don't you trust me with the mixing?"

"Par, why trouble yourself with technicalities? Leave the busy work to those without imagination."

That night Par Sondak was in no mood for the library. Reading was impossible. He couldn't concentrate. His mind skipped from line to line until he was skimming pages like a child pretending to be literate. By giving up his tapes, the interlude with Buick ceased being an experiment. He could still monitor the Nomad in his studio, but he hesitated to admit that the boy had become such an obsession. Only when he began considering the projection booth as an alternative (holograms, the last refuge of the lonely) did he quit cursing Omar Tarquille for leaving him without an excuse and hurry to his bedroom.

This time he made sure to record a message with the computer stating that he was on a two-month dream holiday and would be unavailable for conferences. The intravenous feeding schedule was programmed, and instructions were left with the clinic for his daily inoculations. A man with fifty years' credit could afford a little self-indulgence. In a few months he would have to share Buick with a host of paying customers, but for the time being the public was uninvited. Par Sondak adjusted elastic straps and electrodes, slipping the crown of probe receptors tightly onto his bald head before he climbed into the padded studio.

Buick leaned against a window ledge and stared into the night through wrought-iron scrollery that encircled the stars with its tendrils. He knew that in a very real sense these rooms were a prison; the guard outside was his jailer. In spite of victory feasts and elegant praise, Buick no longer trusted the Grand Dragon. His power strengthened Kodak's position, and, for the moment, he was esteemed and honored. But the very nature of his strength made him a potential threat, and Buick had heard enough of Brotherhood intrigue to know the fate of those who stood in the way of the Grand Dragon's ambition.

He must never relax his caution. He slept alone, the light-that-never-dies always ready in his hand. The heavy door to his room was bolted at night, and he was pleased with the thought that the same bars that kept him in also served to keep potential assassins safely out. Tomorrow the servants who brought his meals would sample the food before he touched it. Kodak had his loyal tasters. Why shouldn't the Fire Chief be accorded a similar honor? What better way to serve the Grand Dragon notice that he was prepared for treachery?

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky. 86 or 100 Proof. Brown Forman Distillers Corp. Louisville, Ky. © 1978.

Your Nose Can Tell You A Lot About Great Wine. And Great Whisky.



Even before your first sip of a Great Wine, you can tell it's a Great Wine. By its bouquet. Bouquet can reveal a wine's origin, class and condition.

Bouquet can also tell you a lot about a Great Whisky. Sniff Old Forester and you'll notice a marked smoothness of aroma. That's because Old Forester is a truly balanced whisky.

Balance means the whisky's bouquet retains neither the predominance of the barrel in which it was matured, nor of the grain from which it was distilled.

Old Forester achieves this balance through a unique process of maturation. In fact, it is the only whisky that is matured by totally controlling temperature and humidity.

The result of this costly method: a whisky of remarkably consistent balance, bouquet and flavor. One sniff will prove it. One taste will prove it even more enjoyably.



The Great Whisky Made Like Great Wine.

The man lying on the ledge under the taut spread of camouflage netting paid no attention to the sunrise. He was not the sort to be distracted by natural beauty. His lithe, muscular build suggested a man of action. He wore a skintight, one-piece survival suit, the kind used in space and by aquanauts, thousands of feet below the ocean surface. In the center of his forehead was the slight subcutaneous bulge of an implanted mini-probe.

The man was busy with his equipment. He was a professional and didn't waste time. He adjusted the image on the portable viewscreen. It showed an empty stretch of road, three kilometers distant. No sign of his client yet.

The angle was perfect, thirty-eight degrees. The range was 700 meters. One of the dials on his console showed a six kph increase in wind velocity, coupled with a twelve-degree directional change from south southwest toward due south. The man checked these figures with his calculator, and a new trajectory was plotted. The calibrated knobs on the telescopic sights were adjusted accordingly. At that moment, the viewscreen showed a lone rider approaching at a fast trot.

The man settled his shoulder comfortably behind the tripod-mounted weapon and rested his cheek against the wooden stock, squinting through the ten-power scope, but not yet touching the foregrip or the trigger. The strangest thing about this assignment was the weapon: a regular museum piece. The man believed every assignment was strange in its own way. This was as close as he came to a philosophy. Either it was plastic surgery and play acting or he had to do something freakish, like using a knife or even his hands. It didn't matter. He would use a boomerang if the pay was right.

A rider came into sight. The cross hairs in the scope centered on the red numbers on his shirt: Sixty-six. It was the client. The man inhaled, holding his breath as his finger bent around the trigger. A distant blunderbuss boom of musketry brought his head up. ("Ambush?") His client's horse reared and went down, smoke rising like puffs of steam from the bushes on either side of the road. A viewscreen close-up showed the client thrown free, huddled against the belly of the dead horse, spots of blood beginning to blossom on the white tunic. Then: a dancing ribbon of flame; the boy had a solar torch set at full power. The bushes along the roadside caught fire. "What kind of circus is this?" the man wondered.

"Never mind," said an unfamiliar voice within his head. "Finish him."

"What about the other ones?" the man was thinking.

"Forget them. Just finish the job."

The man did as he was told.

There was a moment, sprawled in the dust, when Par Sondak almost forced himself awake enough to push the disconnect button on the studio wall. But Buick's instincts

took over; surprise and fear cleared his mind of shock, and he was crawling for the cover of the horse, his painful wounds only tinder for his incendiary hatred. Sondak shared the boy's furious energy, and he postponed awakening like a man delaying an orgasm, wanting to taste just a little bit more of the thrill.

How satisfying to spray the underbrush with fire. The agonized screams of his enemies brought on a sensation almost like joy. Buick never heard the distant, echoing shot that sent clouds of birds wheeling into flight from the sides of the canyon. A 250-grain, hollow-point bullet caught him under his upraised arm with enough force to flip him over backwards. Sondak felt the blow and saw a final, rushing moment of blue sky. But when the body hit the ground, mouth and nostrils spewing a bright froth of lung blood, the reels of recording tape on the Dream Syndicate machines were coming out blank and the Dreamer lay open-mouthed in his studio, his goggling eyes

When Buick's body
hit the ground, the reels of
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Dreamer lay open-mouthed in
his studio, his goggling
eyes glassy with death.

glassy with death.

The burial platform of Buick the Fire Chief was a banner-decked wagonwheel set on a mast above the uppermost ramparts of the fortress. And when the vultures finished, the bones were brought down and ceremoniously interred by the Holy Brotherhood beneath the paving stones of the Klaven Chamber. The Grand Dragon was bedridden with arthritis and did not attend these rites. Neither did five badly burned guardsmen, secretly hospitalized in an empty granary. The unrecognizably charred corpses of three renegade assassins hung from the crossbeam of the village gate.

Upended cinders, scorned even as carrion, the mortal remains of this doleful trio endured longer than the Grand Dragon or his fortress: a fire started mysteriously, deep within the inner chambers of the central keep and spread with demonic ferocity, igniting the powder-magazines even as the first alarm gongs were sounding. For months afterward mothers pointed out the three burned bodies to their children as clear evidence of prophecy, a sign of unspeakable evil harbored within the mas-

sive, smoke-blackened walls.

The picture wall in Omar Tarquille's office throbbed with the programmed chaotic of Lazalo Kingsolving's *Sidereal Motion Series: Apparition 4*. On a pedestal in the center of the room stood one of the prizes of the Syndicate collection: Brancusi's *Bird in Space*. It was a large office in a world where status could be measured in square meters.

The view through the bubble window opposite the entrance showed sergeant majors and queen angelfish gliding through a spikey forest of elkhorn coral.

In the subsurface City, most of the population lived and worked at depths where, if they were fortunate enough to have an outer room, the only view was a hundred meters of dismal, artificially lighted murk. His sunlit vista of the coral reef and the fact that he worked at home were other indications of Omar Tarquille's considerable power. The Security Agent on the dream table had been impressed. Tarquille guessed it was his first assignment upstairs.

A tiny, tuning-fork hum woke the Agent. "Nomads?" he muttered. "Where'd you ever come up with an idea like that? You stand to make big points on this one, Mr. Tarquille."

The Executive dismissed the notion of personal gain with a careless wiggle of his fingers. "Hardly matters at the moment, I think. When I saw the report of Par's death I was astonished by the coincidence that it was precisely the same instant as the shooting of our Nomad. Precisely."

"And you say Mr. Sondak would sometimes monitor this transmission?"

"Frequently, I'm afraid. His own work wasn't going too well recently."

"I know. I had to sleep through all that unfinished stuff of his: pretty sad. We had it marked down as suicide; his credit rating was shot to hell, of course. But your theory makes more sense, Mr. Tarquille."

"That's very gratifying to hear, especially if it clears up any clouds that have gathered around my friend's name."

"I understand the Committee is having his library moved intact to the Public Reading Room as a memorial."

"Yes, except the Velazquez and the Turner watercolors go to the Committee Board Room. I don't know what the plans for the house are," Tarquille said. "It will be a long time before anyone has enough credit for a place like that again."

"Oh, I don't know, Mr. Tarquille," the Security Agent said, his smile like a piece of bread buttered on both sides. "I expect you'll be moving in yourself after you release these Nomad tapes."

Again, the shrug of wiggled fingers. "Not a chance. You won't catch me out in that wilderness. I'm too fond of people." The Executive's smile was a masterpiece of facial engineering. He pressed a button on the control panel, and a pretty Syndicate hostess appeared to show the Security Agent to the door. 

THE PERFECT APHRODISIAC

Satiation guaranteed, or your money back



SATIRE BY CATHERINE HILLER, PH.D.

Dr. Alfred Hoffer—scientist, moralist, *patrifamilias*—couldn't understand what was happening. It was an April afternoon, and he was riding home from his laboratory at the Mendoz Research Center in Basel, Switzerland, just as he always did. Yet everything seemed different. The well-known streets seemed to pulse and beckon, the air was luminous and red, and his bicycle kept wobbling beneath him. Dr. Hoffer felt very strange. His mouth was dry; his hands were burning; and he was pedaling, unsteadily, around an enormous erection.

When he got home, he found his wife at the sink, peeling potatoes. Margaret Hoffer was stout and gray. Dr. Hoffer approached her eagerly, exultantly. Then he made love to her in the kitchen, on the stairs, in the hall, and, as an afterthought, in the bedroom.

It was many hours before the sixty-year-old chemist could ponder on these events. But at dawn, in the afterglow of ecstasy, his mind was clear. He remembered that the day before he'd been working with a newly discovered family of alkaloids and had isolated one polymer, MFB, which had never been tested. Somehow, while preparing the chemical, he must have ingested some of it. Somehow the substance made eros flower within. Somehow, in one of those accidents for which science is famous, he had chanced upon the perfect aphrodisiac.

HOMO SAPIENS OR HOMO SEXUALIS?

From the very first, man has sought ways to enhance his sexual experience. In fact, it is this very striving that distinguishes our species from the other primate groups. When an archaeologist finds an erotic drawing on a cave wall or a sexual device in a midden, he can be sure that humans have dwelled in the area. The quest for greater sexual satisfaction is as old as human history. The ancient Sumerians, Mayans, and Chinese alike engaged in aphrodisiac cults. Through the ages, honey, ginseng, oysters, onions, and blood have all been used for the purpose of heightening sexual pleasure.¹ Indeed, aphrodisiacal claims have been made for any substance that resembles the sex organs (carrots, parsnips, asparagus²), that inflames the mucous membranes (mustard, garlic, Spanish fly), or that is generally exotic. Among the more esoteric items ingested in the hopes of augmenting coition are the crocodile kidneys much fancied by the Elizabethans and the hippomanes treasured by the Greeks. (Hippomanes is the fleshy excrescence that appears on a foal's head at birth.) Like voodoo, any of these aphrodisiacs could be very effective—if one believed in it to begin with. There was no substance, however, that actually worked on its own. MFB promised to change all that.

¹Harry Ezekiel Wedeck, *Love Potions Through the Ages: A Study of Amatory Devices and Mores* (New York: Philosophical Library).

²Charles Connell, *Aphrodisiacs in Your Garden* (London: A. Barker).



Somehow, in one of those accidents for which science is famous, Dr. Hoffer had chanced upon the perfect aphrodisiac.

MFB: BLIGHT OR BLESSING?

Still holding his good wife, Dr. Hoffer lay underneath the feather comforter and wondered what to do with his findings. He was not a hedonistic man, and it was not a hedonistic age. His discovery might bring scorn and shame upon him and his family. Who knew how MFB might blight the reputations of his daughters or ruin the careers of his sons? Jean-Louis was an international banker; Henri-Paul was a professor at a Catholic college; Claude-Marc was a bellboy at a three-star hotel. Dr. Hoffer saw at once that MFB posed a moral problem and a civic threat. He imagined MFB being given to children or nuns; he imagined every gathering turning into an orgy; he imagined MFB depraving Switzerland, Europe, the world. Perhaps he should simply ignore the drug and proceed with the antiasthma experiments, using another polymer. No one would know.

His wife stirred in his arms. Dear Margaret. He hadn't felt such tenderness toward her in years. He mused on how selfless she was, how deeply good. It would be nice to let her try this MFB sometime. How surprised (and pleased) she'd been the night before. And now it seemed to Dr. Hoffer

that far from having stumbled upon an agent of evil, he had found a supremely beneficent force. MFB would make people everywhere more loving, more humane. Certainly, he wouldn't suppress his new knowledge; he'd announce it with pride. For his discovery would directly and immediately increase human happiness, and how many scientists could aver as much? Although the room was light now and the birds were chirping, Dr. Hoffer fell into a contented doze. Margaret let him sleep until ten, when she brought his favorite breakfast to the bed and kissed him awake. He confided his discovery to her and told her his hopes and his fears.

But publication of his paper³ earned Dr. Hoffer neither notoriety nor acclaim. For several years his findings were simply ignored. Europe had pressing economic and social problems to solve. MFB seemed irrelevant, and Dr. Hoffer continued his research without arousing the attention of his fellow scientists.

PATIENTS AND PRISONERS

Four years after Dr. Hoffer's discovery, however, Douglas Clauson, a young English psychiatrist, began successfully administering minute amounts of MFB to a group of severely withdrawn patients. In fourteen out of fifteen cases, the drug enabled the patients to "establish better links with their spouses and the real world."⁴ (In the fifteenth case, the patient fell in love with his hand.)

Two years later MFB was extensively tested on the men and women of two federal prisons in Mississippi. Overnight guest privileges were extended to those who participated in the program. It became one of the most successful volunteer experiments in the annals of prison medicine. Although the inmates didn't know if MFB could injure them or not, time after time they selflessly volunteered to use the drug. The results showed it to be impressively safe. There seemed to be no harmful side effects from an MFB experience. Indeed, the drug changed body chemistry very little—and then only by producing "natural" states of intense sexual arousal and fulfillment. Even administered in excess, MFB did not harm the heart, lungs, liver, or gonads.⁵

MFB was used less successfully on another prisoner—an eighteen-year-old zoo elephant named Lola, which had refused to mate during the several years since she'd achieved maturity.⁶ Perhaps carelessly, perhaps vengefully, the keeper injected Lola with 100 times the MFB she should have received. Lola gave a mighty blast of pleasure. Then she fell on her knees, as if in gratitude. Fifteen minutes later she was dead. This tragic episode

³Alfred Hoffer, "MFB: Voranzeige des Ersten Berichts," *Helvetica Chimica Acta* 26: 3.

⁴Douglas Clauson, "A New Approach to Melancholia," *British Journal of Psychiatry* 95: 9.

⁵Thomas Lovett, "MFB: Aphrodisiac for Today," *American Journal of Sexual Behavior* 3: 2.

⁶"The Elephant and the Ecstasy," *Time* 35: 17.

sparked a general revaluation of our treatment of animals and inspired the first of many books on "speciesism." Nonetheless, the fact remains that there has yet to be a single human MFB OD.

It is also true that a sensible MFB regimen can sometimes help cure certain types of mental illness. Inspired by Dr. Clauson, a number of mental clinics quietly adopted MFB therapy for use on patients suffering from autism and trauma.

INTO THE LIMELIGHT

Doctors and nurses who observed the drug's effect were eager to try it on themselves and their loved ones, but MFB was hard to obtain. The Mendoz Chemical Corporation was the only company in the world that made the drug, and it required a statement, signed by three doctors, about the use of each MFB dose ordered. In another unprecedented precautionary measure, Mendoz didn't manufacture MFB in tablet form. Instead, the drug came in a bright green, pungent-tasting liquid, eight ounces to the dose. This was to prevent accidental or "surprise" MFB episodes that unrequited lovers might arrange with stolen "lime," as the drug came to be called. (In certain circles, it was also known as "big green.") Despite all precautions, however, a number of people, mainly researchers and intellectuals, were trying MFB for their own enjoyment.

Manfred Malsey was prominent among these early users. Twenty-five years earlier Malsey had written a powerful novel about a future society that depended upon "jima" (a synthetic aphrodisiac) for procreation, recreation, and incentive. The young Malsey had obvious contempt for the aphrodisiac eaters he had created: his book, which remains preeminent among anti-Utopian novels, is bitter, almost heartless. As he aged, however, Manfred Malsey mellowed, and, of course, his sexual powers waned. At fifty-five he was delighted to learn that his wholly imagined "jima" existed; far from despising MFB, he and his wife immediately set out to obtain some. The first time they took it under discreet medical supervision; the second time they just took it; the third time they took it with Malsey's mistress. Malsey became MFB's leading champion. His intelligent and lyrical account of his lime sessions, *Behind the Green Door*,⁷ proved a persuasive introduction to the drug for thousands of artists, musicians, and assorted pleasure-seekers.

GREEN TOWARD GOD

Soon, as with any other man-made commodity, the demand created the supply. A few chemistry graduate students in America began making their own MFB—less pure and less potent than Mendoz's but still strong enough to change the coldest individual into a fervid lover. It was this boot-



The aphrodisiac
crime wave peaked
when radicals
were apprehended trying
to place the drug
in the Senate cafeteria
water supply.

leg MFB—still colored a bright green and a half a pint a hit—that was used in thousands of lime rituals over the next five years.

And rituals they were: during this period no one treated the drug as a mere thrill. A sexadelic session was as carefully planned as a wedding, as a memoir of the era reveals: "Emmett and I spent several weeks in preparation. We read and discussed the principal works of William Blake, William James, and William Carlos Williams. We ate only perfectly balanced yin-yang meals. We hung mirrors, arranged pictures, and gathered costumes and toys to place near the bed. We wanted our MFB experience to yield us the deepest emotions, the richest perceptions."⁸

The "limeheads" of the time were serious, ceremonial, and even religious in their use of the drug. At the very least, they expected to "merge" with their partner(s); at the most, they hoped to merge with God.

GEARING UP IN NEW HAVEN

Nonetheless, it wasn't until Wellerby Gearing began his experiments at Yale and en-

joined his students to "learn from the loins" that MFB aroused national attention. Gearing might have remained just another academic crank if he hadn't been so handsome. Upon meeting him, several reporters immediately decided that their stories would be more authentic if they took time with Mr. Gearing—who was never known to refuse. The resultant accounts were not exactly objective, but the MFB experience, aficionados insisted, demanded a mode other than the dry detachment then in journalistic favor. A new style of involved and personal reporting began: "Wellerby Gearing held out the glass. The green liquid shimmered in front of me. I was scared shitless. What if it changed me forever? Or what if I didn't even get off? How would that change my self-image as New Jersey's leading sensualist? I drank . . . waited. . . . Gearing left the room. . . . And then in the toes I felt it first. I kicked off my shoes, my feet were naked and awakened, arches aching, almost crying to be filled. I curled my foot around my fist, more, deeper, harder. . . ."⁹

What came to be known as the New Journalism was a direct result of the MFB phenomenon.

Meanwhile, the increasingly flamboyant Gearing was presiding over sexadelic sessions every week—sometimes with his students. It didn't take long for the deans and trustees at Yale to fire this "brazen priest of lust."¹⁰ Wellerby Gearing and his followers (secretly subsidized by a leading publisher and a playboy senator) withdrew to a 300-acre estate in Vermont. There they edited the *Sexadelic Review* and lobbied for free love and MFB. Six months later Gearing was arrested for cannabis possession and income-tax evasion. He was sentenced to a total of ten years in jail. That week there were protests at Yale, Berkeley, and Columbia.

LIME-OUTS REAL AND RUMORED

Every movement needs a martyr, and with Gearing in prison, lime was the latest cause. All over America tart green punch was served at trendy parties to "simulate what stimulates." Sometimes, however, real lime was secretly substituted for the false. This subterfuge was known as "sub-liming" one's guests. It was amusing to note who managed to observe the social niceties while they were high on lust—and who did not. It was a kind of test—a test a few unfortunates failed. Jack R. Buck, for instance, jumped out of a window, leaving a note saying that he was going "insane from syphilis or masturbation."¹¹ (Luckily, it was only a second-story window.) Other distraught individuals (mainly *naïfs* who had wandered into large and sophisticated parties) had to be taken to hospital emergency

⁷Manfred Malsey, *Behind the Green Door: The Joy of Jima* (London: Chatto and Windus).

⁸Annie Stein Knobler, *Reflections on The Year of the Goat* (New York: Knopf).

⁹Gonzo Rubenstein, "Day-Tripping with Wellerby Gearing," *Village Voice* 7: 12.

¹⁰Arthur Woodbridge IV, "An Unfortunate Episode," *The Yale Alumni Magazine*, 25: 8.

¹¹Ben Huff, "Green Alert: Lime Strikes in Syosset," *New York Daily News* 47: 108.

rooms, where they were confined to strait-jackets for twelve hours or until the drug wore off.

Meanwhile rumors circulated that MFB had been instrumental in the deaths (by starvation) of an amorous threesome, that a woman under the influence of MFB had made love on a beach and gone blind from the sun, that MFB could cause chromosome changes.¹² The first two stories have been thoroughly discredited, and it has since been shown that the average cup of coffee inflicts more genetic damage than does a dose of MFB.

Many observers believed that the government had fostered the antilime rumors, for people who took the drug bought less, smiled more, and were generally uncooperative about civic responsibilities. They tended to be tax evaders and draft dodgers. Freud had written in *Civilization and Its Discontents* that the repression of the individual libido is essential to community formation; now the FBI reported that lime was undermining America. Lime enthusiasts, however, claimed that MFB was man's best hope for the future. Their largest demonstration, at the Pentagon, drew half a million young people chanting "Make love, not war."

MFB AND MARRIAGE

More persuasive than any demonstration, however, was Barry Brent's testimony on "The Johnny Carson Show." Brent, who for two generations had personified suavity and charm for moviegoers around the world, now confessed that before his MFB therapy he had been a "self-centered boor."¹³ His drug sessions, he explained, had enabled him to be "genuinely sensitive to the needs of others" and to "open up in new ways." "MFB has changed my marriage and my life," he announced, eyes glowing, smile gleaming. Naturally, his revelations only increased the demand for the drug, especially among the maritally distressed. One expert claims that in the following three years, MFB helped save half a million ailing marriages.¹⁴ Another expert counters that in the same period MFB caused 200,000 divorces.¹⁵

GREEN PROFITS AND LIME CRIMES

Either way, MFB was becoming big business. Recognizing the demand for the drug and dropping all pretense about duplicating the Mendoz product, organized crime began manufacturing and distributing MFB—in tablets. "Big green" became instantly obsolete, and the MFB crime wave began. Call girls slipped the drug to their clients and then charged them extra for each sexual act. Students slipped it into teachers' coffee cups and gathered to



Freud wrote that the repression of the individual libido was essential to community formation; now the FBI reported that the aphrodisiac was undermining America.

watch the results. Radicals were apprehended trying to place it in the Senate cafeteria water supply.

Dr. Hoffer's worst premonitions were coming true. Acute paranoia reigned across America for months. The fourteen-year-old girl drinking a Coke on her first date, the newspaper editor sipping water during a televised conference, the grandparents of visiting long-haired teens—all were equally worried about possible MFB poisoning. In a special address to the nation, the president announced that he was "launching a crash program"¹⁶ to find an MFB antidote.

Within months the FDA approved an MFB antidote. It worked by inducing very intense nausea. This drug was rarely used, for most people felt that it was better to make love with the most bizarre characters, in the most inappropriate settings, than to vomit alone by the hour. The second FDA-approved antidote, borzine, proved much more acceptable: it combatted MFB quickly and effectively with no side effects other than occasionally producing chilly fingers and toes. (Some individuals took

borzine for thrills, but never more than once.) With a few tabs of borzine stocked in the medicine cabinet (or handy in the pocket), the American public began to feel secure again.

THE FADING OF THE GREEN

By this time, however, the lime rage was cooling on its own. Several million Americans had already tried the drug, and intellectuals were sneering that the MFB ecstasy was "too easy."¹⁷ The media were bored with the drug. College students were discovering that although one MFB trip could be a revelation, the second one was just a repetition, and the third could be downright boring. All those intense psychogenital sensations *again*... It was considered hip to have *taken* MFB but not to "need" it any more. Now, if one's lover offered lime, the proper stance was outright, as in the following scene from a novel of the time:

She threw the tablets to the floor.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Don't you think I'm good enough without that phony crap?"

"But Jenny..."

*"Get out," she said. "You make me sick."*¹⁸

Skateboards, disco dancing, and a high grade-point average displaced MFB among the absorptions of the young. Wellerby Gearing, released at last, was derided or pitied as an outmoded figure from another epoch. Lime was thoroughly discredited when the *New York Times* revealed that fifteen years earlier the CIA had been using MFB as a "disorienting" agent. After that incredible admission only a few drug diehards, who maintained that anything that felt so good had to be right, continued to take lime, but they had considerable trouble in getting needed supplies. Organized crime now concentrated on other drugs, and it became much easier to find heroin or cocaine than to get MFB. The "greening" of America was over.

"FATHER LIME" TODAY

And what of Dr. Alfred Hoffer? Was he persecuted and reviled? Did "Father Lime" die brokenhearted and alone? Not at all. The Swiss are a tolerant people, and they recognized the accidental nature of his discovery. Although Mendoz ceased production of MFB several years ago, the company has always treated Dr. Hoffer with respect, refusing to blame him for the consequences of his findings. His pension is handsome; he and his wife, both in their nineties, continue to live a comfortable life in Basel. They are an extraordinarily lively and affectionate old couple; they look years younger than they are. One recent afternoon, a visiting academic asked what their secret was. Alfred Hoffer smiled; Margaret Hoffer blushed. 

¹⁷Susan Hardwick, "Lime in Our Time: Something Facile for the Docile," *Atlantic Monthly* 113: 15.

¹⁸J. D. Lynn, *The Quadrangle* (New York: Macmillan).

¹²Martha Cashin-Fast, *The MFB Story* (New York: Morrow).

¹³Elspeth Andrews, "The New Barry Brent: World Enough and Lime," *Life* 26: 4.

¹⁴C. Rozie, *Sexual Ties and the Marriage Knot* (New York: Crown).

¹⁵Nan Van Shannon, "Green Therapy: A Jaundiced Look," *Journal of Family and Marriage Counseling* 4: 1.

¹⁶Jerry G. Lee, *Presidential Bloopers* (New York: Press Press).

PSYCHOGRAPHIC

SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

SEXUAL JEALOUSY DOES THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER TURN YOU BLUE?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Forty questions to tell if you're obsessive or possessive.



PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU THE JEALOUS TYPE?

When jealousy grabs hold of a man, it can turn him into something that strongly resembles the picture Dorian Gray used to keep in his upstairs room. Shakespeare called jealousy "the green-eyed monster," and anyone who has ever had to cope with a jealous lover knows what the Bard of Avon was talking about.

We rarely have trouble recognizing the symptoms of jealousy in others. The jealous man is the one who won't let his wife out the door without a chastity belt and a chaperone, right? But recognizing jealousy in ourselves is more difficult. What if the woman you live with announces that she's going jogging through the South Bronx at two o'clock in the morning? Does your apoplectic response indicate that you are jealous of her independent attitude (and suspect that she is rendezvousing with the fourteen-year-old leader of a street gang)? Or does it mean that you are only justifiably concerned for the health of her and her running shoes?

These are the types of distinctions that this questionnaire can help you measure. Your answers—if they're honest—may indicate whether you're the jealous type or whether your occasional jealous actions spring from a legitimate concern for the woman (or women) in your life.

Today, more than ever before, it is important for men to learn to cope with jealousy. As women continue to assert their independence, the opportunities for jealousy will increase. The jealous man will have to worry not only about his old lady going with the milkman or the mailman but also about her making it with her boss, business associates, salesmen, law partners, customers, and the guys in the locker room. And he'll not only have to worry about her screwing around; he'll also have to worry that she might end up with a better job than his. The rampant jealousy that might result from this state of affairs could cause us all problems.

Although psychologists haven't developed an exhaustive profile of male jealousy, they have—through clinical observation—established correlates of jealousy. These are the modes of thought and action that characterize jealous men when they are not being actively jealous. They form the basis for this quiz. Many of the items below may seem as if they have no relation

to jealousy; yet, taken as a group, they can act as predictors, indicating whether or not you—when push comes to shove—will react with jealousy in your relations with women.

Answer the questions quickly. Your initial response is likely to be the most honest.

YES NO

1. ☐ ☐ Do you often feel life is giving you the short end of the stick?
2. ☐ ☐ Would you say that you were pampered as a kid? (Be honest.)
3. ☐ ☐ When you go to a party, do you feel that the woman who accompanies you should stick by your side for almost the entire evening?
4. ☐ ☐ Do you wish that you were younger than you are?
5. ☐ ☐ Do you think that you're not much fun to be with?
6. ☐ ☐ When you were a kid, did you purposely do a lot of things wrong to attract attention, such as putting your clothes on incorrectly or refusing to eat until you were begged to?
7. ☐ ☐ Would you say that you're generally helpless or clumsy in areas other than your job (such as cooking, doing housework, and repairing your car)?
8. ☐ ☐ Would you say that you're "too conscientious" about your job?
9. ☐ ☐ Do you find that you can't relax even when you're tired?
10. ☐ ☐ Do you feel that other people expect you to do more than your share at work and at home?
11. ☐ ☐ When you were a child, did you ever find your mother engaging in sexual acts with a man other than your father?
12. ☐ ☐ Did you, during your adolescent years, suspect that your mother was being unfaithful to your father?
13. ☐ ☐ Have you often wished that you were someone else?
14. ☐ ☐ Do you feel that you should always be the dominant partner in your relationships?
15. ☐ ☐ Do you like practical jokes?
16. ☐ ☐ Does it seem that other people always have more material things—cars, boats, houses, clothing—than you?
17. ☐ ☐ Does it *bother* you that others have more material things than you?
18. ☐ ☐ Do you find that you can usually get your own way in relationships with women?
19. ☐ ☐ Do you feel that your boss criticizes you more than he does other workers?
20. ☐ ☐ When you are criticized, do you fly off the handle or get extremely depressed?
21. ☐ ☐ Do minor problems in your life bother you more than they should?
22. ☐ ☐ Do you have trouble making up your mind when you are faced with choices?
23. ☐ ☐ Do you feel that your boss or your coworkers try to undermine you on the job?
24. ☐ ☐ Do you suffer from allergies?
25. ☐ ☐ Do you feel that you have to be the life of the party when you go out socially?
26. ☐ ☐ Do you feel that other people—especially the women in

your life—force you to do things that you don't want to do?

27. — — Do you have trouble with alcohol?

28. — — Would you say that you're a very good sexual athlete?

29. — — When you meet a man who is stronger, better-looking, and more successful than you, do you feel deep down that you'd like to cut the bastard down to size?

30. — — Do you act timid or "too polite" with people who you really think are assholes?

31. — — Would you say that you give in too easily when people press you to change your opinion?

32. — — Do you seem to make a lot of mistakes at work?

33. — — Do you suffer from insomnia?

34. — — Do you suffer from stomach problems?

35. — — Have you gone to several doctors who couldn't diagnose an illness that you know you have?

36. — — Do you tend to be attracted to women who are less intelligent than you?

37. — — Do you often feel lonely?

38. — — Do you often feel ashamed of things you do? (For example, do you frequently blow up at your old lady and then feel terrible afterward?)

39. — — Does it anger you to know that other guys at work are getting paid as much as you but are not doing as much work?

40. — — Would you say that basically you're a conformist?

SCORING

The jealous man is more likely to answer yes to these questions than is the man who deals with women in a more secure, adult fashion. Give yourself one point for each yes answer you chose.

If you scored 0–5 points:

A score this low raises more questions than it answers. You may indeed have as much self-assurance as the rock of Gibraltar, and consequently you never feel any impulses toward jealousy. Yet a score in this category has to be suspect. Very few men are as self-possessed as such a score would indicate, so devoid of the insecurity that gives rise to jealousy. There's a chance that you really belong at the other end of the spectrum and are so driven by insecurity and jealousy that you can't afford to give honest answers even on a quiz whose results no one but you will know. Try and think it over.

6–12 points:

Congratulations. You are probably a strong, independent-minded man who is attracted to women of the same breed. You treat the women in your life as adults and assume that they will treat you the same way. You are too interested in living your own life to be jealous over what others may or may not be doing. In short, you mind your own business. On those occasions that you *do* intrude into the affairs of a woman who is close to you, you are less likely to be acting out of jealousy than out of serious concern for her well-being.

13–25 points:

Welcome to the club. Your sense of self-worth, like that of most men, probably isn't so well developed as it could be. To make yourself seem more important, you sometimes need to feel that you can control and manipulate others. Just about all of us do so from time to time. Such behavior doesn't mean that you're "the jealous type," but it does suggest that jealousy—and not genuine concern—will often be the motive when you interfere in the life of a woman who's close to you.

26–40 points:

Your score indicates that you have strong negative feelings about yourself. These sentiments can lead you to feel jealousy, envy, resentment, and anger toward anyone you think might be "better" than you. You are likely to have a strong desire to

control others—especially women—and will feel jealousy when your apparently dominant position over them is threatened by independent action on their part. You stand a strong chance of being the quintessential jealous man. If you scored in the upper end of this category (particularly if you answered yes to questions 1, 11, and 26), your jealousy may be seriously disrupting your own life and the lives of those around you.

TAMING YOUR JEALOUSY

Ridding yourself of jealousy ranks as one of the hardest of all human tasks because it involves a complete revision of your feelings about yourself. You will continue to act in a jealous manner for as long as you feel bad about yourself. When you feel insignificant, it's easier for you to tear down others than to build up yourself.

The only way to attack the problem is to increase your self-reliance. New York clinical psychologists Marguerite and Willard Breecher, whose book *The Mark of Cain* is one of the few recent studies of jealousy, note that "the mature, self-reliant individual has little or no need to make jealous comparisons—to destroy, sabotage, blackmail, exploit, lie, cheat, or otherwise torment and tear down those around him."

Increasing your sense of self-esteem and self-reliance won't be easy, because it means that you'll have to take chances, take on challenges, and expose your ego. Don't expect changes overnight, but *do* begin to look for opportunities that will force you to rely on your own judgment. Any activity that forces you into independent action—such as hiking alone in the mountains—may help. Take on small challenges first and then build up to the more difficult ones. If you have any particular skill or interest—no matter how minor it seems—work toward becoming better at it. Every time you increase your own feelings of competence and self-confidence, you decrease your jealous need to tear into others.

The great philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson said it all in his famous essay on self-reliance. "Do your thing," he wrote, "and you shall reinforce yourself. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. . . . Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind." 

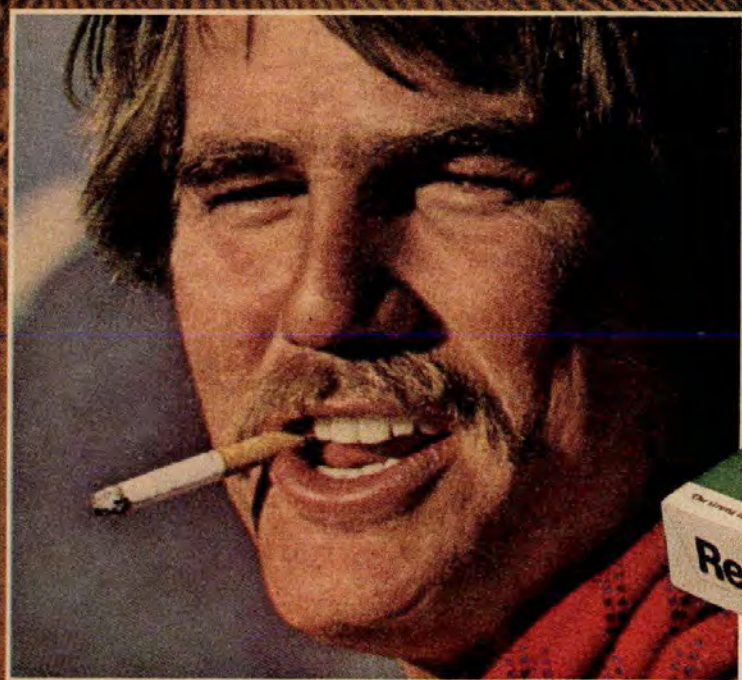


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some oil experts foresaw a possible decline in oil price to one dollar a barrel on the world market, predicted that "barring a great international cartel that will tie up the world of oil as no international organization has ever tied up anything before, everyone in the oil business faces a long series of [price] adjustments" downward. It added: "New producers are raising more crude and lowering crude prices. New fields are opening up. So all the sheiks' horses and all the sheiks' men will never put the comfortable old price structure together again. Consumers everywhere should rejoice."

But such predictions overlooked the fact that OPEC, the potentially "great international cartel that will tie up the world of oil as no international organization has ever tied up anything before," was already in existence and ready to be activated by the oil companies. By the end of the decade something resembling a seller's market had again developed, and the Seven Sisters were now desperately eager to stop the slide toward dollar oil. They were, in short, ready to use OPEC.

Beginning in 1970, with the shah among the shrillest of its spokesmen, OPEC began demanding higher and higher prices. In February 1971 Iran signed an agreement with the oil companies to stabilize prices for five years. Two months later the shah broke the agreement and kicked the prices skyward again. By mid-1973 the industrial nations had become oil junkies, screaming for more; so in July 1974 the shah nationalized all the oil fields in Iran, which gave him the machinery for even swifter price increases. When other OPEC nations were satisfied to let the price of oil settle at \$11.65 a barrel—a mere 1,000 percent higher than it had been only eight years earlier—the shah kept pressing for \$17 a barrel, and only the restraints of Saudi Arabia kept him from getting it.

Were the oil companies angry? Hardly. The higher the shah pushed the price, the greater their profits were. These were thieves working together, not against each other. When the president of Gulf Oil, James Lee, was asked if he thought OPEC was a "good thing," he admitted that OPEC had "done us a favor by forcing the price of oil as it did." And Carmichael C. Pocock, chairman of Royal Dutch Shell, also has admitted that since OPEC took over the pricing of oil at production, "our role is much happier." It should be. Annual profits for Exxon today are 77 percent higher than they were before the OPEC embargo of 1973; they are 177 percent higher for Standard of Indiana, 100 percent higher for Standard of California, 240 percent higher for Phillips, 160 percent higher for Conoco, and so on. The oil-producing countries and the oil companies have grown filthy rich together. So the OPEC ruler who demands the most is, in effect, their greatest ally. And that is the shah.

Like most of the world's superrich people, the shah and his family have a hard time in spending all their loot. The shah's personal wealth is so great, being virtually

SHAH OF IRAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

Mossadegh was a true patriot. He was tired of seeing his country exploited by the oil companies; so he nationalized them. But that did him no good. Iran now owned and controlled its own oil in the ground, but the major oil companies still controlled the world's tanker fleets, refineries, and markets. Mossadegh found Iranian oil blackballed. He couldn't get rid of it. Iran's income plummeted. Panic set in.

At this point fighters trained and led by the CIA descended on Tehran in a violent coup that ended Mossadegh's pitifully honest ambitions and placed the shah back on his throne, where once again the dominance of the oil companies was accepted without complaint. But now, as a result of the CIA's services, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company was forced to share the Iranian fields with six other major oil companies: Shell, Texaco, Mobil, Standard of California, Gulf, and Exxon. Thus the web of the majors—the Seven Sisters—was made complete in the Middle East. From that day forth they would be represented in the Iranian Consortium. There was one little legal hitch, which was quickly solved. The Iranian Consortium could not be set up until the Department of Justice had exempted the U.S. companies from all antitrust laws. With the blessing of President Eisenhower,

whom the oil majors owned body and soul, this was done secretly in 1954.

And the next time they called the tune was in 1959–60, when they created OPEC, the Organization of the Petroleum-Exporting Countries. Simple history records that OPEC was organized by the major Arab countries, plus Iran and Venezuela, as a way to negotiate with the Seven Sisters. But in fact Exxon organized OPEC in a roundabout way by lowering the price of Middle Eastern oil to such a level that the producing countries, faced with economic ruin, had to fight back. Exxon knew that this would be the result. As oil historian Anthony Sampson has pointed out, Exxon's decision in August 1960 to reduce the price that it would pay for oil, coming on top of a brutal price cut in February 1959, "compelled the countries" to organize. As one Kuwaiti said, "OPEC couldn't have happened without the oil cartel."

But for the moment the oil companies kept the potential power of OPEC in reserve. Later OPEC would be their agent supreme in raising prices, but right then it could not be of service for one simple, excruciating reason: the world was awash with surplus oil. There was a great glut of oil throughout most of the 1960s. With oil priced at around \$12 a barrel today, it may be hard to believe, but in the 1960s a great deal of oil went for \$1.60 a barrel, and the companies felt lucky to sell it at any price.

In 1965 *Fortune* magazine, noting that

as limitless as Iran's income, that it is hardly worth trying to measure. When New York City first approached the brink of bankruptcy a couple of years ago, the shah spoke of coming to its assistance by buying Manhattan; no one could be sure that he was kidding. The shah's twin sister, Princess Ashraf, has been known to lose tremendous amounts of money in Monte Carlo's gambling casinos, where she is not so lovingly known as "The Black Panther." Because women, even royal women, are third-class citizens in the Middle East, Princess Ashraf is forced to live a relatively austere existence, maintaining homes only in Tehran, Majorca, London, Paris, New York, and sometimes Washington on a meager budget of \$5 million a year. That, however, is only for household expenses.

Considerable wealth is also available to the shah's cronies, who are given first whack at stealing from Western corporations. Businessmen who want to operate in Iran must pay off heavily. Some contend that corruption is heavier in Iran than in any other Asian country.

The loot flows both ways. Early in 1972 President Nixon and Henry Kissinger, who was then his special assistant for national security affairs, went into a secret conference with the shah—a conference so secret that not even the U.S. ambassador to Iran was permitted to attend. They promised that the shah could make unlimited purchases of U.S. arms. In return, the shah funneled money through Mexico, with the assistance of CIA laundry banks, into the Nixon campaign treasury. On his own hook, columnist Jack Anderson traced \$1 million from the shah's account in the Swiss Banco Corporation to the Banco de Londres y Mexico in Mexico City. What happened to the money after that he could not establish for certain, but a former high official in the Iranian government told Anderson that the money had gone to Nixon. Former Secretary of State William Rogers, one of Nixon's oldest friends, who had gone on the shah's payroll as an "adviser," tried to pressure United Features Syndicate, which distributes Anderson's column, into killing the columns about the shah's role in the 1972 campaign. It is illegal for a candidate to take foreign contributions. But it was nothing new for Nixon. In 1968, according to Cairo's *Al Ahram*, Nixon had received "more than moral support" from Iran.

When the FBI began tracing the crooked money back to its source, the CIA protested that the investigation could "jeopardize a CIA operation." Richard Helms, who was then director of the CIA, was later appointed ambassador to Iran.

Like his father, the shah is now consumed with grandiose ideas of his own importance and foolishly inflated notions of Iran's potential. Forgetting that Iran's importance depends entirely on a geological accident, oil, the shah has become obsessed with dreams of returning on magic carpets to the glories of ancient Persia, and he has wound up with a tragicomic kingdom. Mammoth irrigation dams have been

built—without canals for distributing the water. With two-thirds of the population illiterate, the shah decided to teach his people via television-equipped classrooms—forgetting that many of the nation's 65,000 villages have no electricity to operate the sets. Ten years ago he proclaimed that his "White Revolution" would turn the vast desert lands into oases of such productivity that Iran would be agriculturally self-sufficient, but today most farms are operated as they were twenty-five centuries ago. There are still food shortages, and the diet of most Iranians today is bread and vegetable oil. The mansions—castles, really—of the privileged class have sprung up like sunflowers throughout Tehran, but cesspools still handle the city's sewage, and fewer than half the nation's housing units have piped water.

Most of the giant U.S. corporations have branches in Iran, where they are willing to put up with the ten-percenters for a chance to tap the shah's runaway riches. But they have to bring along Western personnel to run things, because Iran has few technicians, engineers, and scientists who can even be trusted to change light bulbs. The shah is short of an estimated half-million skilled workers. Looking to the day when his oil peters out, he wants to build two dozen atomic plants, but at present he has only a dozen homegrown atomic technicians. When he buys airplanes or tanks or heavy construction equipment or comput-

ers or television gear or anything at all more complicated than a twelve-mule team, he also has to hire foreigners—primarily American, German, and French—to come in and operate them and to try to train Iranians to take over the job later on. (It costs an estimated \$190,000 a year, on the average, to support each outside expert Iran hires.)

The shah decided that Iran needed more trucks; so he ordered an armada of trucks. When the ships arrived, however, there wasn't dock space; so they lay at anchor for months. When the trucks were finally unloaded—all 2,000 of them—it was discovered that there weren't that many trained truck drivers in Iran. Drivers were frantically imported, and others were trained locally. Months later, when the trucks finally got rolling, it was discovered that there weren't enough trained mechanics to keep them moving. Indeed, last year a third of the nation's cars and trucks were laid up, waiting to be fixed by mechanics.

Power shortages have closed more than 100 factories in the Tehran area for months at a time, and the factories that remain open must curtail work for periods from two to six hours daily. As a whole, industry is running at about half the production rate that the shah would like. Some new plants are operating at only 40 percent capacity.

And so it goes. The wealth of all Persia cannot make up for brains. But the shah knows this. He has attempted to buy suffi-

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Israel and Iran exchange military-intelligence data. Iran and the Arabian states share the Moslem faith, to be sure, but the Moslems of Iran are of the Shi'ite brotherhood, whereas the Sunni Moslems dominate most of the Arabian states.

When Iran takes the step that triggers war, it will probably come, ironically, because the country has a desperate long-term need for more oil. Although Iran today, as the second-largest exporter of oil in the Middle East, is thought to have an almost bottomless oil well, it does not. Iran's oil production will peak in the early 1980s, and its oil reserves, the experts say, may be virtually spent within fifteen or twenty years—a mere fraction of the time that is necessary for building Iran into a self-sustaining nation. Iran could extend the life of its oil fields, of course, by reducing the production rate, but it cannot reduce the production rate a great deal, because it must have money, an endlessly escalating supply of money, to try to put together its jerry-built new industries and keep them propped up, to say nothing of the money it must have (or that the shah thinks it must have) to build a military force rivaling the ancient armies of Darius.

Iran, guided by the shah, has been led onto a treadmill from which there is no escape. The expectations of the citizens have been aroused. Under the heavy industrial smog of Tehran, Iranian workers are constantly faced with inflation ranging from 10 percent to 30 percent—they, like the shah, must have more and more and more money. There is no way to break the cycle without catastrophic impact on the Iranian economy. More factories must be erected, more experts employed, more Western gadgets imported, more promises made, and more and more oil drained from Iran's precious and ever-dwindling supply.

The juggling of massive income and massive outgo cannot continue much longer. The income is already beginning to fall. The first signs of Iran's decline came in 1975, when it decided that it could not afford to lend \$300 million to Pan American Airways, which was seemingly faced with financial ruin as a result of soaring fuel costs. Shocked by the shah's backing out of this deal, money experts began looking more closely at the supposed wealth of Iran. They found that in fact the shah (one speaks of the government of Iran and the shah interchangeably) owed about \$3 billion in unilateral and multilateral loans—debts for farm produce, for arms, for machinery and debts to the Export-Import Bank, to the Commodity Credit Corporation, to the Pentagon, to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, to private banks. And these debts were rising fast. Kissinger predicted that between 1975 and 1980 Iran would sell \$16 billion in oil and petrochemicals to the United States but would buy at least \$24 billion in U.S. goods, mainly military, during that period—leaving the shah in hock to this country alone by a nice, round 50 percent and destined to go deeper into debt as his megalomaniacal

cient brains by pumping money into U.S. universities—an estimated \$12 million so far and still climbing. With the money grants have come Iranian students, between 25,000 and 50,000—nobody knows for sure how many, but all agree that they are the largest foreign contingent in our colleges. Some will not return to Iran, because they hate the shah's repressions. But soaring salaries will lure many back. Among those he is banking on are the students studying nuclear engineering. At MIT alone Iranians make up 20 percent of the graduate nuclear-engineering student body. Several hundred Iranians are being taught advanced nuclear engineering at other universities.

To some observers, their presence is foreboding. The Science Action Coordinating Committee at MIT bluntly accused that university's administration of selling out to Pahlavi: "The cause for alarm, of course, is the possibility of Iran's using the materials and knowledge available to build nuclear arms. . . ."

The shah has boasted that Iran will soon join the Nuclear Club. Senate investigators warn that "there are hints of Iranian nuclear cooperation with Israel, South Africa, and/or Pakistan, which cannot be substantiated but which merit attention."

Does this mean that the shah might actually use a nuclear bomb to advance, and hold, his power in that part of the world? Every sign points to his willingness to do

just that, and, of course, if the shah does strike a nuclear blow, the resulting turmoil in the Middle Eastern oil world, on which the United States depends so critically, would inevitably draw us in. For that matter, a nuclear conflict would not be required; just a plain, old-fashioned dogfight could have the same results.

Iran's touchy relations with many of its neighbors make this occurrence all too likely. For many years Iran and Iraq have been at each other's throats, and as recently as 1974 their troops clashed in a border dispute in which more than 100 soldiers were killed. In 1971 Iran seized three islands in the Strait of Hormuz—"the oil jugular," the shah calls it, the vital shipping lane for Persian Gulf oil—which so infuriated Iraq that it severed diplomatic relations with not only Iran but also Britain, because it believed that the latter had operated in cahoots with the shah.

The Arabian states are nervous and angry about other signs of the shah's expansionist desires. Having recently pushed Iran's offshore boundaries to twelve miles, he is reportedly now eyeing a fifty-mile limit, obviously to guarantee an even more generous slice of the offshore oil treasures. The Arab states are also profoundly suspicious of the shah because they remember that when other members of OPEC cut off oil to Israel, Iran did not. Moreover, Iranian officers have been sent to Israel for advanced military training, and

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▲ Above: Before Biotin Treatment.

▼ Below: After. The Results Are Obvious!



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dreams of military-industrial glories lead him on.

If he was having an orgy of spending with the United States, what was he doing with other industrial countries? In 1973 the shah set up a five-year plan calling for the expenditure of \$123 billion. It was a jerry-built plan, for although his oil income jumped from \$4.5 billion in 1973 to \$20 billion in 1975, by the latter year he was already borrowing on the Eurodollar market. He has simultaneously started cutting back on projected industrial expansion and started depending more heavily on foreign loans.

Where will he get the money to pay off the mounting debts now that the end of his great oil era is in sight? How will he sustain Iran when it loses its only real source of income? Not from the rickety industries that he is betting on.

Inevitably, when the shah's pumps begin to suck air, he will contemplate taking the dreaded step of aggression. If the United States is behind him, he will consider it worth the risk. So where will he seize more oil? He and his armies could, of course, move directly across the border into Iraq, which reputedly has nearly as much oil as Saudi Arabia has—meaning that at the present time it has from two to three times more oil than Iran has. Such an attack would be quite in keeping with the animosity that has existed between the two nations for many years. But several things argue against Iraq as a target. For one thing, its oil fields are not yet well developed and could not be immediately exploited. For another thing, the Iraqis are a fiery lot, and any conqueror would be permanently uncomfortable there. Third, Iraq has a fifteen-year friendship treaty with the Soviet Union, which the latter would undoubtedly feel all too happy to honor in case of an Iranian attack.

So, instead of striking against Iraq, the shah will crank up his helicopter fleet and his F-4s and F-14s and U.S.-built destroyers and landing craft, and he will send his U.S.-trained army and air force and navy across the Persian Gulf and seize Saudi Arabia, which has sufficient oil to keep him happy buying weapons and building unworkable industries for another half-century. Having wasted his own riches, he will seek to loot a less prodigal member of OPEC. He could have a battalion in Saudi Arabia within thirty minutes.

Who will stop him? Not the Arabs. Although Saudi Arabia has lately been pouring billions of dollars into military hardware and training, Robert D. Hershey, Jr., a *New York Times* correspondent, quotes a Saudi military attaché as acknowledging that the greatest portion of Saudi Arabia's oil fields are "virtually indefensible." Saudi Arabia and Iraq together do not have the military strength to withstand the shah. Israel could certainly not be expected to raise a hand to oppose the aggression, for Israel and Iran have a tight, if largely unpublicized, alliance. Indeed, Jack Anderson reported in mid-1978 that "there has been quiet talk in Tel Aviv of a joint Israeli-Iranian pincer move

on the Saudi oil fields."

But there is always Russia. Would Russia step in? And at what risk? The likelihood of Russian intervention is sufficiently high that "the Persian Gulf is the most dangerous place in the world for the United States." That's the opinion of Sen. Henry Jackson, who has extremely close ties to both Israel and Iran, and it is an opinion shared by most of Washington's foreign-policy experts, liberal or conservative. Dale R. Tahtinen, a research associate for the rigidly conservative American Enterprise Institute (where Gerald Ford has a Washington office), has joined the chorus of protest over the flood of U.S. and Russian arms into the Persian Gulf area that has greatly increased the chances of war between the superpowers. He asks the big question: "Would Washington allow an Iranian takeover of the Arab sheikhdoms?"

The very fact that the question is always put that way, rather than the reverse—it is never asked whether or not the United States would support an Arabian takeover of Iran—supplies the answer as it is generally conceived in Washington. Yes, our government would support Iran. In 1974, when the United States was reeling from the quadrupling of oil prices, President Ford went before the World Energy Conference and dropped heavy hints that the United States was willing to go to war over oil, under certain conditions. In January 1975, his foreign-policy maestro, Henry Kissinger, spelled out the conditions of possible war against the Arabs—"to prevent strangulation of the industrialized world." The Iranian newspaper *Ettelaat* quoted the shah as saying that Kissinger's warning was "not to be taken seriously."

He was correct, in a way. Kissinger and Ford could not have meant going to war with Iran, for in 1974 U.S. arms sales to Iran were double what they were in 1973, and U.S. arms sales in 1973 were four times larger than they were in 1972. In 1977 Iran accounted for half our arms sales. Clearly, the United States intends to go to war beside, not against, Iran, if war is in the cards.

That brings us to the basic question: why. Why wouldn't the United States prefer to take the Saudi side, rather than Iran's, in view of the fact that Saudi Arabia has so much more oil? Primarily for one reason: the oil giants cannot control Saudi Arabia as they can Iran. The Saudi princes' view of the future and their relationship to the rest of the world is entirely different from the shah's view. The Saudi princes have no ambition to become lords of a great industrial park. The population of Arabia is only about one-fifth Iran's, and mostly its life is frozen in antiquity. The princes of Arabia have about \$29 billion in the bank, thanks to their recent rip-off of the West, and they could live on that in great luxury for many years without pumping another drop of oil. They do not have the shah's frenzied need for higher and higher prices. They have been the restraining influence within OPEC regarding prices.

When the shah demanded that all oil-

producing nations jump the price to \$17 a barrel, the Saudis said no. They said that they had no desire to bankrupt the industrial nations of the West, which such a sudden and catastrophic price increase would surely do. They said that they preferred to pump no more than they had to and sell it at a price that the West could afford. In fact, Arabia is willing to lower its oil prices. Several times Sheikh Yamani, Saudi Arabia's oil negotiator, has made valiant efforts to persuade OPEC to drop the price. Iran led the resistance to his pleas. Yamani tried to get President Ford and later President Carter to pressure Iran into a less greedy position, but he got no help from the U.S. presidents. Even though the flow of new oil from Alaska, the North Atlantic, and Mexico put them in a good position to demand the price cut, they were silent.

The reason, quite simply, is that the oil giants, which benefit grotesquely from the inflation, do not want to lower the price of Middle Eastern oil. What they are vitally concerned about is that the supply not be interrupted. Iran would never stop pumping; Saudi Arabia very easily might. The trouble is that the rulers of Saudi Arabia have a disconcerting way—at least, to sophisticates of the Western industrial world it is disconcerting—of obeying their faith. Of all Moslems, the inhabitants of Saudi Arabia are the most fanatically devout. The happy life, to the Saudi princes, is not only buying a new military gadget and putting another few billion in the Swiss banks but also taking time out to enjoy the righteousness of hating one's religious enemies. They hate Israel with a fervor that would make the Prophet blush. And they have said that just as they shut off their oil to punish Israel and its friends in 1973, they are willing to do so again. Saudi Arabian Oil Minister Yamani puts it very bluntly: "The amount of petroleum supplied by my country will depend on whether a just, lasting peace is established in the Middle East."

Those are terms that Israel will not accept, nor will Israel's staunchest ally, the United States. Thus, if Saudi Arabia means what it says about using its oil as the ultimate political weapon, the United States, responding to the demands of the oil giants, will send in its puppet, the shah, to take over, to rescue the West, and, coincidentally, to save his own economy.

A special report finished not long ago for the Senate Committee on Energy and National Resources clearly concludes that the United States should support Iran if it does move into Saudi Arabia: "If Iran is called upon to intervene in the internal affairs of any [Persian] Gulf state, it must be recognized in advance by the United States that this is the role for which Iran is being primed. Blame cannot be assigned for Iran's carrying out an implied assignment."

The U.S. government has primed Iran by supplying the shah with the largest military force outside the United States, Europe, and Russia. And if that is not enough, then doubtless Americans, always expendable, will be sent to fight his war for him. 

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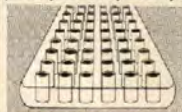
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FUTURE WEAPONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

beam weapons depend upon the ability to "see" the enemy. If you cannot see him, you are unlikely to kill him.

Charged-particle beam

It is unlikely that we will see long-range offensive beams by the year 2000, but they will undoubtedly be used for defensive purposes. By the next century we can reasonably expect to see around the perimeters of the superpowers "death ray" air defenses. They will take the form of charged-particle beams, composed of charged atomic particles, like those produced by the linear accelerators at universities today. The charged-particle-beam generator of the twenty-first century will produce a beam capable of destroying incoming ballistic-missile warheads. The CPB will be a defensive weapon: it will destroy the electronic circuitry that aims the missile and detonates the warhead. Enemy missiles will simply crash harmlessly to the earth without exploding.

Defense against the CPB is extremely difficult, because even the densest steel can be penetrated by a subatomic particle. The CPB also attacks a missile in a peculiar way: it strikes the charged particles that move along the wires within the warhead.

The CPB will probably change offensive strategies in an interesting way: twenty-first-century offensive missiles will not be high flying at all, but low flying and therefore relatively slow moving. In this respect, the cruise missile may be said to be the first weapon of the next century.

Laser "Nets"

In the next century 95 percent of military transport will be done by ship, since even the largest plane in the year 2000 will still have a payload only a fraction of the size of today's tankers. Consequently, the ability to sink ships will remain a vital part of future warfare, and the submarine will continue to play a preeminent role.

In the twenty-first century the seas will be patrolled by helicopters and quick-moving hovercrafts equipped with long booms, which will emit intermittent bursts of energy. In this way the seas will be "dragged" by "laser nets," and the search and destruction of enemy submarines will become combined into a single operation: as soon as an energy beam "finds" a sub, it will automatically destroy it.

Surface ships will be equipped with rotating laser-generating heads, which will sweep ahead with a laser beam, as well as with fixed booms generating a vertical beam. In addition, helicopters with single-beam attack lasers can be used if submarines come to the surface, since submarines will be likely to attack from beyond the range of the "net," rather than risking instant destruction. Torpedoes are as vulnerable to the laser net as the submarine is, and submarines in the twenty-first century

will be equipped with long-range surface-to-surface missiles. Their attack technique will consist of surfacing quickly, launching their missiles, and then quickly diving and escaping from the area.

Tailor-made explosions (controlled configuration explosive)

The Controlled Configuration Explosive (CCE) consists of a cannister (either dropped from an aircraft or delivered by a missile) that is equipped with several nozzles and a high-pressure, high-velocity pump, which sprays large quantities of explosive vapor over the target area.

All previous explosives produce ineffective ball-shaped blasts that send destructive energy in all directions. The CCE, or "tailor-made exploding cloud," assumes the shape of the target itself, improving the kill effect roughly a hundredfold.

The aerodynamic cannister is equipped with a sophisticated imagery device, which can "see" the target and relay information back to a "smart computer" either in the cannister itself or at some other control point. The imagery device produces an instant picture of the target, which the computer then translates into a detailed topographical description. The computer estimates the height of the target and then programs the cannister mechanism. As the cannister flies into the target area, the nozzles spray the precise amount of liquid explosive required, along with mini-detonators, in the exact contours of the target. The cloud encloses the target and descends until it has reached the required altitude, at which point the cannister—by now safely out of range—gives the command to the detonators to explode. The cloud is then detonated, concentrating the blast on the target. The explosive used by the CCE will most likely be a liquid "doped" RDX, six times as powerful as TNT.

This weapon has innumerable practical applications, but perhaps the most important is that it permits us to attack enemy forces in our own territory without running the risk of destroying large civilian areas. If a tank battalion moves into a Western European city, the CCE could be used against it without excessive damage.

Dial-a-bomb

Current nuclear weapons are clumsy and overpowered means of destruction. Even the so-called neutron bomb is only a minor improvement. The effect of current nuclear weapons stems from a combination of three elements: blast, heat, and radiation. It is unnecessary to have all three elements involved in every nuclear weapon; sometimes only one effect is required.

The bomb of the next century will permit military strategists to choose the effect they wish (hence the term "dial-a-bomb"). Bombs will come in two or three sizes and will be able to produce pure heat, pure radiation, or pure blast.

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radiation bomb generates neutrons and "hard" X rays, with no blast and very little heat. Current thermonuclear bombs derive their effect from a massive blast, which produces radioactive debris, or fallout, making the detonation of nuclear weapons dangerous for both sides. But the pure-radiation bomb will generate radiation without fallout, and its destructive power will be confined within narrow geographical limits. The nuclear fusion that generates the radioactivity will be produced by intense heat, concentrated from a small conventional explosion by a series of lenses. The result is a minimal blast with a maximum amount of radiation.

Pure-heat bomb. The heat bomb is primarily directed against cities, because it spreads a wave of fire throughout the area. The pure-heat bomb, like the blast and radiation weapons, uses a fusion mechanism generated by a chemical explosion and then focused on enriched U-235. The radiation will be lessened by casing the bomb in a prefragmented graphite composite or in a carbon sheath, which will absorb most of the radioactivity. Very little radioactive fallout will be produced.

Pure-blast bomb. The blast weapon is for use primarily against military targets. It is particularly important for use against reinforced targets, such as missile-launching silos, and against enemy submarines. Unlike the radiation and heat bombs, the blast weapon does not use U-235 but depends on lithium fusion for its effect. In addition, it will be surrounded with supercompressed inert gases, which will absorb great quantities of heat and will be propelled outward by the fusion explosion.

Portable nuclear bomblets. Finally, the battlefields of the year 2000 will see the use of mini-nukes, slightly larger than a hand grenade. Some of these will be launched by bazookas held on the shoulders; others will be launched by hand.

Robot armies

Two robotic devices—the Remotely Piloted Vehicle (RPV) and the Super Cruise Missile—will be the most widely used substitutes for humans in the year 2000.

RPV. In the year 2000, men will be removed from the combat zone and replaced with remote-controlled weaponry. However, men will still make the decisions and direct the armed forces, but from a different location. Instead of looking out from within a tank, our tank commanders of the twenty-first century will look at a television screen, with the same control panel in front of them as they had in the tank. The tank will move by remote control, and the tank commander will have the advantage of being able to follow the progress of the entire battle and not simply the individual act of combat in which his tank is involved.

Super cruise missile. Today's cruise missile already has a highly advanced guidance system. An on-board computer has prestored information about the contours of the terrain. An altimeter checks the route and can make course corrections if the

missile strays from its assigned path. But the cruise is "blind" and cannot see or evade anti-aircraft defenses. Nonetheless, it is a fearsome weapon.

The Super Cruise of the year 2000 will be vastly superior. Its guidance system will contain a "smart" computer, already programmed with the location of the target and maps of the area between the launch site and the target itself. It will have a television camera with image recognition of the target, antimissile missiles, and enemy aircraft. The Super Cruise will be able to make all of its own decisions: it will avoid enemy attack missiles, evade enemy aircraft, change altitude, hover when necessary, and adjust its speed if required. The combination of the computer and the television system will make the Super Cruise the basic missile of the twenty-first century, since it will be able to deliver nuclear warheads, controlled configuration explosives, and life-kill systems.

Life-kill systems

Since the beginning of time, biological warfare has been part of combat. In ancient days the cadavers of cholera victims were thrown over the walls of besieged cities, in the hope that they would infect the defenders within. Today several nations may be working on concentrated toxins that could be dropped into an enemy's water supply or released into the atmosphere, spreading epidemics of fatal diseases, such as bubonic plague and smallpox, or incapacitating sicknesses, which can knock out enemy troops for weeks.

The great obstacle to the use of biological weapons is that they cannot be utilized safely against enemy forces. It is difficult to launch a deadly epidemic and keep it within predetermined boundaries.

An epidemic of a disease for which no antidote existed would threaten the entire human race, while an epidemic of an easily manageable disease is not a real threat. The problem, therefore, is to find a disease for which the attacker, but not the defender, has an antidote. In the twenty-first century these diseases will be produced by genetic engineers: fatal diseases if the aim is to destroy an enemy; incapacitating diseases if the object is to occupy territory.

Because of the advances in knowledge of genetic structure, it will be possible for scientists in the year 2000 to breed germs according to need to create tailor-made viruses with the desired characteristics: lethal or incapacitating effects plus rapid rates of reproduction and an ability to live off the atmosphere into which they will be launched.

Some experts are convinced that the Russians are interested in the development of a DNA-engineered life-kill system, because in the twenty-first century they will face more than 1 billion Chinese across a long border. It is very possible that this relentlessly expanding population will constitute the greatest threat to the Soviet Union in the years ahead, and biological weapons are among the most logical to use. 

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Scents and the Single Man

After-shaves, which usually contain some perfume, alcohol, and emollients (moisturizers), are intended to soothe your skin and make you smell good. Recently, they've lost out to other, new men's skin-care products.

The number of different types of men's cosmetics now turning up on the shelves is staggering. These products seem to pay more attention to helping your skin than to making you smell good—which is a good thing and about time, too. Instead of being called after-shave lotions, skin-care products are variously tagged "after-shave balms," "all-weather skin conditioners," "face conditioners," "moisturizing after-shaves," "sport lotions." The best way to find out which one does what is to step up to the men's cosmetics counter in a department or drug store and ask. Read labels, too. If your skin is dry, look for products with oil-rich ingredients like lanolin; if your skin is oily, alcohol-based products will be better for you. Take this precaution, however: if you are planning to wear a fragrance, pick a lotion that has no scent. If you use a fragrance as well as a highly scented skin conditioner, you can create a mixture that smells *terrible*.

Be sure a cologne smells good on you

The biggest problem that you're likely to have with a man's fragrance is with using too much of it. Many men (and women, too) figure that if a little bit of this stuff will make them smell good, a lot of it will make them smell *great*. The result is an overpowering onslaught on other people's olfactory systems. The trick with cologne is subtlety—you want to give just a vague, tantalizing hint that there's something delicious going on with your skin.

The second biggest problem is in choosing a fragrance that smells good on you. Fragrance in the form of cologne (or supercologne—a euphemism for perfume, which is more concentrated than cologne) can smell very elegant or very cheap.

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lavender-spices-patchouli

fresh citrus

musk

musk-patchouli

What smells good on another man may smell just terrible on you. In fragrances you get what you pay for—most of the time. But if a cologne doesn't mix harmoniously with your body chemistry, it won't matter if it's the most expensive cologne in the world; it's worthless to you. The only way to know which cologne will be compatible with your body chemistry is to try some out—in the store first and then out in the world. Wear one you like and ask your friends what they think. If three people tell you that it's terrible, believe them and get rid of it.

Scents to choose from

Because there are more than 200 fragrances to choose from, you may have to do some hunting until you find a cologne that's "you." The kind of scents that you will encounter are citrus (sweet); spicy (rich, floral, herbal); woody (earthy); oriental (heavy, full-bodied); leather (smells like tanned leather).

It's impossible to tell from a description what you'll like. A cologne that's described as floral may sound too sweet and feminine to your ear but smell quite heady and masculine to your nose. Because response to smells is totally irrational and emotional, there's just no way for you to know what will appeal to you until you go up to a cosmetics counter and literally put your nose right into things.

Some fragrance rules:

- Sample before you buy. Rub a cologne you like on your arm, and walk around the store for ten minutes. (It takes that long for the cologne to blend with your body chemistry.) Then, if you still like the way it smells, buy it.

- Test different fragrances on different spots. If the scents get mixed together, they'll smell terrible.

- Realize that woody scents linger on your skin longer than citrus ones do, that oily and normal skins retain scents longer than dry skin does.

- Apply the cologne sparingly. Put it on your neck and shoulders. If you wonder whether you've used too much or too little, ask a friend.

- Use less fragrance when the weather's hot. Scents intensify on a hot, humid day.

- Wash off the cologne before you go out in the sun. Colognes contain elements that can cause a bad sunburn or permit the sun to streak the skin permanently.

- Store fragrances away from windows and radiators. A bottle of cologne may look attractive on the windowsill, but heat and light will make it deteriorate.

- Throw out cologne that's been around longer than a year; it won't smell the same after twelve months. 

From *The Man's Book*, an Avon publication edited by James Wagenvoort and available through the Penthouse Book Society

The trick with cologne is subtlety—you want to give just a vague, tantalizing hint that there's something delicious going on with your skin!

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Several years ago I managed an office. There was a rather large woman—not fat, just large—who worked there. Virginia had a good figure and a very nice face. One night my car wouldn't start, and Virginia offered me a lift home. After we'd gone several miles, I had said everything I could think of in the way of small talk and decided to gamble. I asked Virginia what her favorite food was. I knew she would ask me what mine was in return, and when she did, I told her to remove her panties. She laughed, pulled the car off the road, and asked if I was serious. Well, she finally removed those underpants, and it started an affair that ended only after she had waited two years for me to leave Robin.

This lady did everything I ever asked her to do—blowjobs, swaps, lesbian scenes, anything. If I had told her to put the make on Robin, she would have. Once, while we were driving together on an overnight trip, I was stopped for "weaving," and she and I ended up before the magistrate. After getting him to hear our plea in private, I told him the truth: she had been screwing herself with a vibrator and I was licking it in between strokes. I demonstrated the procedure, using his gavel. He was not amused.

Today I crossed paths with a woman who has a body just like Virginia's. Something clicked in my head, and I went directly to her and told her point blank that I would love to eat her. She said nothing but held out her hand. I took her to my office, stripped her, placed her on my couch, and proceeded to eat her. Within three to five minutes after I started screwing, she was screaming so loud that my partner actually came in to see if anything was wrong. When she and I climaxed, I dismounted and she went for my penis. I'm still throbbing from the pure power of her mouth.

After all of that, she finally spoke. She told me that her name was Lois and that I could have her anytime, and she gave me her telephone number. I told Lois that I would not have her anytime; rather, I would own her sexually. She readily agreed, and I made her stay in my office all afternoon. She gave me three blowjobs, and when my partner came in again I made Lois give him one, too. I called Robin to explain my being late and went home with Lois for some anal sex. She'll start working for me tomorrow, and we are going to an out-of-town swap party this weekend. I'm hooked again.

My problem is that I don't love Lois, nor did I love Virginia. I love my wife. I do, however, desire the Lois types for sex. Should I continue until caught? I have already tried sending other men Robin's way. She spurns their passes like Joan of Arc. She knows I want to swap, but she's just too scared to try. I really need help—she would really die if she knew I have carried on this way.—WS.

The last two sentences of your letter don't quite make sense. You say that your wife is "just too scared to try" and that she "would really die if she knew that you carried on this way." Obviously, the woman is more than just

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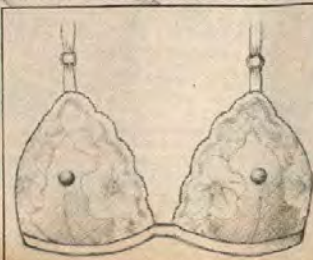
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too scared to try. She probably loathes the idea and just doesn't want any part of it—for you or herself.

At the moment, it seems your extracurricular sex is not worth the consequences. I'm not being puritanical; it's just that your girl friends may cause you to lose your wife. From your letter you make it clear that you love your wife for more than mere sexual pleasure. Hang on to what you've got, and in the meantime you just might be able to convince your wife to start swapping. She doesn't sound hopeless—just a little repressed, shall we say.

LUST IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD

Curtis and I have been living together for over a year now, and things have really started to cool. Needless to say, I am often left quite frustrated. When we first met, I had been without sex for four months and was really horny. I was a barmaid and was trying to find a steady lay, with no strings attached. Well, I finally found him—the day I talked Curtis into taking me back to my place.

In the first few months of our no-strings relationship, we fucked so much that I was always sore. A day never went by that we didn't get it on at least three times. I have never met a man who used his cock the way Curtis does.

The problem is that he went from fucking me five times a day to once a day. This went on for about a month, and now he's down to once a week. I don't know what's wrong, but whenever we do get it on, it's as great as ever. Also, I'd like to mention that he is as great with his tongue as he is with his cock, but he's gone down on me only three times in the past year. A lot of times when we're screwing, he doesn't touch my clit or stimulate it, and it's hard for me to reach orgasm. I've mentioned this to him, but he doesn't seem to want to oblige. Do you think maybe he gets turned off by my telling him what I want? He tells me what he wants, and I'm always eager to please.

The second problem is that I can't seem to suck his cock right. No matter how I do it, Curtis always has some criticism; I don't apply enough suction, I don't put enough of him in my mouth, or I bite him. I'd love to be able to do this properly. Can you suggest something?

I've also caught him several times in the bathroom, jerking off to a Penthouse magazine. Is there any reason why a man would rather look at a magazine and jerk off than ball the real thing? I have to admit I'm just as attractive and look just as good nude as many of the Penthouse models; so why does he need the magazine? This really insults me!—Jackie.

A number of people, women included, like to masturbate in private. Sometimes you just like being alone. Occasionally, even I enjoy eating alone, sleeping alone, going to a movie alone. Why not sex alone? And masturbation is the only way. Don't be offended. Everybody occasionally needs his or her privacy.

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It's difficult to tell from a short letter like this one, but—disregarding your comments on Curtis's masturbation—I'd have to say your relationship sounds like a shaky one. Screwing five times a day may or may not have anything to do with love, but it sure as hell has a lot to do with lust. Nothing wrong there. But has your relationship grown at all from those first few lustful days? Obviously, the lust has diminished, but where is the love? You don't even mention the word once in your letter.

Now don't get me wrong! I'm the last person to suggest that you have to love a guy to screw him, but sometimes familiarity produces not love but rather boredom. You're obviously as horny as ever, but Curtis's head is someplace else—and I'm not referring to crotch.

Talk over your problems. All may not be lost. Indeed, you say that the sex is as good as ever. Some men just don't need it as often as certain of us women. Such is sex. But do discuss your needs with Curtis. It could be that he's wanted to discuss this very subject with you but couldn't find the words.

HOW TO HANDLE A WOMAN

I had a problem with my first wife, Lola, that I don't want to see repeated with my second. Lola, in the course of foreplay, would masturbate me with hand lotion while I was playing with her. When we were both totally aroused and I felt in danger of climaxing, I

would stop, and we'd have intercourse. My orgasms after this type of foreplay were fantastic. Her slippery hands on my cock made me feel like The Hulk. Then I more and more began to notice that, when I asked her to stop, she would just keep on doing it even faster, until I climaxed. Several times I tried to pull my penis back from her frantically massaging hands so that I could fuck her, but she kept on going.

One night, I awoke for some reason in the middle of the night and noticed that she was not in bed or even the house. I waited up until she came home, around 3:30 A.M. She explained that she hadn't been able to sleep and, not wanting to awaken me, had decided to take a ride in the convertible. I swallowed the story reluctantly, since I kind of thought she might be meeting someone.

From then on, I would pretend to fall asleep, until I definitely knew that she was leaving for some purpose other than a solitary drive. About twice a week she would quietly get up and slip into the clothes that she had left over the chair. I found that the nights that she left clothes there were the nights she would make me climax with hand lotion and then take "a drive."

One night, borrowing a buddy's car, I followed her. She picked up some guy in an apartment-house parking lot and drove to a wooded area just outside of town. I knew the area, and so I left the car on the highway and walked into the woods to a place near their car. In the moonlight I could see Lola

straddling her date on the seat.

I knew that if I confronted her, she would leave me. So I said nothing. From then on, each time she left clothes lying over the chair, I would try to keep her from making me climax before I could enter her—even faking an orgasm and putting it in her when her guard was down. However, Lola became much more adept at masturbating me with the hand lotion and discovered a technique that was really successful. Using one hand, she would encircle my penis at the base and pull down, causing the skin at the head of my cock to be stretched very tightly. With the other hand slick with lotion, she would lightly but rapidly jerk up and down on the sensitive glans. The sensation was almost paralyzing, and I would climax helplessly. Lola would do this after playing with me for some time, about when she sensed that I was going to stop her.

One night, when I was sure she was going out, I insisted that we make love without the usual "lotion job," but she insisted just as hard that she enjoyed doing it and that it made me come better. When I tried to argue her out of it, she said that if she couldn't use the lotion, then she wouldn't do it at all. I gave in, but only with the stipulation that she would do it for one minute and that I would keep an eye on the nightstand clock. She had me lie on my back as she sat cross-legged at my waist, with lotion on her hands, and started her bit. After only

twenty seconds, I knew I was in trouble. I tried to hold back, but I found the sensation too much and soon came in a shattering orgasm. I glanced at the clock—only thirty-seven seconds since she had started.

Not long after this episode, Lola and I were divorced.

I described this technique to a chick who worked in a massage parlor, and she later reported that it reduced her "massage time" considerably, even on difficult cases. I have since remarried and am longing for the fantastic climax this type of foreplay causes, but I'm afraid to tell my new wife about it for fear of a repeat of my experience with Lola. Have you ever heard of this style of handjob, and do you think I should tell my new wife how to do it? Also, is there a way I could have handled the first experience differently?—Paul.

A good handjob does not a cuckold make. So your first wife knew how to masturbate you and also screwed around? The one technique did not lead to the other. I'm sure if you show your second wife this masturbatory technique, it will not lead to her screwing around on you. But don't let things get too "handy." Masturbation is nice, but there's not a lot in it for the woman who's handling your cock. Make sure you satisfy her, too, through cunnilingus, mutual masturbation, etc. Once you've shown your new wife how to handle you, just make sure you know how to handle her.

OLDER BUT BETTER

My wife, Adele, and I read your answer in Penthouse to the happily married couple with "monogamy mania," and we want to add our two cents. We come from exceedingly different backgrounds, though we each have had two marriages and countless affairs in our pasts. We are both knowledgeable and skilled in the art of lovemaking, or so we thought. There weren't many kinds of foreplay or kinky excursions we hadn't tried at some time or other with past partners.

When we met seven years ago, it was as though our whole lives had been spent in preparation for each other. We discovered that when you add the magic ingredients of love and complete respect to technically great sex, it becomes a thing of beautiful and heavenly ecstasy.

We camp out nearly every weekend, locating spots that are completely isolated so that we can enjoy the freedom of no clothes, soak up the Arizona sunshine, and make love for two glorious days and nights. Our foreplay is an ever ongoing process that at any time may burst into white-hot passion. Adele has a large bosom for her tiny, five-foot frame, and just a gentle touch makes those dark pink nipples stand up and ask for more. She loves to have me nibble on them while stroking her clit, and in a few minutes she becomes so hot that anything goes. I can bury my face in her quivering pussy and bring her to earth-

shaking orgasms time and time again. Or maybe I'll stand in front of her when she's seated, my rock-hard penis level with her talented tongue. Sometimes she pours cold beer over me and licks off every drop, sending chills and thrills through me from head to toe. There are no taboos or limits, and we've tried literally hundreds of kooky things and positions. Sometimes they turn out to be less than successful, and we usually end up laughing so hard that we have to take a cigarette break before going on to new delights. One night we daubed each other with fluorescent paint, then made love under a black light in front of a mirror. What a turn-on!

To sum it up, we're a married couple who thoroughly enjoy sex several times a week (and sometimes several times a day) in many ways and moods. We find in each other a total satisfaction that we don't need or want to share with anyone else. Our love life is a rich, twenty-four-hour-a-day experience, even after seven years.

By the way, I'm sixty years old, and my wife is forty-eight. Does that bear out the theory "Use it or lose it"? If so, we sure do enjoy the using.—R.P.L.

You are, indeed, as old as you feel, and the way you and your wife are getting at it, I'm sure you'll be carrying on till death separates you. Have fun—I could not think of a better pastime or hobby for a hearty trooper like you. O—

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THERE—I TOLD
YOU WE'D GET
OUR NAMES UP
IN LIGHTS!

YEAH! BUT HAVE
YOU SEEN THE BILL?

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WELL—I'M GONNA
ENJOY A FANTASY!
GO GETCHA
SELF AN ICE!

I KNOW HOW YOU
FEEL ABOUT SEX,
JULIE—BUT COULDN'T
WE GO AND SEE A
GOOD BASEBALL
GAME INSTEAD?

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AN ORGASMBURGER
OR ANY OTHER
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COOKING! I WANNA
PLAIN, STRAIGHT
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HAMBURGER!

I AIN'T SEEN YOU
IN THIS MOOD
SINCE WE WENT
TO SEE "BIRTH OF
A NATION"!

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THE TELEVISION
AND GET OURSELVES
A SEASON
TICKET?

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BECOME PHACT!

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DID YOU ENJOY YOURSELF, DEAR?

GREAT, BOY— HAVE I GOT AN APPETITE!

THAT WAS ONCE A WELL-BALANCED AND SIMPLE APE!

HE'LL BE HAVIN' NEUROTIC FANTASIES OF HIS OWN AFTER THIS!

SOME INCREDIBLE FANTASIES I AM SEEING! BUT DEN.....

... ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN DER GRATUITOUS UND MINDLESS VIOLENCE OF DER T.V.!

FROM A CENTRAL CONTROL CENTER, PROFESSOR LIBIDO VON HOTZMANN AND HOMER SAPIENS PRESIDE OVER THE VAST FANTASY PARADISE. AMIDST BANKS OF COMPUTERS AND T.V. SCREENS THEY PEER INTO THE DARKEST RECESSES OF THE HUMAN MIND.....

WE'VE GOT A BIT OF OLD-FASHIONED MALE CHAUVINIST VIOLENCE DOWN HERE, PROF!

STILL—MAYBE THEY'LL GROW OUT OF IT IN TIME!

I DON'T MIND GOING TO THE OFFICE ON MONDAY MORNINGS IF I CAN SPEND THE WEEKENDS LIKE THIS!

YOU SAID IT! ANYONE WANNA BUY MY GOLF CLUBS?





I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS RUBBISH!



THAT DOES IT!
HOLD IT!
HOLD EVERYTHING!
STOP THE STRIP!



I WANT A WORD WITH YOU, GRUD!
YOU'VE BEEN ACTING UP TOO MUCH LATELY!
YOU'VE BEEN GETTING TOO MUCH FREEDOM IN THIS STRIP!

YOUR VIEWS ARE GETTING TO BE A PAIN IN THE ASS!



THERE ARE CONSUMER GOODS POURING OFF CONVEYOR BELTS ALL OVER THE WORLD - AND HOW MUCH OF IT DO WE ACTUALLY NEED?



IF IT WASN'T FOR RUBBISH WHAT WOULD WE SPEND OUR MONEY ON?

AND IF WE DIDN'T HAVE RUBBISH TO SPEND OUR MONEY ON WHAT WOULD BE THE POINT OF GOING ON STRIKE TO GET MORE MONEY?

MAN - WE NEED RUBBISH!

LONG LIVE RUBBISH!



NOW GET BACK TO THE STRIP!

BY GOD! HE'S RIGHT!

AND HOW HAVE THE GREAT AMERICAN PUBLIC REACTED TO WANDALAND? FOR SOME UNSOLICITED OPINIONS, PENTHOUSE TAKES YOU INTO THE STREET.....



BUT WHAT ABOUT REACTIONS BEHIND THE SCENES? IN THE BOARDROOMS OF THE MEN OF POWER—THE MANIPULATORS?







YEAH! THIS IS THE COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE—SHERIFF LEO NITHICK SPEAKING!

YOU SAID I COULD PHONE MY LAWYER IN 1972!

BEFORE THIS CONVERSATION GOES ANY FURTHER—DO AH KNOW YEW?

WELL SURE AH KNOW YEW, NEIGHBOR! AH GOT YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO MAH CAMPAIGN FUND IN THE MAIL THIS MORNING! WHAT CAN AH DO FOR YEW, FRIEND?

YEW WUZ PARKED INNA WRONG PLACE—UNNERSTAND?

FUST I'M GONNA TELL YA YOUR RIGHTS—THEN I'M SEARCHIN' YA FER CONCEALED WEAPONS!

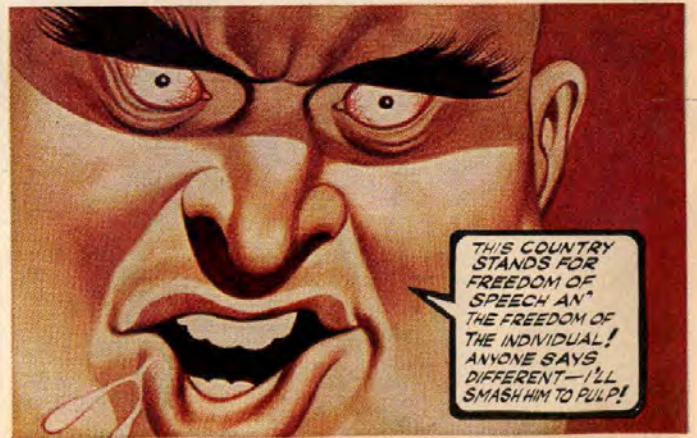
HOW THE MALE HAS STAYED DOMINANT FOR SO LONG IS ABSOLUTELY BEYOND ME!

I KEEP TELLIN' HIM IT ISN'T AN OFFENSIVE WEAPON—IT'S A GOLF CLUB!



WHO LET THE GODDAM EURO-COMMIES INTO THE COUNTRY?

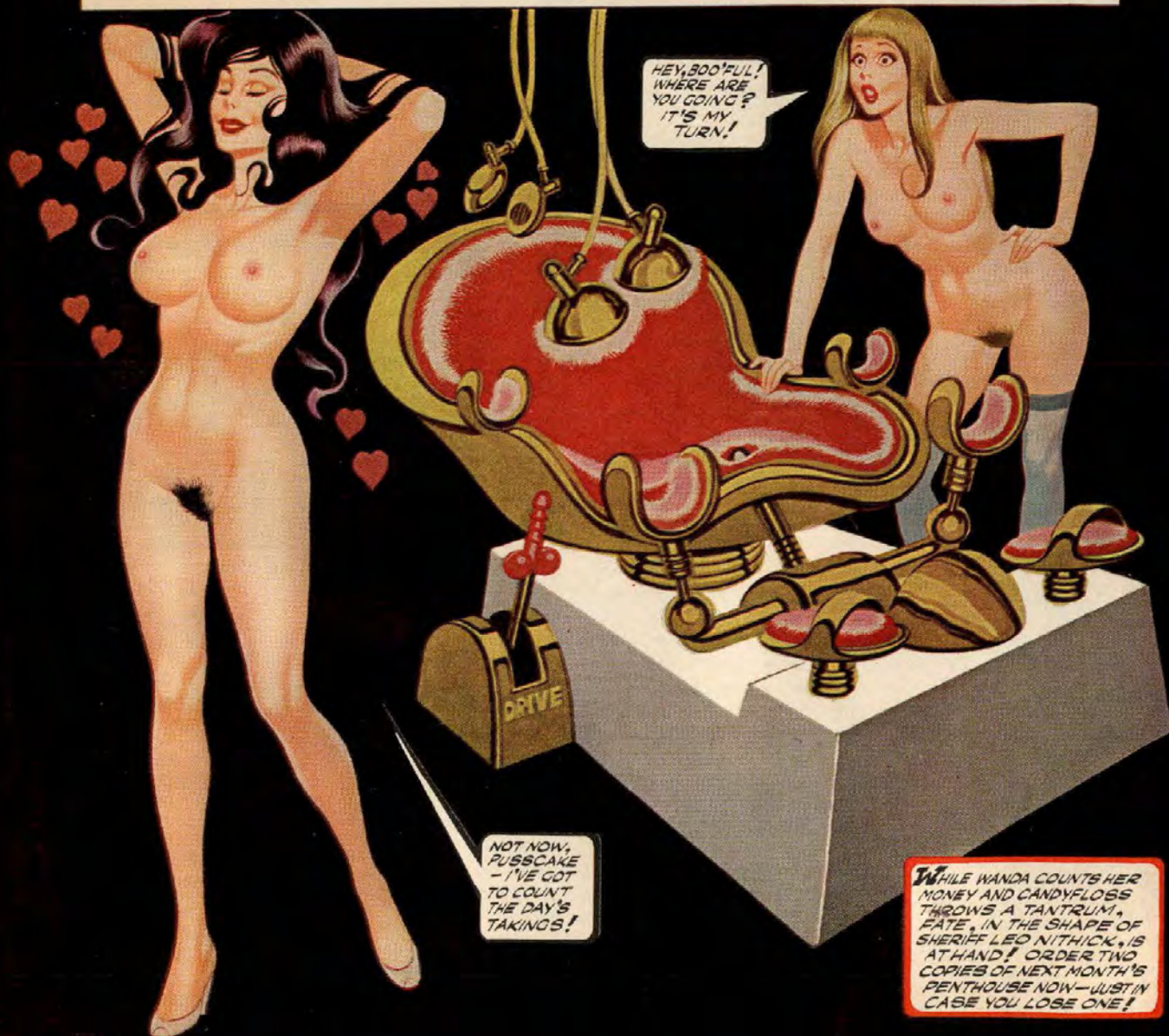
WE DON'T WANT NO PINKO SUBVERSIVE PERVERTS UNDERMININ' OUR DEMOCRACY!



THIS COUNTRY STANDS FOR FREEDOM OF SPEECH AN' THE FREEDOM OF THE INDIVIDUAL! ANYONE SAYS DIFFERENT—I'LL SMASH HIM TO PULP!

AND WHERE, WE HEAR YOU CLAMOUR, HAS OUR UICY HEROINE BEEN HIDING HERSELF THIS MONTH?

"NUTS!" SHE SAID, WHEN WE ASKED HER TO PUT IN AN APPEARANCE. "I'M TESTING ONE OF HOMER SAPIENS' LATEST CREATIONS!"



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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

our gig. It seemed that he picked on everything about me—from the "noise" I sang to the clothes I wore (I prefer dungarees and low-cut leotards that show a lot of tit). By the end of my two-week engagement in his bar, Mike and I were barely civil to each other.

It was closing time, after our last show. I had been hanging around with some friends at the bar, getting pretty wrecked on wine and occasionally disappearing to smoke a joint. As usual, Mike was making remarks about my "unladylike behavior." I told him to drop dead and continued to get bombed. I couldn't help noticing that Mike was spending a lot of time in my vicinity and that he was filling my glass faster than I could drain it. When my friends started to leave, Mike asked me to stay. He said he wanted to talk to me about business.

The bar was deserted except for Mike and me. He came around to sit on the stool next to me, but he had no intention of talking about future gigs. Instead, he started berating me, saying that girls are supposed to act like ladies, that I move around too much when I sing, that my clothes aren't decent. It was a rerun of his criticism of the previous two weeks. But I noticed that he was staring at my breasts and that there was a conspicuous bulge in his pants. I looked into his eyes and started making little circles around my nipples with my fingers. My eyes kept returning to that cock, the contours of which were clearly visible. I could see that it was flared and full at the end. I told him to stop playing games and admit that he found me sexually desirable. He opened his mouth to protest, but I put my arms around him and drove my tongue deep into his mouth. He had never been faced with a sexually liberated woman, and it took him a few seconds to recover.

I started sucking on his tongue, while I loosened his tie. I rubbed my busy hands all over his curly red chest hairs, feeling his nipples stiffen beneath my educated fingers. Finally, he began to relax. He responded to my probing tongue, running his around my lips and teeth. His hands found their way to my low-cut leotard—the same one he had been complaining about for two weeks. My nipples were taut now, pushing against the tight, black material. He slowly removed the garment, kissing my shoulders and throat as he uncovered my body. Mike gasped when he came upon my breasts, which are enormous. He eagerly grabbed for my nipples and started pinching them between his huge fingers. When I squealed with delight, he said, "Like it a little rough, do you?" I moaned in reply.

Mike's cock was rock-hard by now. While he continued to manipulate my nipples with his fingers, I slowly unzipped his pants. Let me tell you, the cock I found was as big as a shillelagh. I ran my fingers up and down the shaft, gentling circling the tip. He continued to sit on the bar stool while I dropped to my knees and started licking that magni-

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HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is the book around which Merv Griffin based an entire hour-and-a-half show. It's the book which HUSTLER MAGAZINE — after reviewing all the prominent books on the subject — called quite simply "... the best ..."

Famous author Dan Greenburg had this to say about HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS: "HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS inspired me ... and if you're a man and you read HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS you will probably be able to have dinner with a beautiful lady you just met, even as I did ..."

Of course, Dan's not the only one who picked up a girl using our techniques. Here are just a few comments from our scores of satisfied customers:

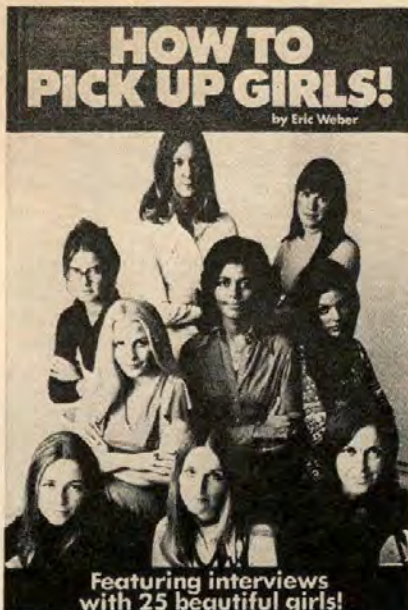
I'll tell you, I surprised the hell out of myself. By following the guidelines set forth in the book, I not only 'picked up' a girl, but I picked up 2 girls in the same nightclub on the same night. Granted the circumstances were a bit unusual, but I never would have 'picked up' either one of them had I not read your book earlier that day ... When I first sent off for the book, I thought the price was a little high. But now I feel that it would be cheap at twice the price.

Richard L., San Bernadino, Calif. 92410

It works. I wasn't even halfway through it and I got a girl! Even my brother—who has taken out every girl in the world—said Wow! when he saw her. She and I are quite close already.

A.W., Deerfield, Mass. 01342

Just thought I'd drop you a line to let you know that your book changed my whole damn life. I don't know what kind of accomplishment that is.



since I'm only 18 and highly susceptible to change, but just for the record, you did it. I'm not exactly Joe Namath yet, but I'll tell you one thing ... they're calling me now, if I don't call them.

D. Taylor, Colorado

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D. Taylor
Boulder, Colorado

No, the real way into a girl's heart is through charm and imagination. And that's precisely why HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS can be such a help. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS features interviews with twenty-five young, hip, good-looking girls. They tell you, in their very own words, exactly what it takes to pick them up. For example, you will learn:

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ficient meat. While I flicked my tongue all over it, I reached my own hand down into my pants, where my cunt was wet and ready for action. I unzipped my jeans, pushed aside my dripping panties, and found my throbbing pink clit. I continued to suck his cock while I fingered my cunt. Suddenly, I looked up at him. He was staring at me intently, and I realized that he had never watched a woman masturbate before. Since it was obviously turning him on, I decided to give him a show.

I pulled my jeans and panties off slowly with one hand while with the other I played with my tits. I reached down and started licking my own nipple. The head of his cock was bright red; I thought it would burst. But he wouldn't jerk himself off. I was thoroughly enjoying myself, but I wanted to watch him masturbate. What I needed was incentive. I found it in a large candle on one of the tables. I took the candle and started rubbing it around my eager twat, talking to him with each thrust.

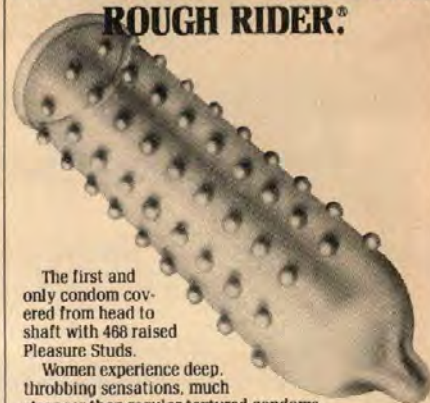
"Imagine your big cock inside my cunt," I said. Then I put the candle in my cunt as far as it would go. "Think of your hard cock surrounded by my hot, wet pussy, going in and out, in and out." Watching me was more than he could take. He begged me to fuck him, but I played the bitch, saying he didn't have enough. I told him that I had my well-hung candle but that he could help by satisfying himself for me. Slowly, shyly, he wrapped an enormous hand around his throbbing cock. I was ready to come from watching him move his hand up and down. He was near the bursting point, and I could tell that he was nervous about where to come. I answered his silent question by opening my mouth over his cock as he was ready to spurt and by taking every delicious drop into my mouth. Mike had never come into a woman's mouth before, but I could tell from his shocked, yet ecstatic expression that he would want to again.

Since that night Mike and I have become good friends, and we have had many incredible fuck sessions.—Name and address withheld

Brushing up

My husband and I have been reading Penthouse for about three years, and we really enjoy hearing about the adventures of others. I must confess that I particularly like knowing that I'm not the only wife who likes to have her bare behind spanked with a hairbrush. From the first week of our marriage five years ago, Jeff has disciplined me for misbehavior on the average of twice a month. These spankings are always quite painful, and often I can't sit the next day without squirming. Usually he waits until bedtime, when he tells just what I've done to displease him, and then I must fetch the wooden brush that he bought just for this purpose. As I lie across his lap and feel my skirt going up and my panties down, I never feel any sexual pleasure, only dread, for no matter how I plead, I know I won't be released until my bottom is nearly blistered. I can hardly stop sobbing. That is why what

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Experts Say ...

You Really Can Get Girls Through Hypnotism!

If You Live To Be 100 — You'll Never Find An Easier Way To Get Girls ... Believe It Or Not — It's True!!!



By the AAP COMMITTEE ON HYPNOSIS

NEW YORK — Their company name is Silverman Research of Prov., R.I. — And they claim to have a new, modern way of getting girls.

It's called S/A Hypnotism. And they say that thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

They go on to claim that S/A Hypnotism works like nothing you've ever seen before. And they even offer to prove it to you.

They promise to show you exactly how to use this principle to meet more beautiful girls than you ever dreamed possible.

And they go on to say that it doesn't matter how many times you've failed with girls before. Nor does it matter why you failed.

To use their words: "That's all in the past now."

When we saw their ad on this new way of getting girls, we decided to take a closer look and find out for ourselves whether or not S/A Hypnotism really did work.

So that's exactly what we did. We investigated the situation completely.

And we can now say that our findings show that their method does indeed work.

Below is a copy of the original Silverman ad. If you're interested in learning how to get girls through hypnotism, it may be worth your while to read it.

(Reprinted By Permission)

GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU

When you begin to use S/A Hypnotism, you will have one of the most powerful forces known to man working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better ... much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

R. C., Mich., says: "I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded."

I used just about every pick-up technique ever invented. And I still came up empty-handed.

I was quite lonely — to say the least.

Then I heard about S/A Hypnotism.

I'll admit ... I had my doubts at first. But I took a chance and gave it a try. I had nothing to lose.

Well, I'll tell you ... It didn't take me long to see that I had stumbled onto something big. Really big!

Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

I started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.

But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to S/A Hypnotism!"



And now, you too, can learn to use S/A Hypnotism to meet, date and even seduce beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).

That's the kind of power S/A Hypnotism will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "humbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn S/A Hypnotism. There are no complicated courses to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls Through S/A Hypnotism*.

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration) ... and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use S/A Hypnotism.

MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of S/A Hypnotism for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even slept with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund and more.

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)

Plus:

- 13¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)

- 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)

- 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)

- 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again: S/A Hypnotism works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or S/A Hypnotism.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a reliable, no-nonsense method of getting girls; a method that will work anywhere, anytime ... maybe you should give S/A Hypnotism an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

NOTE: We have checked with the people at Silverman Research and have learned that their book on S/A Hypnotism is still available (with complete refund guarantee). You may order a copy if you wish.

Silverman Research, Dept. P-279,
P.O. Box 9204
Providence, R.I. 02940

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 10 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls Through S/A Hypnotism*.

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating, and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund and more.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

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Dept. PH2

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Your eyes will light up when you see these boobs. Send check or money order for \$8 plus \$1 for p & h to Evelyn Rainbird Ltd.™, P.O. Box 548, FDR Station, NY, NY 10022. NY residents

add sales tax. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD.™



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"X-Rated" jewelry lets the avid explorer know just where to start digging for your particular treasures.

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Mail check or money order to: Evelyn Rainbird Ltd., P.O. Box 548, New York, N.Y. 10022. New York residents add appropriate sales tax. Allow 4-6 weeks delivery.

happened this week was so surprising.

Getting ready for work one morning, my husband, who is a doctor, accidentally opened my drawer and found a rather large bill from a local store hidden there. I had intended to pay it without telling him. From the tone of his voice as he called me angrily into the room, I knew that I was due for a spanking. He roughly pulled me into position with my cheeks exposed, and the first few spans were as hard as the last few usually are. Just as I started to sob hard, his emergency beeper went off: Jeff was needed immediately at the hospital.

Now, part of his technique in administering spankings is to vary the pace from fast swats to slow, very hard slaps that I can anticipate but never avoid. Jeff let me up and finished dressing but told me that he had every intention of soundly continuing the paddling that night because he did not have time to punish me as strongly as he desired.

I could think of nothing else for the entire day. I had just enough stinging from the prelude of the morning to be well aware of what he had in store for my poor behind, and there was nothing I could do. Every time I saw the brush on top of the dresser I could almost feel how painfully I would spend the evening. At noon Jeff called to make sure I had my mind on my butt and to tell me I would soon get my just desserts. By the time his car pulled in the drive, I was almost glad that soon it would be literally behind me.

Jeff did not intend to let me off that easily. All through dinner he told me just how dearly I was going to pay for my spending habits and deceit. Suddenly, I noticed that my cunt was tingling delightfully as I envisioned changing the direction of his thoughts. I turned and kissed him and pressed my hardening nipples against his chest. As he kissed me for a moment, I thought that I had found the way to avoid my just desserts. I soon found out I had only delayed the inevitable. Jeff stopped toying with my breasts and ordered me to get the brush. I clung to him and started to cry, begging him not to spank me. I told him how awful the anticipation had been all day, how I really felt that the thought of it had been punishment enough. With a little shake of his head he sternly repeated the order, and I reluctantly complied. He sat down on a chair and watched as I unzipped my jeans, which fell to the floor. It was quite obvious that my panties were soaking from the necking we had been doing, and even though I was about to be paddled soundly, I was still very much aroused. Jeff slowly drew me across his knees. I was still whimpering partly from the pleasure, but by now I could almost feel that hairbrush cracking my ass. He jerked my panties down, and I started to cry harder as my cheeks were exposed. Moments later I was still waiting for the blow to fall. Finally, I told him that he should get it over with and admitted that I was wrong to try to avoid a beating I knew full well I deserved.

He laughed, although his grip on my

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Code 457

If coupon is removed, please send check for \$24.95 to **VALENTINE PRODUCTS**, 175 Fulton Ave. Hempstead, NY 11550

VALENTINE PRODUCTS, Dept. SS-259
P.O. Box 5200, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

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I'm over 18 years of age

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Dr. Richards answers with a resounding YES to those who want to know whether a big penis matters to a woman searching for complete sexual fulfillment. He exposes the many myths about penis size and gives his reasons why a larger penis is definitely a worthwhile goal!

In his remarkable new book *THE PENIS*, Dr. Richards takes you into the world of male and female sexual fantasies about big penises... covers the history of the large penis in fact and fiction... and explains the effects of a big penis on women during the act of sexual intercourse... and much, much more!

Which Method Works?

Step by step and detail by detail, Dr. Richards analyzes all the major penis enlargement techniques. He exposes those that are worthless frauds and lays bare the astonishing successes that have been achieved with one particular method of penis enlargement developed and tested in England.

With the precision that only a medical clinician could have, Dr. Richards explains to you the method of penis enlargement that has been acclaimed as the most successful!

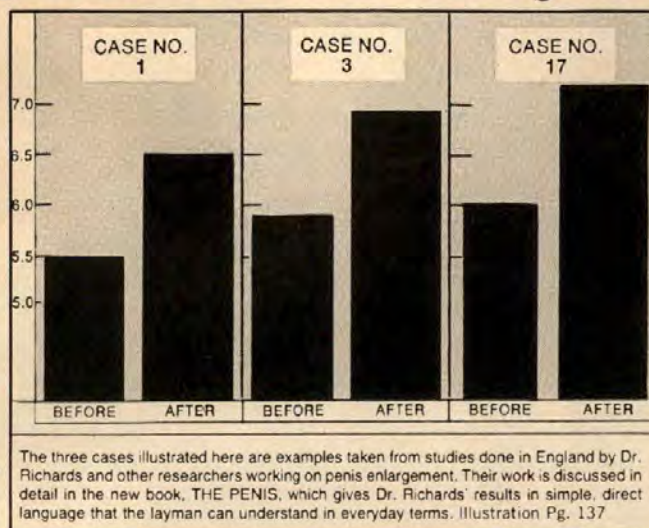
In *THE PENIS*, Dr. Richards tells about the research done with volunteers in England, explains what method they used to achieve penis enlargement, and shows what the results were.

Science Helps Sex!

In controlled scientific studies, Dr. Richards and his co-workers divided volunteer men into two groups, one that would follow the recommended penis enlargement method, and one that would not. Both groups were carefully checked for health and their penises were measured regularly before, during, and after the test.

This table shows the actual figures from Dr. Richards' study:

Number showing enlargement 87.5%
Average increase in length 16.96%
Average increase in circumference . 15.88%



Smallest increase in length recorded 2.6cms.
Largest increase in length recorded . 3.8cms.
Smallest increase in circumference recorded 1.4cms.
Largest increase in circumference recorded 3.1cms.

AND AMONG THE CONTROL GROUP THAT DID NOT USE DR. RICHARDS' TEST METHOD, THERE WAS NO RECORDED CHANGE IN ANY INDIVIDUAL.

Read THE PENIS Now!

This totally fascinating book contains a wealth of information that every sexually mature and adventurous man and woman should know about. It's like an exciting, erotic travel guide into forbidden areas that most other so-called "advanced" or "liberated" sex books and manuals leave untouched!

And the book covers more than just penis enlargement! In chapter after stimulating chapter, you'll learn about why the big penis has been one of man's—and woman's—most fascinating, intriguing and intimate



playthings since the dawn of time. You'll learn more about the psychology of the big penis...better ways to use it in lovemaking...why masturbation is OK...what to do about premature ejaculation...and more!

Order Your Copy Today!

Now that *THE PENIS* is available in America, order your copy (rushed to you in a plain package) and clear up the answers to the questions you may have been asking!

THE PENIS is the one book that puts an end to speculation and to the exploitation that has robbed thousands of men of the virile self-confidence that is their natural right!

IRON-CLAD GUARANTEE!

Order your copy of *THE PENIS* today. Keep this informative book in your home to read and examine for two full weeks. If you're not completely satisfied and amazed at Dr. Brian Richards' revelations, simply return the book for a full and immediate refund, no questions asked. Complete and mail the coupon now!

Valentine Products, Inc. Dept. HB-347
P.O. Box 5200 F.D.R. Station
New York, N.Y. 10022

Gentlemen:
Enclosed you will find my check or money order for \$2.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling (\$3.70, N.Y. residents add sales tax). I SAVE \$7.00 OFF THE REGULAR PRICE! I believe that it is time to end the uncertainty and ignorance that has been clouding these most important sexual matters. Please rush me my copy of Dr. Brian Richards' starting expose, *The Penis*, immediately. (CODE 091)

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WHY DID THIS PSYCHOANALYST LOSE HIS LICENSE?



Memoirs of a Defrocked Psychoanalyst didn't just cause a sensation. It cost its author, Dr. Martin Shepard, his license to practice medicine.

... "A prime example of the modern man finally shed of hangups."

Publishers Weekly

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waist was still firm. Without warning, a swat landed, but it was his bare hand instead of the brush I'd been dreading. For the next ten minutes Jeff spanked my naked fanny—sometimes hard, sometimes nearly in a caress, and although I struggled and cried and my butt grew very red, my cunt was as wet as my eyes. The feeling of his palm was as sensual as it was painful. Jeff found his role arousing, and his prick was poking against my crotch. We finished the punishment with a fantastic session in bed. Jeff took me from behind so that he could feel the hot flush of my ass as well as my hot pussy. We both came together in a tremendous thrill.

That was the first, but not the last, time that we used a bare-handed spanking as a prelude to lovemaking. It was the only time, though, that Jeff substituted his hand for the hairbrush. Now those spankings seem even worse, since I know how sensual a spanking can be.—Name and address withheld

Plump pudding

How come all the women in your pictures and articles are young, slim Venus de Milos? You ought to feature some stylish big babes sometimes. I'm tall and slim myself (I'm male!), but there's something about a nice, plump pussy, soft, sagging tits, and an ample behind that really turns me on. I'll bet a lot of your readers feel the same way. Some of my happiest times have been spent bouncing off a soft, round belly. My cup of tea is someone who is not too old or too fat, of course—just about 160 to 180 pounds of big mama. Man, what a heavenly place to get your rocks off!

Last month I saw my ideal in the pool of my apartment building. She was wearing a tight, one-piece suit, and when she came out of the pool, I could see it was cut high at the crotch, outlining her prominent twat very clearly. The bottoms of her big, rounded buttocks hung out and jiggled as she walked over to her sun chair.

Just seeing her cunt outlines and watching her big tits bobble gave me a huge hard-on, which was clearly visible through my thin nylon briefs. She noticed it at once, and kept looking at it until I was brave enough to walk over and make conversation. I caught her licking her lips a little as we talked, her eyes still on my crotch. When she invited me up for a drink, I was pretty sure that what I'd be drinking wouldn't come out of a bottle.

As soon as we were inside the door, I grabbed her and nestled my cock into the warm softness of her crotch. She murmured with pleasure as we kissed, our tongues entwining as my hands gripped the soft cheeks of her wide ass.

Without a word, she led me over to the sofa, and in seconds we were pressed naked together. She gasped with delight when she saw the size of my cock, and while I caressed and sucked her huge, flattened-out breasts, she was squeezing my joint and fondling my swollen balls.

I swung one of her legs off the couch and

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Love Games

...the illustrated
guide to sexual
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108
Full-Color
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144 Pages!

It's finally here! A truly beautiful book devoted to beautiful people doing beautiful things to each other. A book everyone who likes to love has been waiting for. All those positions, all the subtle variations we used to think could only be performed by statues on the walls of temples in India are right here... and they are demonstrated for you by two of the most wonderful looking people you've ever seen! A beautiful young couple—a blond Adonis and his sultry Oriental partner—explore the outer limits of lust and eroticism. Both gentle sensuousness and furious ecstasy play equal roles in this "game". **Love Games** breaks new ground and probes the virgin areas of sensuality because it not only tells you how to make things happen, it shows you **how it can happen!** These two magnificently endowed people demonstrate the entire spectrum of sexuality for you. In 108 of the most beautiful full-color photographs you've ever seen, the entire range of the act of love is joyously explored for you!

A REMARKABLE GUARANTEE!
We're so convinced of the amazing effect of this book that we're prepared to make you an astounding offer. If this book doesn't change

your sex life for the better. If it doesn't open you and your woman to not only new positions but an entirely new dimension in lovemaking—then simply return the book in 14 days for a full refund—no questions asked!

How can we say this? Quite simply. Because **Love Games** is not just another manual of "tricks", it's a detailed examination of the art of exploring the sensual and awakening the sexual powers in your partner. For the first time, a book has been published that shows you, with exquisitely beautiful and explicit

photographs, **how to make everything happen in sex!**

AN ART BOOK OF LOVE

The photographs we are showing you here are just a sample of the 108 brilliant and detailed photos you'll find in the actual book. When you get your copy of **Love Games** you'll see more than 80 actual "games" of love, all beautifully photographed while they are being played. Send for your copy today. You'll never be more fascinated and aroused in your life! But you had better order in some food because you may not leave the bedroom for a few weeks!

SALE
\$5.95

Valentine Products, Inc. XG-171
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Signature _____ (I am over 18 years of age)

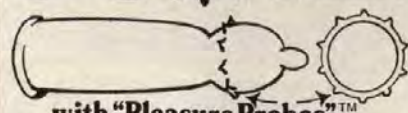
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Adam & Eve Dept. PH9-F
P.O. Box 900, Carrboro, NC 27510



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Picture a big, beautiful department store filled solely with luxurious, stimulating, exciting sex products; and you will have an idea of what our new catalogue is like. Except that by buying through our catalogue you can shop in the privacy of your own home.

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the other one up over the back until she was spread out as far as she could go. Then I kissed and licked her from breasts to navel, tonguing her until she was panting with excitement. Then I proceeded downward to her dark, curly snatch.

I parted her bushy cunt hair to reveal her clit, which seemed to tremble in anticipation of the way the tip of my tongue would feel against it. The moment I put my lips there she exploded in a violent orgasm, bucking her huge ass up off the couch as she blew, and I felt her warm love juices flow over my face. I licked and sucked the pungent fluids from her plump cunt while she moaned deliciously.

My cock was swollen, and I finally had to slide it into her hot vagina, causing her to make instant squeals of delight as I pumped away against her fat belly, faster and faster until we came together in a wild double orgasm and I shot a huge load of white come into that pulsating vat.

After we caught our breath, she licked my sticky cock and balls clean, causing it to harden again. She sucked me some more until I came in her mouth. She gulped down my whole load and then sucked some, until I was completely drained. "Oh, I love what your beautiful cock does to me!"

Her appreciation is typical of fat girls. They really appreciate the best part of a man. They're incredibly grateful. It's nice to get your rocks off and feel like a Good Samaritan at the same time!—Name and address withheld

Mirror, mirror, on the floor

My wife and I are both avid "Forum" readers. We recently had an experience that we would like to share with your readers.

The adventure started on a Friday night. My wife and I went to a party at a house in a very remote, wooded area far from civilization. We smoked joints and drank beer most of the evening until midnight. We were both flying high and acting like the life of the party, really getting loose.

I have always had a fetish of sneaking up on chicks from the rear. I fantasize plunging my fully erect nine inches to the hilt in a warm, waiting wet cunt. My wife and I had already decided on an escapade for the evening. We especially love to fuck doggie style, which my wife is ready to do at any given moment.

When we returned home, both of us were more than ready for a marathon fuck. As soon as we entered our apartment, clothes flew in all directions. My wife knelt down on her hands and knees and I entered her dripping pussy—slowly at first, with slow, nudging pushes. I was careful to put in only an inch at a time. By the time I had all nine inches in she was gasping for breath. As I started to build my orgasm, she caressed my balls gently and eagerly at the same time. It took only a minute or two at the most before my come started spurting inside her warm cunt. She likes me to pull out of her halfway through my orgasm and shoot onto her back and beautiful buttocks.

My first orgasm on this night went almost

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unnoticed as far as my cock knew. I was still rock hard and had nine throbbing inches ready for more. I buried about five inches slowly into her warm, moist cunt. She backed herself onto the remaining inches of my cock. I then grabbed her by the thighs and made long, deep plunges with my swollen member. I was quickening my pace and rhythm with each stroke, jamming into her as far as her cunt would allow me to go.

She was nearly ready to explode for about the fourth time when I withdrew my glistening harpoon and reached into the nightstand next to the bed. I pulled out two good-sized mirrors and placed them on the floor in just the right position so that we could both watch my cock slip into the deepest part of her womanhood. The sight of my swollen cock ramming in and out of her at top speed soon sent both of us into an explosive orgasm. Her sweet, warm come oozed down to her knees.

We now experiment with mirrors every time we make love. It has really improved our sex life. All I can say is this: try it and see for yourself. You get the best of both worlds—that of the voyeur and the participant—at the same time!—W.B., Canton, Ohio

Bottoms up.

My wife, who is twenty-six, has a great body. She's really built and nicely proportioned. But what really turned me on most

when I met her was her beautiful ass. I couldn't stop telling her this, even on our first date. About our second or third evening together, I was in her apartment, and we were kissing and fondling on her sofa. A sudden urge came over me—I didn't know how she'd react—but I had to ask her if I could go down on her. First, she thought I was joking, but when she saw I wasn't, she hesitated, not knowing what to do. I told her that it didn't mean we had to go to bed or do anything else if she didn't want to, but I just had to go down on her and make her feel good, because I liked her so much. I guess my sincerity came through, and she said okay, but she still was embarrassed and felt awkward.

She asked if she could turn the lights out, and I told her she could, but I'd prefer it if she didn't. So she asked if she could keep her clothes on instead, and I said okay. She took off her panties but left her skirt on. I positioned her so that she was sitting at the edge of the sofa and put her feet up on the cocktail table. I slid down on the floor and up between her legs. Then I began kissing her knees and gradually moved my way up her thighs to her blonde pussy. I spread her lips with my fingers and sucked on her clit, licked it, touched it, and chewed it. Within a few seconds I had an absolutely wild woman on my hands—or on my tongue, I should say. She loved it and wanted more and more. She must have come a dozen times!

Eventually, we both took our clothes off, and we fucked on the sofa a couple of times. That evening was the beginning of a great life together for both of us.

My going down on her on the living-room sofa became a ritual with us. The next time I didn't have to ask her; she asked me. She took her clothes off right away, and the sight of her body drove me mad, making me improve my tongue performance even more. She couldn't get enough; she said that she wanted my head between her legs forever. She squeezed my head in between her orgasms and joked that she'd never let me go. For me, it felt super—it was what I'd always wanted. She blew me that night, and we fucked and licked until morning.

A few nights later, I was going down on her again, but I positioned her differently so that she lay flat on her back with her behind up on the armrest and her legs dangling over the side. It stretched her pussy and produced some terrific orgasms for her as I went down on her in that position. Then I told her to flip over as I had a special treat for her. She did, so that her belly was bent over the armrest and her ass was up in the air with her legs hanging down. I spread her legs, got down low, and began licking her pussy from the rear. I got my nose up her pussy and took her clit in my mouth and gave it a terrific workout. She loved it. Then, after a few orgasms, I moved up slightly and put my tongue in her pussy and gave her a good licking while putting my nose up

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into her ass. She didn't say anything but squirmed and moaned a little and seemed to try to push her ass up a little higher toward me. After a few minutes of that, I began licking her crack. She really moaned and squirmed, and I could tell that she was ready for more. So I dove deeper with my tongue, spread her cheeks gently, and then saw her pretty little hole. I licked close to it, and she was going wild with anticipation. Then I licked it directly. She moaned, "Oh no, no... Oh yes, yes, yes!" I could tell that she was going to be hooked on that, and I'd be hooked on giving it to her. She was rubbing her crotch on the armrest as I did this, and when I really started giving it to her with my tongue, she came violently.

Since then, analinctus has been a steady part of our nightly activity. We'll be out dancing or dining, and she will whisper sweetly: "Honey, will you lick my ass hole tonight?" My cock will erect instantly, and all I can think of for the rest of the evening is going down on her. Sometimes she will whisper that while other people are around. That adds to the excitement, since I always wonder if they might have heard what she said.

Another of Julie's favorite things is for me to go down on her while she's reading something from work. The game is to see how long she can concentrate on what she's reading. Not too long!—Name and address withheld

Testing, testing...

I would like to relate an experience that happened to me recently. I graduated from college last year and have maintained contact with a school buddy who graduated with me. He is still single, whereas I have been married for several years to an attractive, five-foot-four-inch blonde girl. On many occasions, I have had him over to our place to study for college tests or just to talk. My wife had mentioned that she admired his looks: he is Scandinavian, blond with light skin and a handsome face.

Recently, my buddy was talking about how many wives stayed faithful to their husbands only because a tempting opportunity never arises. I disagreed, because my own wife had never showed that inclination. Indeed, she had turned down the advances of several men at the office, mentioning these episodes to me with either disgust or humor, depending on the man. It had never bothered me at all that other men found my wife attractive enough to make advances; rather, I took it as a sort of compliment.

My friend, whom I'll call Dave, disagreed with me. He said that my wife had probably just not had the chance to run around with a guy who turned her on. I told him to go ahead and test his theory with my wife and added that there was little chance that he'd succeed. He got me to agree that if he got that far without using any force, he could go ahead and finish the job.

A week in advance, in front of my wife, I invited Dave over for an evening. I then

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pretended to forget to cancel the invitation when a fictitious business trip I invented came up. Dave showed up on schedule on Friday evening soon after my wife got back from work. I had already "departed" on my "trip." A little embarrassed at our failure to cancel the invitation, she let him in and asked him to join her for dinner. It takes very little wine to get my wife feeling pretty good, and she was very high by the time the dishes were cleared away.

After dinner they turned on the television and sat on the couch. Not having had time to change, she still had on her knee-length work dress. Gradually lulled by the wine, the fire in the fireplace, and the television set, she didn't notice Dave sliding closer to her. He began running his fingers lightly through her long, blonde hair as she looked at him. Then he looked away nervously. From my hiding place I could see him looking down the neck of her dress and saying to her, "You have a nice figure." She just giggled nervously, not knowing what to say. "Your breasts look very soft," he added. "Are they as soft as they look?"

She glanced down at him and then began to flush red. Finally, after a pause, he said, "May I touch them?" "No, I don't think you'd better," she responded, pretending to be absorbed in the television show. He put one of his hands on her waist, feeling the waist band of her panty hose under the filmy material of her dress. His hand moved slowly, causing the dress to move away from her knees a little. When she didn't pull the hem down again, his hand moved to her breast. He held it there for a few seconds before she removed his hand and then allowed it to drop in her lap.

Dave's hand remained there for a few moments and then moved back to her right breast, which he gently caressed through her dress and bra. She turned her head to him to say something, but he put his hand behind her head and kissed her deeply. After a few seconds she broke the kiss and moved away, saying to him, "I think it's time for you to leave now." He made no move to leave but embraced and kissed her again, his hand going down her neckline and into her bra. I could see him teasing her nipple under the material of her dress.

Her blouse was soon open, and the bra strap followed. Finally, he pulled down the cup to reveal a dark, erect nipple, which he began to massage. Then he started kissing it while her hand moved behind his head to hold him close. I could see the blissful enjoyment in her pretty face. He moved away from the nipple, which glistened with saliva, and kissed her again. This time her arms went around his neck, and she held him close. His hand wandered back to her lap and then down to her dress and under it. His hand moved until I was pretty sure that he was feeling her bottom through the material of her panties and panty hose. He left his hand there for several moments and then slowly lifted her dress.

Finally, he put his hand on her panties and moved it slowly between her legs. Her knees parted a few inches, and he slowly

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Violence in Sports—Such supposedly wholesome American "games" as football and hockey are so riddled with pain and violence that they often seem to be forms of ritualized, organized torture instead of fun. In each of the past five seasons, more than twenty high-school and college football players have been killed; each season there are hundreds of thousands of injuries as well. *Penthouse* contributor Joseph Treaster talks with players, coaches, and sports executives who admit that such injuries translate into dollars—and are often brutally intentional. He finds that a growing awareness of this brutality among many sports professionals and fans makes it likely that the violence in sports will have to be curtailed if America's favorite pastime is to survive.

QUBE—Television's future remains limited, despite recent technological breakthroughs. The people who run this industry certainly have scientific expertise but often fail to use this knowledge with taste and imagination. Journalist William Kowinski examines the future of QUBE, the Warner Communications experiment in participatory television that could revolutionize the medium. Kowinski discovers that although QUBE's potential is enormous, the reality leaves room for improvement.

Mort Sahl Strikes Back—That angry young comedian who twenty years ago paved the way for the likes of Lenny Bruce has never learned to be a nice guy. He's a Will Rogers with fangs: he's rarely met a politician whom he didn't dislike. At fifty-one, Sahl is still a savagely brilliant social critic who will lambaste any buffoon on either side of the political fence. A one-time intimate of JFK, Sahl is even more sober and angry than he used to be. In this timely *Penthouse* interview he tells us why.

The Domino Theory of the Self—A. Spencer Sparling, the guru of an imaginary EST-style program pillaging the trendy Self market, is very, very short—and very rich. "I think of myself as a farmer," he tells Snow, his gorgeous, six-foot-tall blonde assistant, who is deep into Tantric sex: "tilling, planting, and reaping—especially reaping." This whacky fictional send-up of the Me generation by Rob Swigart also deals with Sparling's newest get-rich gimmick—MOM (Multiple Orgasms for Men). One way or another, Sparling gets his clients to come around.

The Spy Who Never Was—Last September, John Paisley, a "retired" CIA official, went for a Sunday morning sail in Chesapeake Bay. He never returned. A week later a bloated, decomposing body, with a bullet wound behind the left ear, was fished from the bay. With CIA assistance, the corpse was identified as that of Paisley—and the public was told that he had committed suicide, probably for personal reasons. But the story immediately began to unravel. Reporter Joe Trento discovered that Paisley was still working for the CIA at the time he took his final sail and that he had, in fact, taken with him copies of top-secret information on Russian military capability. Trento describes Paisley's strange history in an exclusive *Penthouse* report that reads like a John le Carré spy thriller. The full story of Paisley and his last voyage will make compelling reading—here and behind the Iron Curtain. 

began massaging her cunt through the crotch of her panty hose as her arms went back around his neck. Her knees parted again until they were about a foot apart and his whole hand was rubbing her cunt.

By this time, she was resigned to her fate and made no attempt to resist. With one hand he lifted her behind off the couch and slowly removed her panty hose. He began rubbing her clit while slowly inserting one of his fingers into her. When he broke the kiss, his hand moved to his belt buckle. He dropped his pants to the floor, revealing a large, thick, circumcised penis. My wife stared open-mouthed at it and then lightly rubbed the shaft with one hand. Suddenly, he shoved her head down on it. She had never given me a blowjob in the many years of our marriage; so what followed surprised me. She sucked his cock tentatively at first, then almost expertly, while he kept fingering her. Needless to say, this all led to her getting a rather incredible fucking, with both her legs spread apart on the couch while, on his knees, he pumped in and out of her until she was screaming for him to stop. After it was all over, they lay together for a while, exhausted, watching the fire die down. Then he left (I snuck out, too, only to return the next day, playing innocent), rather pleased that his theory was correct.—Name and address withheld

Pet fantasy

I'm sleeping nude on a round, furry bed, with a silk quilt covering me. I awaken and smile as my lover ties my wrists and ankles with doeskin leather. Kissing me gently, he blindfolds me as I drift off back to sleep. Through my sleep, I hear soft mewling. My lover then pours cool champagne all over my body. When he allows a tiny stream to flow over my cunt, I nearly faint. It tingles so cruelly that I begin to beg him to touch my cunt. I crave his cock as if I were a hungry animal. Slowly, my lover begins to place baby kittens on my body. Some chew and tussle my long, blonde hair; others suckle urgently at my throat and ears. Kittens seem to be everywhere. Greedy little mouths are nipping and lightly scratching my breasts. Finally, when I think I can bear no more, my lover places several kittens near my cunt. They greedily gnaw and lick me with their coarse tongues, trying to bury themselves in my cunt. My head begins to tingle, and my body is filled with merciless electrical waves.

My lover removes my blindfold and, sipping the champagne, watches as the dainty creatures drive me crazy again and again. Finally, each kitten drifts off to sleep—whether sprawled on my breasts, neck, or tummy. My lover then unties me and kisses me, and we fall asleep with the kittens.—N. W. Chesterton, *Ind.* 

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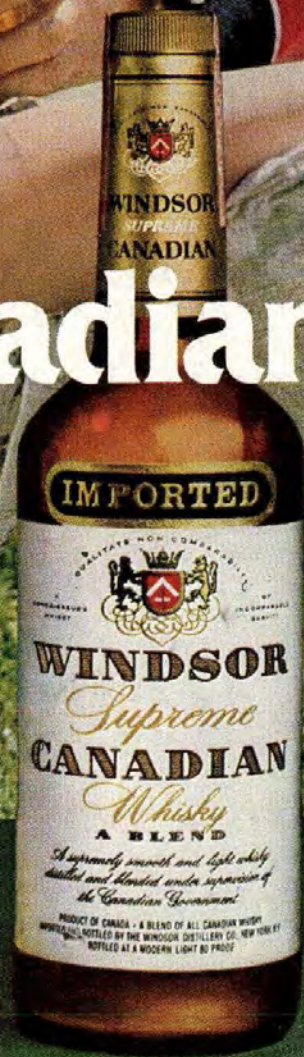
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